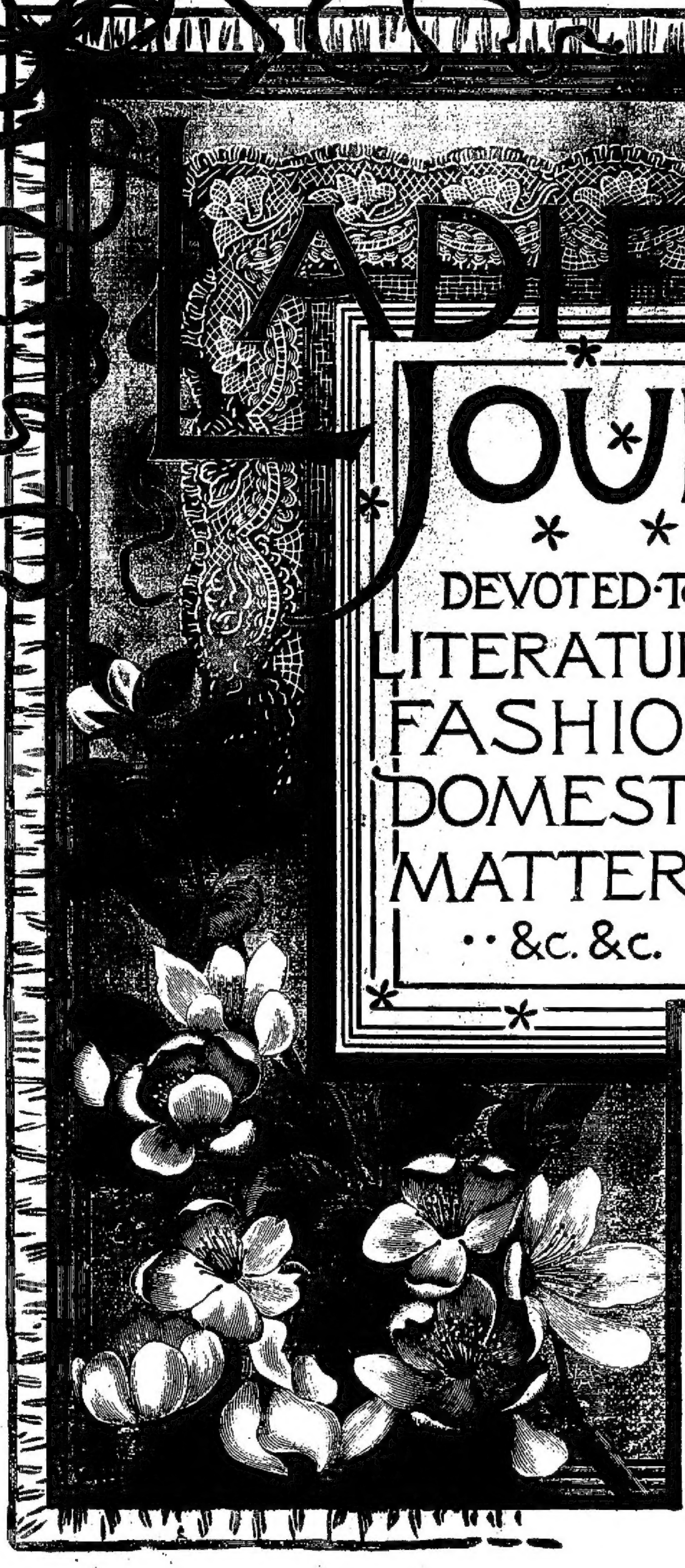
METROPOLITAN TORONTO CENTRAL LIBRARY



APRIL, 1891.

	Page
LADIES' COSTUME (Illustrated)	3
LADIES' JOURNAL COMPETITION	4
LADIES' COSTUME (Illustrated)	5
LADIES' MODJESKA JACKET (Illus.)	6
MR. AND MRS. BOWSER	7
REVIEW OF FASHION	8
AUNT HULDA'S QUILTING PARTY	9
A ROMANCE OF MIDDLE AGE	10-11
WELL WORTH WINNING	12-13
CHINA'S REFORMING EMPEROR	14
A BRITISH COLUMBIA STORY	15
A VISIT TO OXFORD	16
TRUTH'S BIBLE COMPETITION	17
THE RICH AND POOR MAN	18
THE DEAD RIVER	19
TARRY HERE	20
MISCELLANEOUS	21
SUMMER SWEETS	22
ADVENTURES OF A SAILOR LAD	23
LOVE LED TO DEATH	24
AIR SHIPS	25
SONGS OF THE HEART	26
A WONDERFUL LITTLE GIRL	27
ADVERTISEMENTS	28

Spring Humors

Spring Humors, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether of the skin, scalp, or blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, are now speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the **Cuticura Remedies** when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. The almost miraculous cures daily effected by them prove this. No statement is made regarding them not warranted by the strongest evidence. They are, in truth, the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, soothes and heals raw and irritated surfaces, clears the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier, and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the **Cuticura Remedies** cure every humor of the Spring, from the simplest facial blemishes to the worst case of scrofula. Sale greater than the combined sales of all others.

☞ "HOW TO CURE DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c. CUTICURA SOAP, 35c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.50 Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Pimply, Blotchy Skin, red, rough, and oily skin and hands, painful finger-ends with shapeless nails, are prevented and cured by **Cuticura Soap**, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only medicated toilet soap*, and *the only preventive and cure* of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Price, 35c.

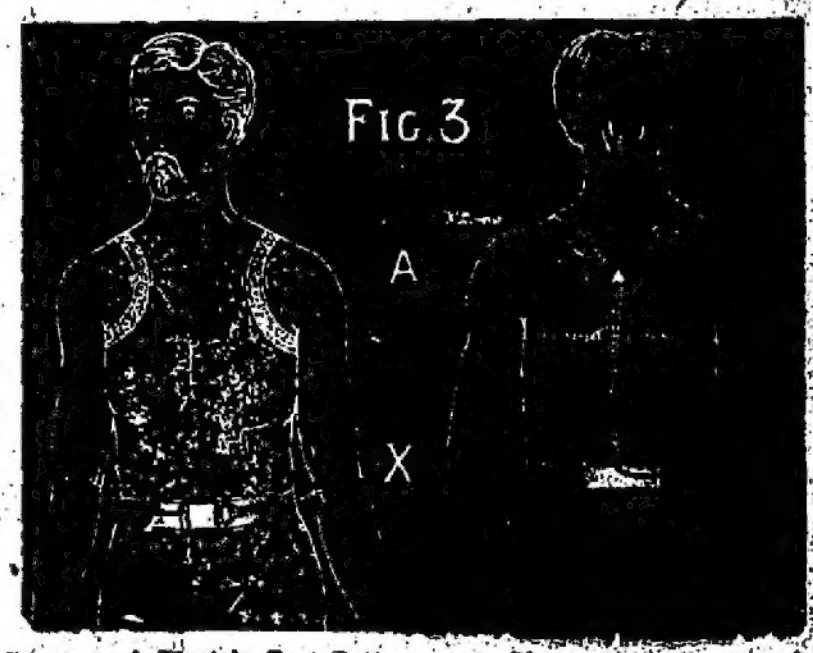
The Dorenwend Electric Belt

Is revolutionizing the application of Electricity for medical purposes. Physicians everywhere recognize its inestimable value, and promise quicker and permanent cures by drug treatment if the Dorenwend Belt is used in conjunction. Why do they advocate the Dorenwend and not others? Simply because in it they find advantages not possessed by any other. It gives a perfect galvanic current, a current that can be increased or decreased at will while the belt is on the body. The attachments are such as convey the current to any part of the body, thus reaching the diseased parts. It is the only Electric body contrivance in the world that is in strict accordance with the laws of electricity. Electricity is nature's remedy for all forms of muscular and nervous diseases. It is the governing principle over all elements, and when applied by the Dorenwend Belt it will cure

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Weak Back, Gout, Paralysis, Indigestion, Kidney Trouble, Liver Complaint, Heart Disease, Spinal Disease, Nervous Debility, Cramps, Weak Circulation, Lung Trouble, Female Complaints, Varicocele, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, etc., etc.

A few things for the afflicted to think over. Because you have been humbugged by the old fashioned combinations of leather and metal and said to be electric, do not be prejudiced against the Dorenwend Belt. Keep cool, and grant it an examination, and common sense will tell you that there is enough virtue in it to make up a thousandfold for the many disappointments you have met with in others. Always remember that in using the Dorenwend Belt you have the inventions of a competent electrician, and not the "**that is good enough, I think,**" productions of some obscure person. Then, again, in dealing with the Dorenwend Company you deal directly with the originator of the Dorenwend Inventions, and not with some misguided men who tumbled into the Electric Belt Business, thinking they had a gold mine. Better had they left it alone as meddling with what one knows nothing about as a rule turns out disastrous to them dealer. Send name and address and receive book on Common Sense Home Electrical Treatment.

THE DORENWEND BELT



THE WORLD'S BEST.

The Dorenwend Electric Foot Battery cures Rheumatism, Cramps, Cold Feet, etc. The only insole in the world having a Battery.

THE DORENWEND E. B. & A. Co., C. H. Dorenwend,
Electrician, 103 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

IF YOU [illegible]

PHOTO [illegible]

Lessons in Phrenology Examinations, Oral or Written. Mrs. Hendon, 237 Mutual Street.

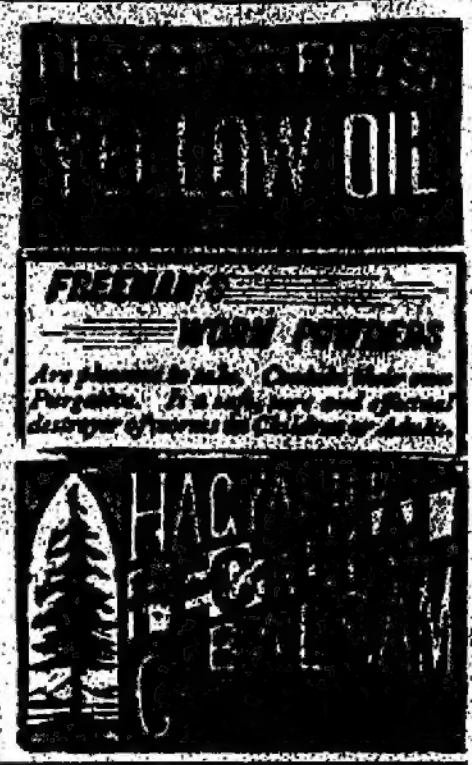
[illegible] All Mfrs. Lowell Card Co., Box 1, Chittenville, Conn.

ARE YOU HARD OF HEARING OR DEAF? Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, No. 363 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MUSIC—Send to SUTHERLAND'S MUSIC STORE, 286 Yonge Street, Toronto, for catalogues of Sheet Music. Mention this paper.

TANSY PILLS! [illegible]

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 2253 St. Catherine street, Montreal. **50c. Per Box.**



FOR SALE AND MAILED BY B. E. McGALE, 2123 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL

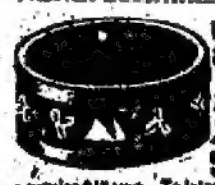
CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

---

999 SONGS [illegible] **FREE!** [illegible]



SOLID GOLD FILLED 25 Cts. for a $2.00 Ring. [illegible] regular $10 ring. To introduce our watches and jewelry, we will send the ring to any address, together with our wholesale catalogue, with special terms to Agents, Merchants, &c., on receipt of 25 cents, post or coin. Such a ring was never advertised before. Order immediately. (Send slip of paper size of your finger.) Address SEARS & CO., 110 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING MACHINE.

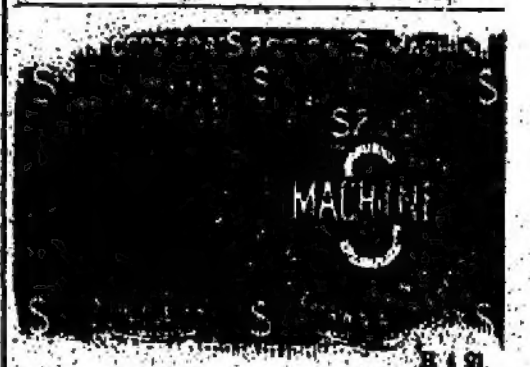
Retail Price only $4.00. Will knit Stockings, Mittens, Scarfs, Leggings, Fancy work, and everything required in the household from homespun or factory yarn. Simple and easy to operate. Just the machine every family has long wished for. On receipt of $4 I will ship machine, [illegible] by express C. O. D. You can pay the balance, $2, when machine is received. Large commission to agents. Circular and terms free. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Address

Caston & Gearhart, Whitby, Ont., Can.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE [illegible] EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS [illegible] CURED

H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.

CARDS FREE! [illegible]



Cutting and Fitting.

Taught with the use of the Dressmakers' **MAGIC SCALE.** The tailor system improved and simplified. Perfect Fitting Sleeves a Specialty. Dresses and linings cut.

CORSETS made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Wire Dress Forms For draping, etc.

426½ YONGE STREET

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

VOL. XI. No. 4 - NEW SERIES. TORONTO, APRIL. 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

Bad Temper.

It is not an uncommon thing in this, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, as in more serious matters, for the world to make mistakes, and ascribe to some men better tempers, to others worse ones than they actually possess. A man may not only be thoroughly selfish and exacting, but ready to fly into a passion at a small provocation, and yet pass for being good-tempered, simply because those around him are afraid to cross him, and give him no opportunity for breaking out. His likes and dislikes are always taken into account and considered beforehand; this is known to him, and the sacrifice is pleasing. The members of his family—for temper is chiefly a feature of family life—think that peace is cheaply bought at the price of their own inclinations; and congratulate themselves on the fact that papa or Uncle Richard is in such a good temper. The fact is that he is in an abominably bad one; he is probably quite unconscious of the fact, and unconscious, too, that in their hearts the other members of the family think him a nuisance, and breathe more freely when he is out of the house, more freely still when he is a hundred miles away.

On the other hand a man may be so confirmed a grumbler that he may be universally voted a bore and a person of execrably bad temper, while in reality he is no worse off in that respect than many of his neighbors. He grumbles more as a matter of habit than anything else, and plays, as it were with his temper. As a rule, he does not lose his self-control; he has nothing of that cruel love of wounding other people's feelings which is the essence of a really bad temper; he simply fumes and fusses about because he likes it. Occasionally, under a load of unusual aggravations, self-control gives way and the grumble changes to a veritable storm; but, as a rule, the croaker remains satisfied with making himself passively disagreeable. How disagreeable he is he probably has little idea. It is his nature to find fault and look at the seamy side of things; and he has never set himself to counteract the natural bent of his mind. Yet he may be a very loveable kind of man; his peevishness may be tiresome; but those who live with him know that it is mere habit, a habit which, from long indulgence, has come to be second nature; and they bear with him patiently, more patiently, perhaps, than he deserves. Nothing, indeed, is more surprising than the fact that not only habitually discontented people, but irritable, angry, bullying fellows, may, and often do, retain the love of their fellow creatures.

Some ill-tempered men are loved, not only beyond their deserts, but beyond what one might think possible. Perhaps this is because they make up for their defects by an unusual warmth of affection; but there is one description of ill-tempered man who is never liked, whether he receives a dutiful affection or not, and that is the man who always insists on having his own way. A passionate man is not always, perhaps not often, in a rage, a sulky fellow is not perpetually sulking; but an exacting man is continually irritating. There are people who quietly, and, perhaps, good-humoredly, but with fixed determination, insist that other people's preferences shall give way to theirs; and who, if they are thwarted, make themselves infinitely disagreeable. A man of this stamp may have many good qualities; he may be respected, but he cannot be loved. Not even his nearest relations can avoid feeling a certain constraint in his presence, and a sense of relief when he is absent. The flower of love may live through many injuries, but it cannot survive in an atmosphere of perpetual frost.

Take a Nap.

A physician, writing of rest as a medicine, recommends a short nap in the middle of the day, for those who can take it, as a beneficial addition to the night's sleep. It divides the working time, gives the nervous system a fresh hold on life and enables one to do more than make up for the time so occupied. A caution is given against indulgence in too long a sleep at such a time, under a penalty of disagreeable relaxation. There has been much discussion regarding the after-dinner nap, many believing it to be injurious, but it is, nevertheless, natural and wholesome.

Fig. 35, No. 4911.—Ladies' Costume. Price 35 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 13½ yards; 32, 34, 36 inches, 14 yards; 38, 40 42 inches, 15½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 6¾ yards; 32, 34, 36 inches, 7 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 7⅞ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 11¼ yards of 21-inch silk and 3 yards of 21-inch velvet will be required for the medium size.

Fig. 35.—This figure shows a charmingly novel model of a stylish costume, and is made from Pattern 4911. It has a yoke, and Medici collar, a petticoat-panel on the left, and tight sleeves under high-shouldered ones, which part on the under-arm in a very new and graceful style. The yoke, tight sleeves, and panel, as well as the collar, may be made in velvet, as seen in the picture, while the divided sleeves and the rest of the dress are in a richly figured material, with a design of pansies upon it. Figured silk or satin or the beautiful new figured cloths are all handsome, as associated with velvet, for the novel costume here given. Price 35 cents.

Her Crushing Reply.

The Prince of Wales is not the only one of his mother's children who knows how to assert himself. The Empress Frederick is ordinarily the most affable and unaffected of royalties, yet nobody understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some ten years ago when, as Crown Princess, she was spending the winter at Pelgi, on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions almost daily, travelling by train and taking their places among the other passengers in any carriage where they found places.

On one of these occasions a Frenchman who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant—or affecting ignorance—of the rank of his fellow travellers, was proceeding to light a cigar in accordance with the universal custom on that line, but before doing so he turned to the Princess and politely inquired: "Does madam object to the smell of smoke?"

"I do not know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the crushing reply.

A Family Failing.

Mr. Roaster—"I'd have you to know, Mr. Curly, that I come of genuine Bourbon stock; my family runs back to the time of Henry IV

Mr. Curtly—"Well, I guess you'd be willing to run back that far yourself if you couldn't get yur bourbon any other way.

The impromptu answer is exactly the touchstone of the man of wit.

Burden of Housekeeping.

The keeping of our houses usually devolves upon one member of the family. And it is safe to say that no problem among the many that are now being considered by thoughtful women is so difficult of solution as that of how to make the burden of housekeeping lighter; and this article is written in the hope that some suggestion therein contained may help in the solution some overworked housekeeper.

Doubtless the burden of housekeeping is heavier than it need be for many women, because, from their mistaken conception of the real purpose of housekeeping, they rigidly adhere to certain customs and notions, and set up a false standard of excellence, writes Mrs. D. A. Lincoln in Good Housekeeping. But what, then, shall we take as our standard of good housekeeping? Not something which fosters the ambition to have as large and well furnished a house as Mrs. A—, and keep as many servants as Mrs. B—; or the desire to outshine Mrs. C—, in the brilliancy of her silver, the polish on her linen and the lustre of her cook-stove; or the attempt to excel Mrs. D— in the texture of her bread, the variety of her cakes, and the clearness of her jellies; or the strife as to who shall have her washing on the line at the earliest hour, and her carpets up, cleansed, and down again, and house cleaning all done by the 1st of April: or the set purpose to do just as much in a given time and the same way as our mothers did; and to give as elaborate entertainments and to do as much church and charitable and society work as others do. No; however laudable this ambition or emulation may be, we as housekeepers should not cherish it as of first importance.

No matter how unequal our houses may be in exterior appearance or interior arrangement, let every housekeeper strive to forget differences in social position and style of furnishings, and remember that, as housekeepers, in one respect we are all equal. For there is one house intrusted to our keeping, which in the sight of its builder and owner is of more beauty and value than any made of wood or stone, and this is the house where our real lives are lived.

What They Say About "Truth."

Toronto Truth has many thousands of testimonials in its possession speaking in the very highest terms of the prizes won. We wish we could give them all, but we have only space for a couple of recent ones.

Won the Piano.—Miss Bella Archer, daughter of our Reeve, Mr. J. W. Archer, has been successful in winning the $600 prize piano offered by S. Frank Wilson, Toronto, in Bible competition. Miss Bella has been successful in former competitions of this kind, and is entitled to the hearty congratulations of her friends.—[Collingwood Enterprise, Jan. 15th, 1891.

St. Thomas, Feb. 16, 1891.

I take much pleasure and delight in acknowledging receipt of the handsome square piano offered as first prize in "Truth's Bible Competition, No. 21." I also thank you exceedingly for the promptitude with which you answered my letter by forwarding it to me on the following day. I had really not expected it for some weeks. Several persons of musical talent have already examined it and all pronounce it a first-class, genuine piano, both in tone and finish, and say it is in every respect what you claim it to be. I will be pleased at any time to exhibit it to anyone who may wish to know the fairness and honesty of the competition. I have no doubt that you will receive many of my friends' names as subscribers to your valuable paper which is well worth the money as a household friend. Again thanking you for your valuable reward.—Mrs. Geo. Shaw.

A few little figures about paper may be interesting. The compiler is a German. He says there are 3,986 paper mills in the world, and of the 1,904,000,000 lbs. of paper turned out annually half is used for printing, 600,000,000 lbs. being required for newspapers alone, the consumption of which has arisen by 200,000,000 lbs. in the last decade. He alleges that on an average an Englishman uses annually 11½ lbs. of paper, an American 10¼ lbs., a German 8 lbs., a Frenchman 7½ lbs., an Italian or an Austrian 3½ lbs., a Spaniard 1½ lbs., a Russian 1½ lbs., and a Mexican 2 lbs.

THE "LADIES' JOURNAL"

BIBLE COMPETITION !

NO. 28.

A LARGE LIST OF REWARDS. A GREAT CONSTITUENCY OF SATISFIED PRIZE WINNERS.

NO SMALL PRIZES THIS TIME.

The twenty-eighth competition opens with an immense list of subscribers, and a great number of satisfied prize winners in previous competitions. are among them. Testimonials by the thousand can be furnished from these successful ones. They are very few who are not satisfied, that have entered our competitions, that is saying a deal. even when we give away so many prizes, for all can't get a prize, but all the following articles will be given away to the persons who correctly answer the following questions: Where in the Bible are following three words first found: 1, HYMN; 2, SONG; 3, SINGER

To the sender of the first correct answer received at The "Ladies' Journal" Office, will be given number one of these first rewards, to the second, number two, and so on till all these first rewards are distributed. The sender of the middle correct answer in the whole competition, from first to last, will be given number one of the middle rewards, the second number two, and so on.

The competition remains open until the 31st July next, inclusive.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and well Finished **Upright Piano,** by celebrated Canadian firm..... $500

Second, One Lady's First Class **Safety Bicycle,** Ball Bearings, a superior machine $120

Next Ten, each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, Double Walled, **Ice Pitcher,** $15..... $75

Next Thirty, each a beautifully bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the **New Testament,** $3.... $90

Next Fifteen, each a Fine **Pair of Razor** Steel Plated **Steel Scissors,** $2 ..... $30

Next Ten, each a Lady's or Gentleman's **Coin Silver Watch,** with good movement—a correct time-piece, $15..... $150

Next Five, each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, satin finish, **Waiter or Salver,** $10..... $50

Next Five, each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25..... $75

Next Thirty, each **Half Dozen** full **Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons,** $3..... $45

Next Ten, each a beautifully bound Set of **Macaulay's History of England,** 5 vols., $10..... $100

Next Six, each a Lady's Fine **Solid Silver Watch,** a good article, $10..... $60

Next twelve, each a set of half doz. extra full quadruple silver plated **Table Spoons,** $5..... $30

Next Fifteen, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons,** $4.50..... $26

Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Dinner Knives,** in neat case, $10 . $60

Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives,** in neat case, $8 ..... $48

Next Five, each a set **Carvers' Knife, Fork and Steel,** very fine, $7..... $35

Next Two, **Fine Family Sewing Machine,** with all the latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70.... $140

Next Three, each a **Lady's Fine Gold Watch, Hunting Case,** beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50..... $150

MIDDLE REWARDS.

First One, **One Hundred Dollars** in cash..... $100

Next Fifteen, each a supremely bound **Revised Version New Testament,** $3 ..... $45

Next Twenty, each a Lady or Gentleman's **Fine Gold Carved Ring,** $1.50..... $30

Next Eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate **Dinner Cruet**..... $55

Next Five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated **Tea Service** (4 pieces) $40..... $200

Next One, **Twenty Dollars** in cash $20

Next Eighteen, each a **Gentleman's** Handsome Silver **Open Face Watch. Excellent Movement, $20**..... $360

Next Five, each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face Watch,** $50 $250

Next Forty-five, each a handsome long Silver Plated **Button Hook**... $45

Next One, **Twenty-Five Dollars** in cash..... $25

Next Fifteen, each a Ladies' **Fine Gold Gem Ring,** $7..... $105

Next Twenty nine, each a Complete Set of **Dickens' Works,** handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., $20 $580

Next Twenty-one, each a Fine Quadruple Plate **Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet,** new design, $5..... $105

Next Ten, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated **Tea Service** (4 pieces) $40..... $400

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First Five, each a **Lady's Hunting Case or Open Face Gold Watch,** extra case, beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $250

Next Twelve, each a Lady's or Gentleman's **Fine Gold Pencil,** very useful and pretty, $2..... $24

Next Thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the **New Testament $3**..... $90

Next Twenty-one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble,** (any size) $5..... $105

Next Three, each an Elegant **China Dinner Service** of 104 pieces, $50..... $150

Next Five, each a **Fine French Tea Service** of 44 pieces, specially imported, $40..... $200

Next Twenty-five, each **Lady's Fine Silver Thimble,** $1..... $25

Next Five, each a superbly bound volume **Dore Bible Gallery,** a beautiful gift book, $2..... $10

Next One, **Twenty Dollars** in cash $20

Next Five, each an elegant **China Tea Service** of 44 pieces, $25.. $125

Next Five, each a beautifully bound gift book, **Coleridge's Ancient Mariner,** $2.50..... $12.50

Next Seven, each a Complete Set of **Macaulay's History of England,** as entertaining as a novel, bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15. ... $105

Next Seven, each a **Ladies' Fine Silver Open Face or Hunting Case Watch,** $30..... $210

The sender of the last correct answer received in this competition at the "Ladies' Journal" Office, will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards, one of the gold watches, next one to the last, number two, and so on, counting backward till all these rewards are distributed.

Every letter must be postmarked, where mailed, not later than the 31st July next, or of course any time between now and that date. Twelve days after date of closing, (31st July) will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points.

Every person competing must send with their answer, one dollar, for which "The Ladies' Journal," a handsome 28 page monthly, will be mailed to any address for one year. There is samething in each issue to interest every lady, young or old, and you will find, even if you do not get any one of the above prizes, that you have received your dollar's worth in "The Journal."

The names and full addresses of the winners of the First, Middle and Consolation Rewards will be published in "The Journal" at the close of the competition. We have thousands of complimentary letters from winners of prizes in previous competitions. Nearly every trade and profession, among all the notable people as well as the more humble, are represented in our list of winners.

Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," TORONTO, CANADA.

A Child's Heroism.

The London *Spectator* says: There is something very pathetic about the heroism of childhood, where we mean by heroism something of really independent daring and presence of mind, something beyond mere stedfast trustfulness, which is in a sense natural to childhood. The inquest held yesterday week before Dr. Macdonald, M. P., Coroner for North East London, on Henry James Bristow, aged eight years, illustrates precisely what we mean. Mrs. Bristow, who lives at Walthamstow, had left this little boy alone in the room with a younger sister of only three years of age, in order to go on an errand, from which she returned befor six o'clock to find that the little girl had climbed on a chair to reach a small paraffine-lamp, and had upset it over her clothes, which of course

CAUGHT FIRE AT ONCE.

The boy immediately tore them off her, and laid her upon the bed, but in lifting her on to the bed, his own clothes caught fire and it took the child a long time to tear them off which however, at last he succeeded in doing, but not till he was so seriously hurt that, though taken at once to a hospital, he died within the week from the result of the injuries. His little sister's life he had succeeded in saving; at least, she was said to be doing well at the time of the inquest on her brother. The coroner very justly spoke of the boy as quite a little hero, and he was a hero in precisely the sense in which it seems to us that the word, as applied to a child of eight, carries a profound pathos with it, because it implies a presence of mind, a promptitude of purpose, a self-command and fortitude and steadfastness, which are usually quite beyond a child's imagination, much less

ITS PRACTICAL ACHIEVEMENT

In the books of verse for children, which were in use a generation or more ago, there used to be some verses about a child who kept perfectly calm and self-possessed at sea during the raging of a tempest, because his father was "at the helm," which was the refrain with which the child replied to all the questions asked him as to the source of his self-possession. This is a kind of heroism—if heroism is the right name for it—which should be, we think, natural to children, at least to children who have felt the fullest trust and reverence of which children are capable. But the children of the poor are often early initiated into a kind of heroism more properly deserving of the epithet; for heroism, accurately construed, expresses we think, more or less of the power to stand alone and cope with the difficulties or terrors of life by the promptitude and

BOLDNESS OF INDIVIDUAL ENERGY.

There is certainly something in the spectacle, which is singularly impressive, and gives us a deeper sense of the spiritual force of our nature, than any other phenomenon of human life. In the nature, what looks like heroism is very often love of praise and little else. The sense of what the world expects from a man will often make a coward act as if he were constitutionally brave, and a selfish man act as if he were habitually disinterested. But when a child faces the most acute pain, and (as is proved in this case) death itself, to save another, and this too in the absence of all spectators, it is impossible to ascribe his conduct to any semi-melodramatic or even imitative motive. The little boy of eight, battling alone

WITH FLAME AND PAIN

to save his sister, can hardly have had anything in his mind except love for her, and responsibility to his mother in her absence, and assuredly cannot have been buoyed up by that eagerness to win the world's good opinion, or to become the subject of the world's curiosity, which taints so much, not only of our modern life, but even of our modern courage and daring. We should doubt if the little hero of whom we have been writing so much had formed the desire to be himself brave or faithful, or to be, for himself, anything at all. Probably his first desire was to save his sister, and his next to release himself from the agony of the flame; but the former was the overmastering motive which carried everything before it, and made him deliberately incur the severe pain from the consequences of which he died. It is hardly possible not to think better of the human spirit when one sees a child of eight so affectionate, so dauntless, and so resolved.

It is stated that the muskrat is enabled to travel under the ice of a frozen river or lake for a considerable distance by respiring against the ice roof, where the bubbles of gas collect, and getting a fresh supply of oxygen.

FIG. 36.—No. 4919.—LADIES' COSTUME.
PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for 30 inches, 7¾ yards; 32 inches, 8 yards; 34 inches, 8¼ yards; 36 inches, 8½ yards; 38 inches, 9¼ yards; 40, 42 inches, 10 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34 inches, 5¾ yards; 36 inches, 5¼ yards; 38 inches. 6¼ yards; 40 inches, 6¾ yards; 42 inches, 7¼ yards.

For the medium size, 1¾ yards extra of 42-inch material for ruffles, 1½ yards of wide ribbon velvet; 4½ yards of medium width, and 6½ yards of narrow ribbon velvet will be required.

FIG. 36.—The pretty and effective costume for a lady seen in the above figure is a late novelty, and one of the most stylish of those which this season brings in. It is made from Pattern 4919, and is equally handsome in light-weight cloth, foulard, pongee, or muslin, figured or unfigured, as the caprice of the present mode trims light and delicate fabrics, as well as cloth, with such accessories of black velvet ribbon as are seen in the picture, and which are used in this example of an extremely novel arrangement of stripes on the high collar, and rows upon the high sleeves, as also in three rows upon the front of the bodice upon its graceful folds, and on the side-pieces set upon the hips. There is a broad sash of black velvet ribbon. The skirt has three ruffles, and a deep frill gives a careless grace to the top of this becoming garment. Price 35 cents.

Look Out For The Cellar.

We will first direct our steps to the lowest apartment of our residences—the cellar Much has been said in reference to its cleanliness, and how much respect we owe to this necessary portion of our households. Many women are in the habit of placing all kinds of rubbish in this apartment, little thinking that most of the air which they breathe in their upper chambers has first passed through the cellar, and been vitiated by all foul and decaying substances. In order to convince those who are skeptical of the truthfulness of this assertion, we need only to advise them to close all upper room doors and to boil onions in their cellars. The odor of this vegetable will be perceptible from parlor to attic, and this proves beyond question that much sickness is propagated in this manner.

Dryness and ventilation are particularly necessary, as many cases of fever and diphtheria can be traced to this neglect. Fruits and vegetables, and indeed every article of corrosive properties, are more apt to decay if left in a place where the surroundings are damp. The absolute necessity of a clean, dry cellar requires us to whitewash all walls and ceilings at least twice a year, and to place some lime and charcoal in different receptacles as often as the feeling of dampness can be experienced. These articles are recommended to purify the air as well as to absorb moisture.

The fastest mile run by a railroad train was made in 40¼ seconds.

The record for the fastest mile made on skates is 2 minutes 12 3-5 seconds.

The fastest mile made in rowing in a single boat took 5 minutes 1 second.

The fastest mile ever made by a running horse was run in one 1 minute 35 seconds.

The fastest mile by a man on a tricycle was made in 2 minutes 49 2-5 seconds.

The fastest time on snow shoes for a mile is recorded as 5 minutes 39¾ seconds.

The best time for a mile by a man on a bicycle is recorded as 2 minutes 29 4-5 seconds.

Maidens in Russia.

The daughter is a great pet in Russian families, perhaps because there are generally more sons than daughters. Take the younger members of the Imperial family as an example, and we find 22 grand dukes and only seven grand duchesses; and this may be stated to be about the average proportion in most families. The necessity for men in the rural districts as assistants in the agricultural labors of their fathers, has given rise to a saying, "One son is no son; two sons are half a son; but three are a whole son." Notwithstanding the pride and satisfaction with which the birth of a boy is hailed, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest affection and care of parents and brothers, not to speak of other adoring relatives. Much is not expected of her in the way of assistance in the family, she is indulged as far as their means and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely that she does not voluntarily and tacitly contribute her share in helping her mother. Her occupations are much about the same as those of all European girls, but parish work in Russia existeth not for her. She cannot have classes at Sunday-school, as religion is taught by priests or deacons. It would be thought quite extraordinary and improper were a young unmarried girl to visit the sick and poor in towns, but in villages it is sometimes done under the direction of mamma or grandmamma. She is undoubtedly fond of pleasures, likes to be well dressed, and generally adores dancing. Music is not the Russian girl's forte, nor is solo singing. Most of the Institutkas, though they thoroughly know the theory of music, play like a child of twelve; of course, there are exceptions, but it is seldom you find a girl able to play a quadrille or polka off-hand.

Girls marry very young in Russia, and there are very few of those most estimable individuals called old maids. There are not colonies for the Russians to run away to; and the statistics show that the births of boys much exceed those of girls.

Long engagements are not approved of, they seldom last longer than a few months, during which time the fiancee is the mistress of the house. Her girl friends assemble to help to sew the dowry, the sewing afternoon generally ending in a dance after tea, when the bridegroom drops in with a few bachelor friends. Another wedding is thus often arranged; and so on, little by little, till, like the 15 cards in the game of "old maid," they pair off, and one, generally of the eterner sex, is left—forlorn.

Higher Education and Marriage.

That the proportion of girls who remain single is greater in these last days than a generation ago is a fact which, however much it may be deplored, cannot be gainsaid. An explanation of the fact is attempted by Mrs. Kate Garnett Wells, in the *North American* for the current month.

"There are three general causes," says Mrs. Well," which bring marriage into disfavor [with women]: philanthropy, higher education, and self analysis. The first has been a powerful factor in its subtle influence against marriage. The mental atmosphere is permeated with the idea of responsibility for another's happiness. Woman now feels herself accountable for the welfare of humanity, and through the exercise of that responsibility has found occupation for mind and heart; which has prevented absorption in her own affairs. Higher education has effected marriage, inasmuch as it has opened new avenues of employment for women, has fortified them for life as a whole, and has led them to regard marriage as an incident. It has given girls a communistic feeling which makes them prefer to teach where there are other teachers rather than to live on a hill-top and read aloud to their parents, or to retire to a farm or a tenement and bake and brew for their husbands. The higher education has separated marriage and motherhood. Almost all women love children and would gladly use their knowledge for the delight and profit of a family, but they do not want the intervening marriage. Analysis has advanced from being a method in text-books to the study of one's self. The age is antlytic. Once work was so constant that married women did not realize their loneliness or the want of appreciation which befell them. Now society and the middle class have leisure to examine their states of mental solitude, and to see just where husbands are wanting.

If you have found some one who knows how to scratch your back just where it itches you have come pretty near finding affinity.

What Men Should Wear.

Certain would-be reformers of men's attire are at present carrying on a lively discussion in one of the leading London (Eng., magazines. Neither the style nor the color of existing fashions seems to please these advocates of æstheticism, the former preventing a proper display of the human form divine, and the latter being positively ugly and in no way calculated to appeal to the sense of the beautiful. Their complaint is that men to-day rather clothe themselves than dress themselves; that they do the former without any regard to the beauty of the result, their one object being to combine the maximum of comfort with the smallest amount of painstaking care; and that "from sheer idleness and misplaced misanthropy, they have degraded their ancestral dress into dowdiness and a derision." Instead of covering the nether extremities with bag-like pants they would have their fellow-men revert to the fashion of the former days, and adopt knee breeches and silk stockings, so as to furnish the world once again with the pleasing sight of well-moulded forms; instead of sober-colored garments they would substitute those in which the colors of the rainbow would dazzle the eye of the beholder. These changes they urge from the standpoint of philanthropy—so many uses can be made of a word—and claim that in so doing we should be ministering to the pleasure of others. Of course, if it was beyond peradventure that the change proposed would minister to the happiness of mankind, if it would actually result in "life becoming gayer, our dull world more radiant, and the jest of our days be turned a little merrier," a strong argument for the reform would be built up, for without doubt our duty is to consider the question of other's happiness and pleasure; but this is by no means certain, and the doubt could be set at rest only by an appeal to the whole people—in this case an impossible task.

That the return from existing fashions to the customs of our ancestors is open to strong objections goes without saying. In the first place as regards breeches and stockings it so happens that every man is not the happy possessor of a pair of well developed calves. Philanthropy demands that the sensibilities of these shall be respected, and that no custom shall be forced upon them which would involve a constant declaration to the world of their physical lack. Besides, there are the considerations of convenience and comfort in which all men are interested, and which belong in the greatest measure to the loose fitting garments. Then as to the advantages of sober-colored raiment much can be said. Instead of having to provide himself with several suits of clothes during the year, which he would require to do if colored finery was the fashion, there is nothing now to prevent a man from wearing his clothes until they are fit only to adorn the farmer's stick and protect his corn from the thieving crows, or where circumstances will permit, to pass them on to others ere yet their usefulness as garments has altogether passed away. Moreover, as the London *Spectator* remarks, "The clothes of men, unlike the dress of women, provided they are neither unseemly nor unsightly, are most attractive when they attract the least, and should not be capable of stirring pleasure or admiration in our breasts; we regard their uniform dulness as a proper and fitting back-ground for the beauty and bravery of the sex in which our eyes rejoice; and our æsthetic sense would be offended should we see that back-ground breaking out into gaudy colors of its own, and striving to engage our attention by varied forms. Let our garments be neat and decent by all means: but above all let them be comfortable and unobtrusive. It is the duty of women to be beautiful; it is no business of men. Indeed, it is men's privilege to admire them, and offer no object of admiration in return—a one-sided arrangement which commends itself naturally to the selfish sex." In this opinion, it is safe to say, the majority of men concur. These periodical agitations against existing fashions in men's attire, generally carried on by those who have never distinguished themselves by their devotion to the serious issues and concerns of life, can only end in disappointment to the agitators, albeit they may gain for them for a time a little cheap notoriety and attention. The business of life is too serious and engrossing for earnest men to spend much time in merely outward adornment.

FIG. 37.—No. 4916.—LADIES' MODJESKA JACKET. PRICE 25 CENTS

Quantity of Material (54 inches wide) for 32, 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36, 38 inches, 2⅝ yards; 40 inches, 2¾ yards; 42 inches, 3 yards; 44 inches, 3¼ yards.

FIG. 37.—The extremely elegant, novel, and stylish wrap, called the Modjeska jacket, is seen in the above figure, and is made from Pattern 4916. It is one of the most becoming, distinguished-looking, and effective garments of the season, and required handsome materials, such as velvet and silk or satin, and rich passementerie, or embroidery. The large, roomy sleeves gathered into the deep cuff should be of silk or satin, as also the vest; the front and sides displaying velvet as the foundation on which the trimming is placed. Price 25 cents

A Mother's Influence.

"My mother's habit was every day, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the Bible, in meditation and in prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and the sweetness which enabled her to fulfil all her duties and to remain unruffled by all the worries and pettinesses which are so often the intolerable trial of narrow neighborhoods. As I think of her life, and of all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed; I never heard her speak one word of anger, or of calumny, or of idle gossip; I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon manna in the barren wilderness. The world is the better for the passage of such souls across its surface. They may seem to be as much forgotten as the drops of rain which fall into the barren sea, but each rain drop adds to the volume of refreshful and purifying waters. The healing of the world is in its nameless saints. A single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night, and make it beautiful.—[Archdeacon Farrar.

A Profession for Women.

There is a class of women to whom the counsel of this article will be very distasteful. The career of a wife and mother has little appreciation in their eyes. It is not enough appreciated by a large share of both sexes. But the remedy for this is in the women's own hands. If they would have an honourable profession they have only to do a quality of work that is worthy of honor. Surgery was once a branch of the barber's trade, and certainly no more honored than house-work is to day; but men have made a study of it, have given it a broad, scientific basis, invented instruments and processes to increase its efficiency, and arranged a systematic mode of learning its practice, with the result that the surgery of to-day is one of the most honorable of professions. In a similar way dressmaking—which is a trade in the hands of women—has been made a profession in the hands of one man. The ordinary dressmaker gets little respect; Mr. Worth is held in high esteem, and the difference is that he does work which compels esteem. The ordinary housewife and mother takes little pains to learn her business; she follows rule-of-thumb methods handed down from her great grandmother, introducing no improved processes or appliances, and feeling no shame if her home is ill-managed or her children ill-trained. If women doubt that competent administration in the home would win the same esteem that is paid to the competent surgeon, or lawyer, or merchant,, or college professor, they should recall the Roman matron, Cornelia, whose fame has already lasted for nearly a score of centuries. With her spirit the modern woman should say of her home, "This is my diploma;" and of her children, "These are my degrees."

Household Hints.

When the carpet has been soiled by ink instantly apply blotting paper, then milk, then blotting paper, and so on until the spot is out, as it will be. Don't rub.

In England celery is much used as a last course at dinner, dipped in grated cheese—that is, the cheese is passed with it and the celery dipped as it is eaten.

It is stated that glycerine washed into flannel after it is wrung from the warm rinsing water will render it most agreeably soft. Half a spoonful of glycerine to a pound of dry flannel is the usual allowance.

In many offices a potato is used instead of a pen wiper. The juicy tuber holds the pen steady, removes at once all ink from the nib, prevents, or at least greatly delays, the process of corrosion, and spares many a well-loved pen to a ripe old age.

For a good home-made "concrete walk" mix with ashes and coal screenings some unslacked lime, adding water sufficient to make a concrete. Put it on when it is the consistency of water and roll smooth. This should grow as hard as an oak floor, and a second application is only necessary to fill out the uneven spot.

For tired eyes take a cup brimful of water and add sufficient salt to be faintly perceptible to the taste. Hold your eyes to the water so that the lashes touch it, then wink once and the eyes will be suffused; do not wipe them. This so refreshes the eyes that they feel like a new pair. Do not forget the good old rule—as soon as you feel your eyes stop using them. By the above treatment one need waste very little time waiting for tired eyes.

SPANISH CREAM.—Take one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, one package of gelatine, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, yolks of four eggs. Soak the gelatine ten minutes in half a cup of cold water. Boil the milk and add the gelatine and other ingredients. At the last stir in the yolks, which must be beaten to a cream, and pour into molds to harden. Use the whites for cakes or meringues. They are sometimes beaten stiff or stirred in at the last; but the cream is better when made with only the yolks.

A Dainty Adornment.

In wearing apparel a comparatively new claimant for feminine favor is a dainty and very becoming cape, designed principally for evening wear. The unique feature of the cape is a wide flaring collar, composed entirely of flowers, and equally effective worn turned up or down. The length of the garment varies; it reaches to the waist line or some inches below, and it is made of lace, embroidered mousseline de sole, gauze or crepe, pleated or gathered to the collar and fastened in front at the neck with ties of ribbon. Nothing seen in a long time enhances the beauty of a face more than this floral surrounding, which ought to be of a tint to harmonize with the general coloring of the wearer. One of these capes seen the other day was of pleated black silk lace, with a collar of yellow buttercups and green grasses. Another was of white crepon gathered very full to a collar of pansies. This dressy little garment serves a two-fold purpose—first, as a slight covering for bare shoulders, and again as a means of transforming a very plain toilet into one suitable for the theatre or the opera. So simple in construction is the cape, almost any woman with a moderate amount of ingenuity can manufacture one, the collar only requiring any degree of skill. This is made of three rows of wire, held in place by transverse bits of wire at the back, the sides, and near the ends. The frame is then covered with net.

Cultivating Disease.

The internal organs do not want to be thought about. A man's stomach is healthy when he doesn't know he has one. When we are conscious of the existence of any internal organ, that organ is sick. The internal machinery was intended to do its work unconsciously. When we begin to think about our stomachs, digestion is arrested. John Hunter said he got gout by thinking of his great toe. A man who sits at the table wondering if baked potatoes will agree with him, and whether fruits and vegetables are a good combination, is in a fair way to have trouble with the simplest kind of food. Thinking about the internal organs sets them in a sort of stage fright and they are powerless.

During the winter the hen may be dilatory, but she generally comes to the scratch when the garden is planted

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

I once overheard a middle-aged man giving a young man a bit of advice. The latter was about to be married, and the former said:

"If you begin right, Tom, you will have no trouble. Never let your wife appear to know as much as you do. What you don't know you must assume to know. Never take back anything you say, no matter how closely you are cornered."

Perhaps Mr. Bowser fell in with this same man just before we were married, for he certainly has stuck to the text ever since the wedding day. One day a friend brought us a cat to help make home happy. Mr. Bowser admired her very much, and while stroking her back he observed:

"She is indeed a fine specimen of the feloine race."

"You mean feline, my dear," I answered.

"I do, eh? Not if I know myself! It is well that you didn't use the word feline in company.

"Mr. Bowser, there is no such word as feloine. It is feline. You don't mean purloine, do you?"

"What! Do you mean to tell me that I am a blockhead? While my word ought to be amply sufficient to settle any matter, I shall, in this case, back it up with the dictionary. Go fetch it, and then see where you stand."

"I told you so," I said, as I found the word and pointed to it. "It is feline, plain as day."

"Then it is a misprint," he hotly replied. "I've known of lots of such cases. The printer who set that up was probably tight, or half asleep."

"Well, ask Mr. Smith."

"Not much! A lawyer doesn't know any better than I do."

"Will you ask Mr. Carter?"

"No! What I know, I know, and that settles it!"

That evening our family physician happened to run in, being in the neighborhood, and I asked him, in the presence of Mr. Bowser:

"Doctor, did you ever hear of a feloine?"

"Lands! No," he replied.

"Well, I have?" doggedly observed Mr. Bowser.

"What is it?"

"A cat."

"Oh oh—I see. You mean feline."

"No, I don't; I mean feloine, and not feloine, and I'll bet any man on this earth a million dollars to a cent that it is feloine!"

The doctor saw how it was and had no more to say. I proved Mr. Bowser wrong by Webster, Worcester and all other dead and living authorities, but he has never given in. On another occasion I asked him what sort of a tree it was a neighbor was setting out for shade, and he replied:

"That shows how observing you were during the sixteen years you lived on a farm. It's a soft-maple, of course. Better go out and take a close look at it, so you will always remember."

"I thought it was an elm."

"Humph!"

"And now, when I come to look closer, I know it is an elm. Of course it is."

"Are you crazy, or do you call it an elm simply for the sake of disputing me?"

"I know it is an elm."

"Well, I know it isn't. It's a soft-maple, and that settles it."

"Dare you go out and ask the man at work?"

"Dare I! Come on, and see how you will take a back seat! The only way to cure some people of their egotism is to crush them."

We went out and stopped as if by accident, and I inquired of the man at work:

"Would you tell me whether that tree is soft maple, elm or chestnut?"

"It's an elm, ma'am. The whole row is to be of elms."

"Thank you."

"Look here, man!" put in Mr. Bowser, "do you know an elm from a soft maple?"

"I ought to, sir. I've been furnishing shade trees for the last twenty years."

"And you call that an elm!"

"Of course I do."

"Then you don't know one variety from another. It is a soft maple."

"Did you come out here to call me a fool or a liar?" demanded the man, getting very red in the face.

"If you don't know one tree from another you'd better quit the business."

I got Mr. Bowser away, and later on I proved by at least twenty people that the tree was an elm, and that there wasn't a soft maple on the whole square, but he crossed his hands under his coat-tails and lifted himself off his heels and replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, when I say it's a soft maple that settles the question forever. Your calling it an elm simply betrays a disposition to carp and cavil."

A neighbor of ours built a barn and finished it with a cupola; we were looking at it one evening when Mr. Bowser observed:

"I don't think that cupalo is such a great ornament after all."

"You mean cupalo, my dear."

That's exactly what he meant, and he got tangled a bit, but having once pronounced the word he was bound to stick. He therefore replied:

"I think I am old enough to know what I mean. When I say cupalo I mean cupalo, and not the ridge-pole nor the alley door."

"And you insist it is cupalo?"

"There is no insist about it. It is simply cupalo and that's all there is to it. If people want to show their ignorance by calling it cupolong, or cupaling, or cupa-something-else there is no law to prevent."

Just then the neighbor came out, and after a few remarks about the weather he said:

"Well, Bowser, I saw you looking at my cupola. I drew the design myself. How do you like it?"

"I don't see any," dryly replied Mr. Bowser.

"What's that up there?"

"It's a cupalo."

"Where did you come across that name? Going to run opposition to Webster?"

I tried to get Mr. Bowser away, knowing what would be the result, but he refused to budge an inch, and retorted:

"Any one who has ever been to school a week in his life ought to know what a cupalo is, and how to pronounce the word."

The word, Bowser, is cupola, the same as if divided cu-po-la."

"Not much! It is cu-pa-low."

"You don't mean it!"

"But I do I am surprised at your ignorance!"

"And I wonder that you do not call a horse a cow."

"Oh, well, it is no use wasting time to argue with a bigot."

"Bigot! Bigot!" cried the neighbor. "Why, you old dunderhead, you don't even know enough to be a bigot!"

I got Mr. Bowser away and into the house, and I tried to bring up some other subject to smooth the matter over, but he assumed his usual pose and broke out with:

"Let this be a great moral lesson to you, Mrs. Bowser! What you don't know don't pretend to know. Confound that infernal bigot—I wish I had put a cu-pa-low right between his two eyes and taken some of the pomposity and self-conceit out of him!"

Christening Gifts.

For christening gifts silver is the usual offering. In lieu of the candle cup, which was the invariable present from the god-parent, fashion has decreed the presentation of silver spoons; on each anniversary another spoon is sent, so that when the recipient has attained a round dozen of years he or she is in possession of just as many spoons. After the teaspoons have been exhausted, tablespoons and forks may be given; if the girl remains unmarried beyond the usual marriageable period such a custom might become quite a tax upon the god-papa and god-mamma. As a boy is not supposed to have any use for such things it is usual to present him with a gold coin on each anniversary with which to commence a bank account. The fashion is an excellent one and will commend itself to common sense people.

My dear, you look beautiful in you Winter outfit!" "Oh, yes, I notice I always look well to you in the old Winter styles just about the time the Spring fashions are coming in."

Anxious mother—"As I passed the parlor-door last evening I saw Mr. Nicefello's face very, very close to yours," Lovely Daughter—"Y-e-s, ma, he's so awfully nearsighted."

Maiden—"It seems to me society is useful only to people who want to get married." Matron—"You mistake, my dear. It is equally useful to people who are married and want to forget it."

She—"I know he isn't a pedigreed dog, but no tramp or beggar can come near the house without his letting us know it." He—"What does he do? Bark?" She—"No he crawls under the sofa."

Bricktop—No, thank you, Budger. You really must excuse me. Fact is, I promised Mrs. Bricktop that I would never drink except in case of emergency.

Budger—Well, when we emerge from the saloon that'll be a case of emergency, won't it?

Bricktop—That's a fact, old man. That lets me out.

A Canadian Lady's Experience in Far-off China.

The following interesting letter was written from Ning-po by a Canadian lady traveller, to a friend in Ottawa:—

DEAR H.—Here we are safe at Ning-po, but how am I to describe my surroundings to you, or give you any lucid idea of the people, who seem to do everything in a manner exactly contrary to what we have been accustomed—verily the Chinese are our Antipodes in many things besides geographical position.

It is to be hoped that as years pass [illegible] that my mouth and eyes may recover [illegible] natural (Canadian) shape and position. [illegible] present the former is generally half [illegible], and the latter staring, with astonishment at the unexpected sights and sounds they encounter.

Picture to yourself, the first sight that greeted us on our arrival, was a military officer, attired in an embroidered petticoat, who had a string of beads round his neck, and a fan in his hand. He certainly had several scabbards hanging from his belt, but one held chop-sticks, another had a knife handle sticking out of it, and when he mounted his horse (which, by-the-bye, he did from the right side) he shut up his fan, and pushed it into the third.

Later on, we came to a sort of garden, in which were a number of elderly men, some with bird cages in their hands, others were running about catching crickets for the birds, and others flying fantastic paper fans, whilst a group of boys were gravely looking on, and enjoying the innocent pastimes of their elders.

Shortly after that on looking into a shop, we saw a great stout fellow, making a bonnet for one of the foreign ladies.

Everything, as I said before, is unlike what we have and do at home. Instead of blacking the upper part of the boots and shoes, here men and boys whiten the soles. You pass a house, and hear moans, sobs and cries issuing forth, ask who is dead, and are told that it is a bride preparing for her marriage. You meet a procession of people in white: [illegible]es, headed by a gay band, and are told that that is a funeral. A son who wishes to show great honour to either parent, presents him, or her with a coffin.

As for the language, although we can both make ourselves understood by those with whom we come in contact, Jack and I, have come to the conclusion that anything further, is quite beyond the powers of the average "White Devil" or Barbarian, as they politely term us.

Well! "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We all have aches and pains, at one time or another, so I will begin by trying to describe the physician, and his mode of treatment of diseases.

I read somewhere a few days ago, that for the practice of medicine, you "did not require to know what was inside a man" which meant that the symptoms are of more importance to be known than the disease itself. For the sake of Chinese practitioners. I hope this is true, as they have very peculiar ideas, as to where the different organs are located. In their anatomical scheme, they place the heart in the middle of the body, and the other organs neatly round it; but still healing is with them, as with us, a science. Quacks abound here as at home, but a regular practitioner is one who treats disease according to certain rules, and never puts patients to torture or death save "selon les regles." The fact is, the Chinese practice of medicine is not easy for a foreigner to understand, for the system on which they found their modes of cure, has no parallel with that of our own country.

In the fourth moon, a great stir is visible in all Chinese cities, and shortly after we went to Ning-po, we were constantly meeting with men, women, and children clad in brick-red garments, with manacles on their arms. On enquiry, we found that this is the ordinary prison dress, and that these people call themselves, and teach their children to call themselves, "culprits." Gangs of them may be sometimes seen passing rapidly through the streets, wildly dangling their handcuffs and chains. On further enquiry we learn that these, young and old, are persons who have been visited with some sore sickness during the year, and they come in this "culprit" guise, to return their thanks to the five deities who have helped forward their cure, and, who are to be honoured with one of the grandest feasts during the year; a feast, on which thousands of pounds are annually expended. These five deities are named King, (Gold or Metal,) Muh, (Wood,) Shwuy, (Water,) Ho, (Fire,) Too, (Earth); the Chinese belief is, that man's constitution is composed of these five elements mixed up in him in different proportions, if all remain in harmony, he is in perfect health, if one preponderates his system is deranged and he suffers.

The physician has to diagnose and discover which element preponderates, and counteract its influence by proper antidotes. Par-example: A friend of ours used to be distressed at seeing Jack eat so much roast meat—but one day said, "Ah, I see now why it does not injure you, you drink large draughts of cold water, so the fire is put out."

When you consult a physician, his mode of proceeding is this: He lays your hand on a soft cushion, feels your pulse at both wrists, asks your age, and the [illegible]ptoms of your indisposition, looks you attentively in the face, and then writes out the prescription you are to follow, and handsit to you, to take to your own chemist to make up. A dose of Chinese medicine is quite a curiosity, it is about the size of half a pound of moist sugar, and consists of twenty separate little packets, four or five kinds of bark, a little orange peel, some walnuts, some gentian, half a dozen other roots, and a black treacly mass, not unlike a cake of blacking; these are all boiled together, and a good half pint of the decoction taken *quite hot*.

Some of these physicians have great celebrity in the treatment of certain diseases, and are in possession of family secrets, which have been handed down from father to son for many generations. Their fees are not exorbitant, the lowest fee for a visit is 60 cash (5 cents). The fee of course, as elsewhere, advances according to celebrity to 240 cash, or even mightier, but 180 cash, is the usual charge.

Apropos of Chinese medicines, I must not forget to mention a peculiar fact. The root of the ginseng plant, the most highly prized plant in the Chinese pharmacopeia when wild sells for from $50 to $60, an oz. on the average, whilst large roots fetch fancy prices, like diamonds, but when cultivated, it is only worth from $1 to $1.25 a pound. Another case of the same kind is deer horns,—also used in medicine. A pair of them, newly sprouted, about a foot long, all velvet and blood, fetches from $250.00 to $275.00. The same when fully matured, fetch only about $2.00.

But you must be tired of this long letter. I had intended describing their novel mode of curing tooth-ache and treating the eyes, but will reserve that until I write again.

Yours affectionately,

JANIE.

Ning-Po, 12th August, 1890.

Rich and Poor Milk.

Any one who has attended a dairy convention or who carefully follows the dairy literature of the day, must have come to realize that milk testing is the leading question before our dairymen. The rank injustice of paying for milk or dividing money between patrons on the pounds delivered basis has been tolerated only because it could not be avoided. When the system of paying for milk upon weight is new in a community it works fairly well for a short time, but soon patrons learn to take advantage and the result is that as time goes on more and more milk is required to make a pound of butter or cheese. Of course there are always a few who water or skim; these are occasionally caught and fined or expelled, but the difficulty does not end here, for there are other ways of getting ahead. The greatest trouble has been through buying and breeding cows which produce the greatest number of pounds of milk without any regard whatever to the quality. Between the cows giving thin milk and the patrons who skim or water, dairymen producing good milk and factory men have a hard time of it. Factory men have come to realize that their best friends among the patrons are the poorest paid. Going from bad to worse, matters have come to a point where unless some more equitable system is adopted we must expect the factory system to drag out a miserable existence, if it is not driven to the wall. Is it any wonder, then, that intelligent factory men have come to the conclusion that milk must be paid for on merit only?—[Prof. Henry.

In running, the fastest mile made by a man was accomplished in 4 minutes 12½ seconds.

The King of Spain is a very strong boy ugly, but bright and good-tempered.

Slight help there is for what is fixed by fate,
And much of danger to forsee the blow;
If it must fall, defense is then too late
And he who most forestalls does most foreknow.

Hard law. Stern rule. Dire fact to contemplate. —[Cald

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

APRIL, 1891.

Printed and Published by S. FRANK WILSON, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, at $1.00 per year, or 50c for six months.

OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order

REVIEW OF FASHION.

The season is now approaching in which lighter garments will be required, bringing into use the materials enumerated in our "Seasonable Fabrics."

What has been thoroughly investigated is the question of the shapes to be worn this spring, in street costumes, jackets and other wraps, home attire, garments to be used in travelling—and at which it is now customary to set the dressmakers at work much earlier than was formerly the practice—toilettes for the balls which are sometimes prolonged far into the spring, and for weddings, which are more frequent, for some reason or other, when the trees begin to bud, and the birds to flit about.

Then there is also information to be given as to visiting toilettes for calls that must be paid before leaving the city for the healthful resorts which so many are forced to seek in order to recuperate, and as to the suitable wear for driving, riding on horseback, and climbing our beautiful mountains. Nor must tea-gowns be forgotten, as they continue to be very much worn.

So closely have we followed the footsteps of Fashion that we are able to say with authority that there is much less change in shape than might be supposed, a great many spring fabrics being in process of making in the styles which we have already given, and now give patterns of in this number, the novelty being in trimmings, as by us herein given in the article under that head, with a few trifling modifications in other matters, such as the placing of panels and the bringing in of the pagoda or wrist-gathered sleeve, which will rival the high-shouldered, retaining, however, the same top, but being drawn in by shirring at the hand and having a ruffle, a style which shows off the hand to advantage.

In wraps, a jacket fashionably worn will be close about the hips, long and single-breasted, a style which will also be seen in the tops of many dresses, but, as fashion also welcomes, this season, a less compact style, this shape is by no means arbitrary.

The addition of hip-pieces to lengthen down a basque is favorably received, and this change can easily be effected by adding two or even three of these pieces, which are shaped to the hips and sewed on, one below another, and are most easily added to a waist already round, although when a pointed bodice is thus added to, the effect is very good, and makes the form still more slender in appearance. One flap or piece lies apparently over the other, but is really sewed on to the extreme edge of the flap above, in order to avoid enlarging the hips too much.

So long are these flaps in some instances as to bring the last of all almost to the knee-line, a very stylish effect.

Such persons as always prudently provide themselves with a few yards of extra material, will rejoice in its possession, as it will enable them to add this novel accessory to their gowns without further search for matching goods.

The simplest of the new bodices show plain backs, and have yoke tops which button snugly all the way down. With such a waist is often associated a skirt upon which, as well as on the bodice, the buttonholes are bound on the edge, and serve as a trimming effect, running all the way down the middle of such a skirt and also adorning the side-seams. This novel adjunct is very dressy.

In some light cloth dresses for coming spring the fronts are round, and the lapping on the left is pointed and tapers off below this point to the line of the waist. These retain the pointed revers on the collar, which runs down to where the lapping begins.

The newest effect in the still-retained Medici collar shows it with a soft puff of silk which rises almost to the ears, and narrows again below a closer adjustment of lace-like passementerie.

What is called a basquine is purely and simply a round or somewhat pointed bodice to which two or three sidepieces have been added, as above described, a mode derived from Spain, and which, like all Spanish fashions, aims at diminishing the apparent size of the waist without unduly compressing it, a very sensible method.

The newest style of skirt is sloped, and has a great deal of the fullness which it would otherwise display diminished by a sloped seam which occurs in the exact middle of the back.

Now that a season is coming which will have days admitting of the laying aside of the wrap, the tendency in bodices as well as in skirts is to closeness and everything that will tend to apparent height and slimness.

But, as to many figures, this effect is not the most easily attained, the fullness at the back of the skirt and soft disposition of folds on the waist is retained in many stylish dresses now being made ready for the spring.

For the slender, let there be as few seams as possible, and for the full figure as many as the present styles will admit of, for they diminish the visible girth of a plump form.

There may be two seams under the arm, if necessary, in addition to those of the front and the middle seam of the back. Let the skirt display long folds for such a figure and it will still be in conformity with the mode.

A great deal of taste is displayed in the attire of ladies who receive calls at home on specified afternoons, novelty being sought in the gowns then worn. Among such dresses the material most liked is either Bengaline or peau-de-soie.

Such a dress will have a high waist and often a trimmed skirt. On the waist there will be folds crossing at the back, and on the front a corselet of metal braid or jet passementerie.

Above this ornamental effect the waist will be shirred.

The sleeves will display the florid effect of pastilles of gold or silver thread, or of jet, all over their surface.

The skirt will be slightly trained. It now appears that many skirts will be somewhat long at the centre of the back, necessitating the raising of them with the hand when walking, a scarcely desirable change as to the comfort of the promenade, although graceful in giving height to the figure.

The cuffs of coming dresses will be very deep, and often pointed on the outside so as to show this effect on the seam in the middle of the sleeve.

The additional changes and modifications, effects of disposition of fabric, trimming, and shape, will be found in the articles treating of street costumes, ball dresses, wedding toilettes, demi-toilettes, reception and dinner gowns, visiting dresses and tea-gowns, in the order in which they occur in such garments; but all that is important and shows any decided change is above noted as to skirts, waists, and sleeves, the real effects giving apparent novelty being much more, let us repeat, in trimming than in shape.

Trimming is lavish. Of that there can be no doubt. There are handsome and striking effects in this adjunct, as will be seen by examining this number of the magazine, and a good deal of novelty will also be found in the spring millinery to be worn, and as here given.

An Egyptian Newspaper.

The *Egyptain Gazette* is a newspaper that is published in Alexandria, Egypt, in the French and English languages. Here is the issue for the 3d of February. It contains advertisements of steamship lines and business houses; it gives financial and mercantile intelligence; it has telegraphic dispatches from various parts of the world, and it has the local news of Alexandria, Cairo, and other Egyptian cities.

The carnival fetes in Cairo were begun on the 10th of February, and there were cheap excursion trains between that city and a number of stations, including Shebeen-el-Kom, Fayoom, Zagazig, and Suez. The grand procession of masqueraders marched through the streets and squares of the city, the houses of which were decorated with carpets and flags, and there were many fine spectacles, including the battle of flowers and coriandoli. On the 3d of February a large party of travelling sightseers left Cairo for Luxor. Their Royal Highnesses the Khedive and Khediviah, who had been visiting upper Egypt, arrived at Alexandria, Feb. 8 and held separate receptions next day at Abdeen Palace. His Excellency Riaz Pasha presided at a council which took judicial reforms into consideration. The Moofta refused to give an opinion in the case of the murderer of Aly Bey Ragheb, as the procedure had not been in accord with Moslem law. There is interest in a projected system of reservoirs and barrages in upper Egypt, to be made in the bed of the Nile, for the promotion of commerce with the Soudan. The fancy dress ball of the Mohammed Aly Club was a grand affair. The Khedival Sporting Club of Cairo enjoyed the events of the young khans meeting at Ghezereeh, on the 7th February. Many of the influential residents of Alexandria are opposed to the projected railroad loop, because it would destroy one of the promenades in the city. The traitorous Pasha, Ahmek Araby, who was banished to Ceylon, does not desire to live there, as he dislikes the climate. A gang of murderous brigands was captured near Alexandria by Mivalai Bey, who seized the jewelry and apparel that had been stolen by its members. While his Highness the Khedive was visiting upper Egypt he performed the ceremony of opening the new hospital for natives that has been erected at Luxor, through the liberality of European travellers.

These are the most interesting items of news that are printed in the *Egyptian Gazette* of Feb. 3.

The Wise Mother.

Your wise mother is not given to worrying over trifles. She does not expect perfection in a day. And she has put from her, as far as the east is from the west, the ghastly possibility of setting vanity up in the room of love. So she does not begin with exhaustive attention to the minutia of etiquette, knowing that way lies the danger of making her boys prigs and her girls self-conscious society misses before they are in their teens. She lays down as the laws of her household the broad principles of respect for elders, reverence for women, kindliness for all; and she permeates the home atmosphere with her finest conceptions of the deference and the sympathy due from soul to soul. Her children very early delight to place a chair for grandmother and to save father steps. They learn to be proud of that restraint which enables them to keep self in the background, and to defer to brother and sister. It never enters their heads that servants are less worthy of respect than other people. They are unabashed in the presence of wealth and power as they are tender toward suffering and poverty. When she teaches them from time to time her code of manners—and she is careful to perfect it according to her best judgment—she teaches it for home use, and it becomes fixed by becoming natural.

POTATOES AND ONIONS.—Pare and slice eight potatoes and one-half as many onions; put in stew kettle with two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, and a little water, salt and pepper, and let it stew till they are soft and well mixed together, stirring often to prevent burning.

TORONTO TRUTH'S

New Spring Bible Competition

NO. 22.

In these latter days there have arisen many false schemes and many scores of imitations of TRUTH'S Competitions, but one after another have failed and utterly perished, yet TRUTH remains, and makes good all its promises. Its reputation is now too well established to risk damaging it, and as it has cost a very large amount of money and many years of care and labor to build up, the publisher could not afford to fail in carrying out all his agreements to the letter. There are twenty-one divisions of the largest list of bona fide prizes ever offered and ever actually given away by any publisher in the world. The total value of prizes in this Spring list is about $10,000.00. The lists are so large it would cost altogether too much to give them in detail here. There are pianos, gold and silver watches, china tea and dinner sets, ladies' and gentlemen's bicycles, silver tea-sets, silk dresses, books, money, and hundreds of other valuable rewards. You pay nothing for these prizes, as everyone concedes that full value is received for the dollar in securing TRUTH every week for three months. Send one dollar and answers to the five following questions: Where in the Bible are these words first found: 1, GRAIN; 2, CORN; 3, WHEAT; 4, BARLEY; 5, RYE. If your answers are correct and your letters arrive in time you are almost sure to get a reward, as there are so many and every one cannot always find correct answers to all these questions. All the five answers must be correct to get any prize, but you will get full value for the dollar in TRUTH if you don't get anything else. If you want to see the list of rewards before sending in your dollar, mail TRUTH ten cents and a copy will be sent you containing the list of prizes. But there have been very few dissatisfied prize-winners in previous competitions, considering that he has given away during the past eight years scores of thousands of prizes. Some people expect a piano for every dollar sent, and are mad if they don't get it. He wishes it were possible to give every subscriber a gold watch or a piano or both, but says it can't be done. Some publishers intimate they will, but nobody can do it for any length of time. Send one dollar and correct answers and you won't repent it; and bear in mind that it is not guaranteed that everybody whose answers are correct will get a prize, but that all the prizes in the twenty-one different lists will be given away. The competition remains open only until the last day of June next, inclusive, after which the prizes will be immediately distributed to the successful ones. Ten days will be allowed for letters to reach TRUTH from distant points after the 30th June. All, however, must be postmarked where mailed not later than the 30th June, or any time between now and that date. Address S. Frank Wilson, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Freckles and Pimple Cure.

Freckles, tan and pimples may be removed (and will stay removed as long as the remedy is used) by the corrosive sublimate lotion. The formula is: Five grains of corrosive sublimate, two ounces of alcohol, and four ounces water. For freckles, moisten a cloth with the lotion, wipe the face two or three times daily, and at night apply some kind of ointment, cold cream or camphor ice. A very nice ointment is made from one-third white wax and two-third lard; pour into small tin moulds which have been dipped in cold water. The freckles and tan will disappear in about two weeks. Pimples should be bathed several times a day.

BOILED POTATOES.—Cold boiled potatoes are excellent if fried. Remove the skins, if they were cooked with them on, and slice thin. Have ready two tablespoonfuls of hot lard in a frying pan. Put in potatoes, salt pepper, and fry without a cover, turning often, till they are of a delicate brown.

POTATO SOUP.—Four large potatoes pared and cut fine; boil in water enough to cover them till tender. Add as much rich milk as you want soup. When it comes to a boil, slowly add one scant tablespoonful of flour stirred smooth in a little milk and one or two well-beaten eggs, stirring soup constantly to prevent its being lumpy; lastly add butter size of an egg, and salt and pepper. A little finely-chopped celery or one onion added will improve it for those who like celery or onion.

—Written for Ladies' Journal.

AUNT HULDAH'S QUILTING.

Aunt Huldah had been patching a quilt of more than usual beauty, and she decided to invite some of the nicest young ladies in Buttonville to quilt it. So she sent out her invitations and a small boy with red hair carried her notes around, and nearly all the young ladies accepted the invitation gladly.

One exception was Miss Hawkins, in her thirty-fifth year, who possessed in her own name $40,000. She told a few of her intimate friends that old fashioned quiltings were entirely out of fashion, but that if Aunt Huldah had made a nice respectable tea party and invited the aristocratic young gentlemen of Buttonville she would have been pleased to go.

Very likely she would, for it was a noted fact that Miss Hawkins admired the gentlemen, and some were so uncharitable as to say if she had admired them less probably she would have caught one. The young men seemed indisposed to encourage her advances although she owned $40,000; but more of her hereafter. At present we want to talk about the quilting.

Then there was meek Miss Larkins, who refused to go because as she said, Aunt Huldah always had some scheme on foot for the advancement of women and she hated women who were always croaking about rights and she believed the more fuss they made about rights the fewer they would get and for her part she intended to keep clear of all women's conventions and alliances and such things. If she ever married she intended to lose her identity entirely in her husband and live only to to make him happy, for this was the only proper sphere of woman, and those who did not believe this should be made to believe it, or hold their peace.

Then there was Miss Raymond who refused because as she said she would never lower herself to such small work as quilting, as she was fitting herself to go to Japan as a Missionary.

Well, the night for the quilting arrived and my sister Julia and I sallied forth and went to Aunt Huldah's, where we found the Misses Cooper, Miss Jenkins, Miss Hattie Fraser, Miss Weeks, Miss Mary Rose and several others.

Aunt Huldah was just in her element and flitted about making pleasant remarks to all and soon we were seated around the quilt interchanging gossip.

"Miss Hawkins is going to be married at last," said Miss Jenkins.

"Where on earth did you hear that?" said Miss Weeks.

"Oh I had it from good authority and I know the dressmaker who is at her trosseau, and I know the baker who intends to make the cake."

"Do you know the intended groom?" said Miss Weeks.

"Indeed I do. The young man is John Lovell."

"Surely you are mistaken; he is only twenty-five years of age."

"No, I am not mistaken. He is the man."

"Well, then, he is marrying her for her money."

"Probably he is. That is nothing new."

At this moment Miss Hattie Fraser turned very pale and saying she wanted a drink of water left the room.

"I know what ails her," said Miss Mary Rose.

"What is it then?" said Miss Cooper.

"Don't you all know that John Lovell has paid Hattie great attention."

"Now you speak of it I believe it is so," said Miss Weeks.

"Of course it is so. Don't you remember the last concert when we had those Italian ladies to sing? John took Hattie to that," said Miss Jenkins.

"It is too bad! too bad! Let us girls take a lesson." said Miss Mary Rose.

"It is too bad, for Hattie is an orphan and dependent upon her uncle and looked forward to marriage with Lovell as a deliverance from the woes of poverty," said Miss Weeks.

"What a pity it is that women are so often in poverty," said Aunt Huldah.

"It is a great pity that women are so dependent," said Miss Jenkins.

"After all, I would rather be the poor girl than the rich one in this case," remarked Miss Mary Rose.

"Then you place little value on the young man," said Miss Cooper.

"I think a man who will turn from a lovely girl like Hattie Fraser and marry a cranky, fussy old maid like Miss Hawkins, should have little value placed upon him," indignantly replied Miss Mary Rose.

"You are right, and my opinion is that John Lovell richly deserves all the misery in store for him," said Aunt Huldah.

"What a fool Miss Hawkins must be not to see through him, and know that he is marrying her for her money," said Miss Jenkins.

"Oh, we all know she is that," spitefully remarked Miss Lena Cooper.

"Let us drop Miss Hawkins and talk about something else," said I.

Hattie Fraser had just entered the room again looking very pale and sad, and Aunt turned to her and said, "Hattie, child, come with me and see a beautiful plant which I bought at the greenhouse the other day," so she and Aunt went off together, and I blessed Aunt Huldah in my heart for being so thoughtful.

Next we turned our attention to Miss Larkin who hated woman's rights, and seemed to suppose it elevated her to abuse her own sex. We raked her over the coals, and discussed her characteristics and her clothing with great freedom.

"Did you ever see such a dowdy?" said Miss Weeks.

"She wears a hat three years old," said Miss Jenkins.

"She wears No. 5 boots," said Miss Cooper.

"She prays in all the prayer-meetings," said Miss Mary Rose.

"She is trying to catch the young preacher," said my sister Julia.

"She may try, but she won't get him, for I intend to have him myself," said I.

This created a great sensation.

"I thought you had decided never to marry," said Miss Mary Rose.

"There would be no harm in changing my mind," said I.

"Anyhow, you shall not have Mr. Trenton. I have designs on him myself," said Miss Jenkins.

"Oh, you awful girls, how can you talk so?" said Miss Weeks.

"It is very unladylike, indeed," said Miss Cooper.

"Nonsense; you are too straight laced," said my sister Julia.

"Give that subject a rest," said I.

Then we took up Miss Raymond, who intended to be a missionary.

"A nice missionary she will make," said Miss Mary Rose.

"What ails her?" said Miss Cooper.

"She is too indolent to make a missionary. She sits in the parlor reading 'Pailey's Evidences of Christianity,' while her mother works in the kitchen."

"I have no patience with her at all," said Miss Weeks.

"I am sure she don't know anything about Christianity or she would not be so idle and selfish," said I.

"Indeed I think she had better get converted before she goes to convert the heathen," said Miss Lena Cooper.

"Do you know that Miss Raymond's mother actually wears her daughter's old clothes made over?" said Miss Mary Rose.

"Horrible!" exclaimed sister Julia.

"And her mother does everything for her even to darning her stockings," said Miss Jenkins.

"What a foolish mother and wicked daughter," said Miss Cooper.

"Who is going to get in at the next election?" said Miss Weeks.

"I think Mr. Grey is sure to win," said sister Julia.

"There you are wrong," said Miss Cooper.

"Oh, bother politics! I don't know anything about them," said Miss Mary Rose.

"Nor I either," said Miss Weeks.

"I know too much about them," said I.

"What do you know about them?" enquired Miss Jenkins.

"I know they are badly mixed up with corruption," said I.

"Oh, that is an old song," said Miss Jenkins.

"Girls cannot talk intelligently on this subject so we had better drop it," said Miss Lena Cooper.

"What are we going to do then when we get the franchise?" enquired I.

"Are we likely to get it? I see no reason to think so," said Miss Mary Rose.

"Oh, we are sure to get it after awhile and we had better prepare for it by reading all the political news, so that we may vote intelligently when we get it," said I.

"I doubt that many of us will vote intelligently," said Miss Lena Cooper.

"I am with you there," said sister Julia.

"Don't judge everybody by yourselves," said Miss Weeks.

"Come to tea! Come to tea!" called Aunt Huldah and away we went to discuss the nicest kind of lemon pie, doughnuts, etc.

When we had exhausted the subject Aunt Huldah announced that she had called us together for three objects. One was to get her beautiful quilt nicely quilted. Another was to give us a pleasant time, and the third and greatest object was to lay before us some of her ideas and hear our opinion of them.

"I have long been sadly impressed with woman's dependence and poverty, and I feel that she is too much in the power of noble man. Yes I will call him 'noble man' no matter what you say," said she, turning to me. "I hope I am not so far gone in bigotry as to refuse to acknowledge that man in his proper place is noble. Is there a woman who can compare with Napoleon Bonaparte for killing people? Is there one who can compare with Howard for reforming prisoners? Is there one who can compare with Stanley for rescuing Emin Pasha, and writing about the big trees and little pigmies of Africa. Is there one who can canvass Ireland and get lime thrown in her eye like Parnell? Is there one who can make so much bluster as Senator Blaine of the United States? Is there one who can invent the Koch lymph, and make the invention so mysterious as Dr. Koch himself? Is there one who can reason like Darwin about the origin of the species? Is there one who can record her own death as they say Moses did? Is there one who can make a standing still sun stand still, as they say Joshua did? Is there one who can go up in a fiery chariot like Elijah?"

"For pity sake leave the men and go on with the subject or we will wish you to go up in a fiery chariot or a balloon or something else," said I.

"Ah! I see what is the matter, I have roused the man-hater by praising noble men too much," said Aunt Huldah dryly, and the young ladies all joined in a hearty laugh. "But, its 'resume and continue on,' as Josiah Allen's wife would say. I have been thinking of a plan for the amelioration of woman's condition, and I think when my plan is fully carried out there will be fewer unhappy marriages because women will then marry for pure love and not for the sake of escaping poverty. As we all know, love is the only thing which can consecrate marriage, but many poor girls are forced to wed in order to get a respectable home! For ages women have spent their time and energies in helping others, instead of considering the best method of helping themselves. They have forgotten the old adage that 'charity begins at home.' When a woman has a little spare pocket money she puts it in the missionary box, or gives it to the poor, or buys tracts with it. There are exceptions, of course, but we are not considering them just now.

"This is all very well in its way, but woman has done too much of this when she should have invested that money for her own benefit.

"Now, I have concluded that what women and girls need to do is to begin an entirely new course of action, and let the men support the missionaries and relieve the poor, and buy the tracts.

"They have plenty money to do it, and they have a right to do it. When they want to build a new church or send a missionary to China let them do it all themselves, and let the women spend their spare time and spare coppers in enriching themselves, because the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. It don't all belong to men, not by any means, and if women will only rouse up and stand together and pull together and organize they can get rich as well as the men. Look at all their schemes for getting rich. Their money-making organizations are very numerous and here we poor foolish women look on and make no move to help ourselves. Instead of having so many missionary societies and W.C.T.U.'s for the rescuing of fallen men let us have the Woman's Mutual Benefit Society and let the society extend all over the civilized globe. Let it be fully understood that the object of this society is to enrich the members thereof and let everything be done 'decently and in order,' as the apostle said. Let this organization be non-political and non-sectarian and let our motto be 'Woman's Rights and Money.' As my speech will be too long if I enter into all the particulars of the plan, and as I have perhaps said as much just now as you will care to hear, I will resume my seat and call upon Miss Weeks to express her opinion."

So saying Aunt Huldah took her seat amid cries of "don't stop! go on! go on!"

Miss Weeks rose smiling and said she would not have missed Aunt Huldah's quilting for anything, and that she fully concurred in the noble ideas of the highly esteemed lady who has both amused and interested her audience and she was willing to become a member of the Woman's Mutual Benefit Society any time, and at our next gathering she would give us a little speech of her own on the subject. Just now these words ran through her mind:

Breathes there a woman with soul so dead
Who never to herself hath said,
Something should be done for woman!
Arise, fair woman, in your might,
And chase away the gloom of night,
Rise up! rise up! and bravely fight,
To help and rescue woman,
Not with fire and sword go forth,
But to the world proclaim your worth
By acting just like noble women.

Amidst great applause Miss Weeks took her seat, and Miss Jenkins rose and said, "I fully approve of Aunt Huldah's plan for the amelioration of woman's helpless condition. I have no doubt that when we hear all of the plan we shall like it still better. To encourage our kind hostess I ask all in favor of forming a Woman's Mutual Benefit Society to stand up."

Every young lady in the room stood up, and we waved our handkerchiefs and shouted, "Three cheers for Aunt Huldah!" then we sang "God Save the Queen," and ended with the Doxology.

Mrs. A. J. Williamson.

The Homely Girl.

"How did that homely woman contrive to get married?" is not infrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty.

Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind, and consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt in many cases at the bottom of the sneering question.

The truth is that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are sometimes very hard to please. They are apt to overvalue themselves, and, in waiting for an immense bid, are occasionally "left on the market." The plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable and loveworthy that Providence may throw in their way.

The rock ahead of your haughty Junos and coquettish Hebes is fastidiousness. They reject and reject until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed or to be trifled with—a lesson that thousands of pretty women learn too late. Mrs. Hannah More, a very excellent and pious person, who knew whereof she wrote, recommends every unmarried sister to close with the offer of the first good, sensible, Christian lover who falls in her way. But the ladies whose mirrors, aided by the glamour of vanity, assure them they were born for conquest, pay no heed to this sort of advice.

It is a noteworthy fact that homely girls generally get better husbands than fall to the lot of their fairer sisters. Men who are caught merely by a pretty face and figure do not, as a rule, amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughtful portion, of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excellence.

Men and Marriage.

Many men have married only a face. It was enough for them, in the first instance, to have their imagination satisfied by what they considered to be beauty. As a matter of fact, where there is only a face, beauty is simply impossible. In such a case beauty is not a question of form, or outline, or colour; the deepest beauty, the truest and most abiding beauty, can only be secured in association with mental and moral qualities. The form itself may be destitute of beauty, and yet in the very face and figure there may be a strange and happy fascination because of the energy of the indwelling and all directing life. To imagine that face beauty will last, supposing it to be nothing more, is self-delusion of the most vexatious kind. Where face-beauty is associated with mental beauty, so much the better. Never forget, however, the old proverb which says, "Handsome is that handsome does." Beauty of character will outlast beauty of form and beauty of colour. The latter may be pleasant enough for a few days, or a few years, but can avail nothing in the night of darkness, in the hour of sorrow, in the pain and need of growing weakness. Under such experiences we need moral qualities of the very highest kind. Look out, then, not for mere beauty of a facial or superficial kind, but for beauty of soul, which shows itself in benevolent thinking, beneficent action, religious aspiration, readiness to serve and help all who require the attention and sympathy of mankind.

Mr. Linkhead—"It seems evident to me that they must have had pugilists in Biblical days." Mr. Friendly—"From what do you draw your inference?" Mr. K.—"Why, from that sentence, 'Go to the ant, thou slugger.'"

A ROMANCE OF MIDDLE AGE.

"Sabrina, I think I ought to tell you something that has been weighing on my mind for some time. If you will go into the garden, I will follow you presently." And the speaker, Miss Elizabeth Power, slipped out of the room with unusual and, as her sister thought, most indecorous haste.

Miss Sabrina and Miss Elizabeth Power were old maiden ladies. I use the word "old" to express an air of gentle antiquity which clung to them, telling not of old age, but of old ideas, old customs, and old courtesies.

Though Miss Sabrina was only fifty-three, and Miss Elizabeth but forty, both sisters seemed to belong to some past generation. They had no place among the hurrying men and women of the present day. Sunnybank Cottage and the garden which surrounded it possessed an atmosphere of tranquillity that can only exist where peace and simplicity have their dwelling. It was truly "an old garden" into which Miss Sabrina walked that evening with slow and dignified steps, that expressed tacit disapproval of her sister's more hurried gait.

A hedge of honeysuckle flanked one side of the garden, and the other side was protected from the curious eyes of passers-by, by a high ivy-clad wall. Miss Sabrina could remember the time when the trees that now stood higher than the house itself had been young saplings; but that was long ago. Dark-eyed pansies, old-fashioned stocks, pinks and poppies—these and other flowers filled the irregular beds; and daisies sprinkled the oblong plot of grass that lay in front of the porch.

The garden was situated on the side of a hill. Below it lay the village. Gray and peaceful it looked, nestling at the feet of the great hills that sloped down to it on every side, shutting it in from the world. Purple and gray they rose, one slope above another, till they were lost among the clouds. Only to the west they broke slightly, leaving an open space, through which glimmered the waters of the distant lake, Graymere. And the evening sun shone with a splendour of crimson and gold, filling the gap with its amber glory.

It was on a June evening that Miss Sabrina stood by the laburnum tree awaiting the coming of her sister. She had a peaceful face, straight-featured, and pale as ivory. Her gray hair was parted smoothly over a calm brow, and she wore a lace cap with mauve ribbons. As she stood with her hands folded in front of her, an atmosphere of restfulness seemed to emanate from her whole personality—not the repose of one who has never struggled, but such peace as only comes after many a hard battle fought and won.

Ever since her parents' death and the marriage of her second sister, Miss Sabrina had lived with her sister Elizabeth, and never until that evening had there been the shadow of a concealment between the sisters. Miss Elizabeth's simple thoughts and wishes had been ever laid at her sister's feet in perfect confidence; and Miss Sabrina had been worthy of the trust. And now, to find that Elizabeth had been concealing something, and, from her manner, evidently something important, caused her a sharper pang than she would have cared to own. She stealthily brushed away a tear as she turned to meet her sister.

Demurely raising her black silk gown, Miss Elizabeth crossed the gravel path, and walked over with slow mincing steps to where her sister stood, thereby offering a silent apology for her recent undignified conduct. There was something charmingly incongruous about the little lady that it would be hard to account for, unless, perhaps, it was caused by the youthfulness of her face and the antiquity of her costume. Certainly the two side-curls of glossy brown hair looked out of place beside her fresh cheeks, and the sombre gown in its stern simplicity seemed unsuited to her slender figure. I have never seen girl or woman since with a more ingenuous countenance; and probably any girl in her teens nowadays knows more of the world than that dainty lady knew at forty. That night, Miss Elizabeth's eyes were a trifle cast down as she met her sister's glance of perplexed inquiry.

"What a beautiful evening it is—is it not, Sabrina?" she remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, as dark clouds were rising up around the sun. "Shall we walk about, or would you rather sit down?"

"Thank you, sister. I prefer to be seated. I shall then be able to pay more attention to what you have to tell me," answered Miss Sabrina, sternly bringing her sister to the point.

"Very well," assented the other, with a little sigh. So together they walked to the summerhouse, which stood in a shady corner, and in silence they seated themselves on two garden chairs.

"Well Elizabeth?" said Miss Sabrina, in rather chilly tones, after a few moments' silence.

"Yes—yes, dear Sabrina—only, do not hurry me," pleaded her sister nervously. "You see, Sabrina, I really could not tell you before, for I might have been making a mistake, and that would have put me in a most distressing position; but to-day I really felt there was no longer any doubt of it, because he"—— Then realising that she was talking rather incoherently, she stopped, and with a blush, turned to pick one of the white roses that had stolen in at the tiny lattice window. Pathos and comedy were closely allied in the love confidences of this elderly maiden; but Miss Sabrina did not see anything amusing in her sister's words. Her nature was one in which lay much tenderness, but it was concealed beneath a certain coldness of manner that a stranger might have shrunk from. But those who really knew her understood. It was in no winning tones that she begged her sister to be more explicit.

"Yes, Sabrina; I will try," responded Miss Elizabeth obediently. "Well, for some time I have fancied that Dr. Meadows has"——

"Has what, Elizabeth?" inquired Sabrina sharply.

"Well, sister, has—been very kind to me."

"Oh"—precise and prolonged. "He has also been very kind to me, Elizabeth; but I do not find that his kindness weighs on my mind." She was determined that her sister should speak plainly, however hard she might find it.

"No, of course not," and Miss Elizabeth laughed nervously. "But, dear Sabrina, I fancy, in fact I may almost say I *know*, that his kindness to me is a little different. He is so remarkably kind. To-day, I was coming up from the village, and I met him just at the corner of Birtle Lane. He turned and walked up beside me, and actually persisted in carrying my basket, Sabrina."

"How overpoweringly kind!" said Miss Sabrina sarcastically.—"Anything more?"

"Yes, yes. I am coming to it, if you will only give me a little time," implored her sister. "As I was saying, he carried my basket; and, Sabrina, he made me take his arm. I really was not sure whether it was proper in the daytime and all the neighbours about; but I could not refuse. When we got to the top of the hill, he asked me if I would go for a little stroll in the wood.—I was afraid you might not approve," she added timidly, hearing a dissatisfied cough from Sabrina; "but, you know, I could not say, 'Thank you; I am afraid Sabrina might not like it,' though it would have been quite true: so what could I do?"

Miss Sabrina vouchsafed no answer; so Miss Elizabeth hurried on. "So, when we had been walking a little time, he said we would sit down for a little. If you remember, Sabrina—but I hardly think you will—I had pinned a pink in my brooch. Well, Dr. Meadows asked me if I would give it to him, 'Oh, yes, Dr. Meadows,' I said, 'If you care for it; but you know you have plenty of the same kind in your own garden.'—'Yes,' he said; 'but I should like this one particularly, Miss Elizabeth;' and really, Sabrina, he looked quite handsome, and you know he is not strictly good-looking. So I unpinned it and handed it to him; and—I am afraid it was dreadfully improper—but he held my hand and said, 'Miss Elizabeth—Elizabeth!'"

"Was that all?" inquired Sabrina, still coldly.

"Yes, it was; because just then Mr. and Mrs. Birkett came into sight, and of course we got up; and as they were behind us all the way home, Dr. Meadows had no chance of finishing what he was going to say."

"Did Mr. and Mrs. Birkett walk so closely behind you that Dr. Meadows could not continue his conversation?" said Sabrina, still determined not to see what her sister was driving at.

"No, no, Sabrina," expostulated the little lady; "but he could hardly say anything very confidential when they were looking on; and I really do think"—tremulously—"that he was going to say something very important."

"In fact, Elizabeth, you think that Dr. Meadows was going to make you an offer of marriage?"

"Well, Sabrina, I really do."

"Then let me tell you, Elizabeth," said Miss Sabrina, rising from her chair and standing before her sister, "I believe you to be entirely mistaken. In the first place, Dr. Meadows has only been a widower for three years; further, he is a man of the world, and extremely rich—all of which facts make it improbable, nay, *impossible* that he should dream of marrying a comparatively poor old maid." Miss Sabrina threw a cruel emphasis on the last three words, and Elizabeth cowered beneath the dread sentence.

The pain we willingly inflict for the sake of another's welfare cuts the giver more than the receiver, and there is no part more hard to play than that of an earthly providence.

With tears quivering on her eyelashes, Miss Elizabeth looked up piteously. "But, Sabrina, what else could he mean?"

"Nothing else. The mistake you made was in thinking he meant anything at all. I ask you if you candidly think you have enough attractions to warrant such a supposition?"

"Well, Sabrina, I used to be considered pretty," sobbed Miss Elizabeth.

"Pretty at twenty does not mean pretty at forty, Elizabeth. Believe me, you are mistaken, and be thankful that you did not commit yourself in any way."

Bitter as Miss Sabrina's task was, she would finish it without flinching, though at that moment she could have gathered up her little sister in her arms and wept over her.

"Then, Sabrina, do you think that we had better give up our acquaintance with him?"

"No, no, Elizabeth—nothing of the sort. He has been a very good friend to us, and I should not like to lose his friendship. All you have to do is to be a little reserved and distant with him. Men are like bees, sister; they fly from one blossom to another, sucking a little honey here and there; and if they do settle on any particular flower, you may be sure it will be a gorgeous one. Always remember that, my dear, and never allow yourself to be led again into such meaningless sentimentalism."

"I suppose you are right, Sabrina. I will try to think no more about it, if you will only assure me that you do not think I led him on to say more than he meant. I could not bear to be thought immodest," faltered Miss Elizabeth.

"No, sister," replied Miss Power while a rare and tender smile softened her whole face, "I do not think anything of the sort. I only think you have made a mistake—a thing we are all apt to do, my dear. Let us say no more about it." And she walked slowly down the path and into the house, stopping to look down into the valley, where the blue reeks of smoke rose up through the still air.

"Cruel only to be kind." The words rang in her ears, but they brought little consolation to her heart, and the remembrance of her sister's tear-stained face followed her into her cool bedroom with its dimity hangings.

When Miss Elizabeth was left alone, she crushed the rose she had plucked and let it fall to the ground. Her hopes, her late-begotten romance, the dreams of home-life and happiness, so natural to every true woman—all these were at an end. She was no heroine, only a simple old maid; yet, sitting there in the gathering twilight, weeping softly over the wreck of her rosy dreams, she made a picture of infinite pathos, terribly real in its calm resignation and absence of all youthful passion and rebellion.

An hour or two later, the sisters sat at their usual game of piquet in the old-fashioned parlour, with its high-backed chairs and sombre sideboard. No sign betrayed their recent painful conversation; but it was a secret relief to each when Miss Elizabeth won the game with a "carteblanche."

"How unusual!" said Miss Sabrina, rather wearily as she laid the pack in the old fern-covered box. "Not a single coloured card!"

"No," responded Miss Elizabeth sadly—"not a single coloured card, Sabrina."

For a minute or two the sisters sat without speaking.

"How hard life is!" thought Miss Sabrina; and "How hard life is!" thought Miss Elizabeth.

"I will have my cocoa in my bedroom, Elizabeth," remarked Miss Sabrina after a pause, during which the clock ticked peacefully on the mantel-shelf. "Good-night, my dear; you can have your supper here, or in your bedroom too, whichever you prefer;" and kissing her sister's cheek, she left the room.

When Miss Elizabeth heard the door of Sabrina's bedroom click to, she rose, put out the lamp, and with a parting stroke of unconscious pussy, she, too, went to her bedroom.

Neither sister had any supper, but each thought of the other comfortably sipping her cocoa in "deshabille."

"Most annoying, most annoying," muttered good Dr. Meadows as he closed the wicket gate after Miss Elizabeth Power and walked down the quiet lane. He was a massive-looking man, about forty-five, with iron-gray hair, and a square, clean-shaven chin. Like most north-country men, he was slow to form likes and dislikes; but when a feeling once took possession of him, it clung to him with great tenacity. Ever since the first few months after the death of his first wife he had watched Miss Elizabeth with increasing solicitude. His first marriage, late in life, had been an unsatisfactory one. Like many men whom necessity has kept hard at the grindstone during early manhood, prohibiting all thoughts of marriage for the time, he had been at thirty-nine very susceptible to woman's charms, and falling in love with a London belle, whose finances were scarcely sufficient to supply her in gaieties and trinkets, had married, fondly believing in the disinterestedness of his wife's affection, never dreaming that his hardly-earned 'ducats' could have any intrinsic value in her eyes. But he woke from his dream of love to find his wife extravagant, rapacious for gaiety, and utterly unsuited to settle down to comfortable domestic life as the wife of a country doctor. But no one ever guessed the shadow that darkened his life. To outward eyes he was a kind affectionate husband; and Clara Meadows had no reason to complain of his inconsiderateness or tyranny. The absence of that loving homage which sanctifies marriage did not affect her, and she was quite content while her whims were gratified without interference on her husband's part.

When, three years after their marriage, his wife was killed in a railway accident, Dr. Meadows could not pretend to feel any passionate grief or remorse. He simply laid the past aside quietly; and when Miss Elizabeth's gentle personality began to fill his thoughts, he held it no slight to his dead wife, between himself and whom there had never been any deep and lasting attachment. He was not a bold man, or one that would ride over any obstacle without hesitation, and he had waited till all seemed smooth for his suit. To have made up his mind to an actual declaration of his feelings meant a great moral and mental effort; and as he walked home on that June afternoon, the relaxation that follows on the heels of any effort began to make itself felt. He was almost thankful that he had been spared the ordeal, for his was no fiery passion of youth, eager to secure the beloved object, but the steady flame of mature affection, that can wait without the fever-heats of delayed happiness. Doubts came over him as he sat in his study that evening.

"I have no attractions," he thought, "Why should I imagine that any woman can care for me now? Ought I to try to turn the current of that calm life? If, in seeking love, I lose friendship, I shall indeed have made a fatal mistake." So he pondered over the long churchwarden that was his only companion during the long evenings. At last he came to the conclusion that the matter should be decided by Miss Elizabeth's manner to him at their next meeting.

"If," he thought, "she receives me kindly and with some little embarrassment, which I may reasonably except, should she feel able to return affection, I shall conclude all is well, for she cannot now fail to have understood my feelings towards her, and I will then speak more plainly. But if she treats me with any assumption of reserve or coldness, I shall simply let the matter drop, and cling all the more closely to our pleasant friendship."

I believe in the bottom of his heart Dr. Meadows had a secret conviction that Miss Elizabeth would not be averse to his suit, for his eyes wandered round the room with an expression of serene satisfaction, and he smoothed the rumpled antimacassar on the sofa thinking, I feel sure, of the little hands that loved so well to straighten all disorder and smooth away all pain and sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning nothing unusual marked the conduct of either of the Miss Powers. Miss Sabrina was calmly dignified, as was her wont; and if Miss Elizabeth's cheeks were a shade paler than usual her laugh was ever on her lips, and her spirits seemed even brighter than usual. That pride of ours which bids us don the mask of mirth was strong in her. Sabrina should never guess the impression that Dr. Meadow's conduct had made upon her foolish old heart! While the sisters were sitting at breakfast, Bridget, their one domestic, brought in a foreign-looking letter. Chloe, their married sister, was living in Marseilles with her husband, M. Cervay, a French architect, who was superintending the building of a large theatre there; and her weekly letters were looked forward to with great pleasure by both sisters, though Miss Sabrina had an inborn horror of France and everything French. The very word suggested something highly improper and objectionable, in her opinion.

But this was not the usual day for Chloe's letter, so they felt a little anxious as the envelope was torn open.

"I hope nothing is wrong, Sabrina?" asked Miss Elizabeth. She would not have dreamed of looking over her sister's shoulder to ascertain for herself.

"No; nothing is wrong, Elizabeth; but the letter contains some important news," answered Miss Sabrina, handing the letter to her sister.

The news was that M. Cervay had been urgently requested by his father, who lived in Chicago, and was failing in health, to pay him a long visit as soon as his present work should be at an end.

"Eugene will see the completion of his work here next week," wrote Chloe, "and we shall then start for Chicago. Work is scarce here; and my husband thinks of settling in the United States, probably near his father. But, meanwhile, we should like our one child, Bien Aimee, who is about nineteen, to have a quiet house. She is not very strong, and the unsettled life we shall lead for a time would be very bad for any girl. Dear sisters, you can guess what I am about to ask you. Will you take our child till we are settled in a home of our own? All arrangements shall be made. While I write, a telegram has come to hasten our visit, as my father-in-law is growing rapidly worse. Counting on your ready consent, we shall put Aimee under the escort of a friend who is also coming to England, and she will be with you, all being well, on the evening of next Friday."

Then followed many injunctions to take care of "our dear child, our Bien Aimee," and to teach her the housewifely gifts that Chloe knew her sisters possessed.

When Miss Elizabeth had finished reading the letter, she drew a long breath.

"I am glad Chloe has such confidence in our love for her," said Miss Sabrina with moist eyes. "I shall write her at once to say how more than glad we shall be to have her child. She will brighten us up, quiet old maids that we are."

"We will give her the front bedroom, Sabrina, and I will move into the little one over the kitchen," said Miss Elizabeth, ever intent on kindly deeds.

But her sister opposed her with quiet determination. "I shall sleep in the back room Elizabeth. You know, my dear, how liable you are to take cold; and there is a most trying draught from that chimney."

The intervening days—it was then Sunday—were spent in removing Miss Sabrina's belongings and making the guest's room as pretty as possible, Miss Elizabeth denuding her own room of many of its quaint ornaments that Bien Aimee might have everthing bright around her.

On the Friday morning, Miss Elizabeth went down into the village to order supplies for the week-end, and as she came up the hill carrying a basket of fresh brown eggs, she met Dr. Meadows coming out of the chemist's shop. He accosted her with a friendly greeting. The hand that lay in his for a moment trembled, and the basket nearly fell; but remembering Sabrina's injunctions, Miss Elizabeth drew her slight form up with wounded pride and resolved to treat Dr. Meadows very coldly.

"Shall I carry your basket for you, Miss Elizabeth?" he asked, bending down to catch a glimpse of her averted face.

"Thanks, Dr. Meadows; but I prefer to carry it myself."

For a few moments silence ensued; and Dr. Meadows stopped at the gate of his own house, and determined to make one more attempt to melt the little lady's icy tones. "May I walk up with you, Elizabeth?" he asked in tones of reproachful tenderness and respect.

Wounded by what she was forced to believe his meaningless sentimentalism, Miss Elizabeth looked straight into Dr. Meadows' eyes and said coldly: "No; I thank you—I perfer to walk by myself."

With a low bow, the Doctor turned in at his gate; and Miss Elizabeth, with sore and wounded heart, toiled up the hill alone—only prevented from bursting into tears by the grim satisfaction of having done her duty.

About eight o'clock that evening the village omnibus drew up at the back gate of Sunnybank Cottage, and a slight tall girl, with pale tear-stained cheeks, alighted, and ran into the arms so kindly held out to greet her. She suffered herself to be led into the cool drawing-room and laid on the couch by the open window.

"Poor tired child!" said Miss Sabrina, with unwonted tenderness, smoothing the girl's dark hair as she lay and cried for very weariness. "But cheer up, my dear. Here is your aunt Elizabeth bringing you some sweet cakes of her own baking and a glass of new milk. Try to eat, and then you shall go to bed.—To-morrow you will wake up quite refreshed and happy."

Thus urged, Aimee dried her eyes, and slipping her arm round her aunt's neck, kissed her on both cheeks in her impulsive foreign way.

"You are a good kind aunt.—Aunt Sabrina, is it not?" she asked in broken English.—"And you are Aunt Elizabeth? But I shall call you Tante Elise; it is prettier, do you not think?" she added, turning to Miss Elizabeth.

"Call me what you like, dear, if you will only eat what I have brought you. To-morrow, we will hear all about your mother and father," said her aunt, stooping to kiss the cheek held up to her.

"Ah, you are so kind, so kind;" and the tired girl fell to crying again, touched by the tenderness of the two gentle ladies.

"Come, my dear," said Miss Sabrina when Aimee had been prevailed upon to drink the milk and nibble a morsel of cake, "I am going to put you to bed without asking your leave."

Nothing loth, Aimee followed her aunt upstairs, and was soon tucked up in her welcome bed, where she slept the dreamless sleep of wearied youth, and woke the next morning to see a yellow ray of sunshine slanting in through the white blind.

"Ah, you look better to-day, my dear," Miss Sabrina said as Aimee came to breakfast-time with cheeks rosy from a walk round the garden and eyes brght after a long sleep.

"Oh yes, ma tante. I do not mean to be a damp blanket—I think you say," she answered gaily; "and I may explore these lovely woods behind the house, and learn to bake these sweet cakes—may I not? And ah, but there will be a thousand things to do; and you must hear all about la belle France."

A few days passed full of delightful novelty to Aimee; but Miss Sabrina noticed that her sister's cheeks were growing paler, and was not deceived by her assumed cheerfulness.

"Elizabeth," she said one evening, after Aimee had gone to bed, tired from a long ramble in the woods, "I have been thinking that this would be a very good opportunity to pay your long-promised visit to Mrs. Carruthers"—naming an old friend of Miss Elizabeth's who had recently become a widow. "You see, I shall have Aimee to take care of me; and I think the change will do you good."

There was no escaping the scrutiny of those all-seeing gray eyes, so Miss Elizabeth quietly dropped her mask and assented.

Accordingly, the next day she packed her little trunk, and steamed away submissively to her friend's house at Carlisle, a distance of about twenty miles.

On the evening after her departure, Aimee was watering the grass in front of the porch, when a low cry reached her ears through the open door that led into the lobby. Running into the house, she found her aunt sitting on a chair in the hall evidently in great pain.

"Helas!" she cried, "what is it you have done, ma tante?"

"I fear I have sprained my ankle, dear," answered Miss Sabrina, her face all drawn with pain. "Will you send Bridget for Dr. Meadows? I cannot move till he has done something for me. I stupidly caught my foot in the stair carpet where those nails have come out.

In about a quarter of an hour Dr. Meadows came hurrying in, and, with Bridget's assistance, carried Miss Sabrina up to her bedroom, after first bandaging the injured ankle.

Leaving her with strict injunctions not to move, he went down-stairs, followed by Aimee, who introduced herself in her pretty foreign way: "Vous savez—ah, you know, monsieur—that Tante Elise is away—Mees Elizabeth, I should say. It would be better—would it not?—to keep the news of this little accident from her, in order not to spoil her holiday?"

"Is Miss Elizabeth away?" asked the doctor rather abruptly, knitting his heavy brows.

"Ah yes. She was not looking as she ought. Her cheeks were pale; so ma tante sent her to get a leetle change."

"I am sorry to hear she is not well," said Dr. Meadows, as he stood with his hand upon the half-open door—"Well, you will not allow your aunt to get out of bed, Miss Cervay. I will call in the morning. Good-evening to you."

"How nice Monsieur le Docteur is," said Miss Sabrina with some constraint. "But we have been fortunate enough not to require his professional services very often."

"He is married, n'est-ce pas?"

"No; he is a widower;" and the subject dropped.

A week or two passed, and the doctor called every day. He was amused by Aimee's impulsive ways, and enjoyed listening to her lively chatter. Soon she became quite at home with him, and told him about her father and mother, and "la belle France;" for he was not a busy man now, and would stroll round the garden with her after seeing his patient, and draw out her childish confidences, till her affectionate nature, together with the instinct that made her trust him so completely, soon caused her to regard him as an old friend—almost as a temporary father.

Soon Miss Sabrina was allowed to come downstairs for a few hours every day, and from the drawing-room window where she lay on the couch she watched the middle-aged man and the young girl take their habitual stroll together, and gradual y the idea grew in her mind that Dr. Meadows was seeking a bride in earnest—the niece, and not the aunt.

The night before Miss Elizabeth's return, Aimee was talking to the doctor of her younger aunt. He had been drinking tea with them in honour of Miss Sabrina's first walk round the garden. "I should say, mon ami," she said reflectively, "if Tante Elise were younger, that she had "la grande passion." For see, when a girl in France has it, she grows pale; she seems not to hear you when you speak to her; and then her laugh sounds strange and harsh. So it is with Tante Elise; and are not English and French alike in that? But thee, alas! I fear she is too old for la grande passion."

"Too old!" said the Doctor indignantly, adding involuntarily: *I* am not too old."

Something in his voice caught the girl's attention. She looked up curiously at him, and he, foolish ancient lover, blushed like a girl beneath her inquiring eyes. "Ah!" she cried archly, "you—my mock-papa—are you in love? Why, of course," she cried again, clapping her hands in childish delight at her own quick perception. "You are in love with Tante Elise. Why did I not guess before?" Then, noticing that his face was very grave, her mood changed at once, and raising his hand to her lips, she kissed it impulsively. "Ah, I am so sorry," she said apologetically. I should not have said it. I will not be rude again;" and with a hasty "Good-bye" she turned and ran back into the house.

Miss Sabrina had been watching the little scene, and never doubted that Dr. Meadows would now ask for Aimee hand at the earliest opportunity.

"I shall refer him to her parents, of course," she thought; "yet I am sure they could not but approve. I knew he would choose a young bride. What a good thing I warned Elizabeth in time. I shall tell her first thing when she comes home; and meanwhile I will not mention the subject to Aimee."

The next day Miss Elizabeth returned, looking a shade fresher for her change; and for a long time that evening the sisters were closeted in Miss Sabrina's bedroom] At the end of that time Miss Elizabeth emerged very white and drawn, and she knelt long into the silent watches of the night, praying for the spirit of unselfishness, which should make her rejoice in her neice's good fortune.

When Dr. Meadows left Aimee at the gate, he swore inwardly at having betrayed himself; but when his wrath had cooled a little, he thought of her words, and soon the manliness within him began to cry out against the timidity and self-depreciation that had held him back from making a straightforward appeal to Miss Elizabeth's feelings. Then and there he decided once more to "screw his courage to the sticking-point, and "We'll not fail" he said to himself as he stood on the doorstep; and he pulled the bell so vigorously that the servant came running to the door in dishevelled alarm.

Accordingly, the morning after Miss Elizabeth's return he donned a fine white waistcoat, buttoned up his frock-coat with agile fingers, and sallied forth to place his happiness in the scale of fickle fortune. He was fortunate enough to find Miss Elizabeth alone in the drawing-room arranging flowers in a gown of Quaker gray. Determined at once to broach the subject upper-most in his mind, he beagn—after a little humming and hawing—in this wise: "Miss Elizabeth, I have come to speak to you on a subject which concerns my happiness very deeply.

So it was true; Sabrina had been quite right!

"Yes, Dr. Meadows," said Miss Elizabeth nervously, pulling a pansy to pieces as she spoke. "I know—that is—we are quite prepared—I will go and fetch Sabrina."

"Fetch Sabrina" echoed the good Doctor in astonishment at this novel way of receiving a speech so obvious in its meaning.

Miss Elizabeth became more and more flurried. "Well—I will fetch Aimee," she said tremulously. Then, catching the Doctor's eye, and reading a strange tale therein, she added wildly, in her confusion. "or both of them."

Suddenly it all flashed upon the Doctor. He moved to where Miss Elizabeth was standing, and took both her hands in his. "Is it possible, Elizabeth, that you can mistake what I mean?"

"Oh, please don't talk like that, Dr. Meadows," sobbed Miss Elizabeth in dismay. "I promised Sabrina that I would not let you lead me into foo-oo-lish sentiment-a-lism."

"What do you mean, Elizabeth? I love you. I want you to be my wife. It is 'Yes,' is it not?" he asked tenderly, for Miss Elizabeth had unconsciously laid her head on his shoulder and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"But Sabrina said you were only a bee-ee-e," she murmured piteously through her tears, "and that you—flew about—sucking a little honey—here and—there; and that if you ever were to settle, it would be on some g-gorgeous flower; and I am only a—comparatively p-poor old maid." She had learned her lesson well.

At that moment Dr. Meadows hated Miss Sabrina with a vindictive hatred. But he controlled it, and gently putting his arm around Miss Elizabeth, he drew her to him and tried to soothe her agitation. "I don't think *I* am a bee," he said, hardly able to keep from smiling at the apt comparison; "and if I am, why, my dear, I have got a cosy hive, and you shall come and be my queen."

Then he laughed at his foolish words, and Miss Elizabeth laughed too, and was just wiping her eyes, when Sabrina opened the drawing-room door. She stood still for a few moments, looking with bewildered eyes at the "tableau vivant."

"Miss Sabrina," said Dr. Meadows, stepping forward, "I have asked your sister to become my wife, and she has done me the honour to accept my offer. I cannot ask for your sanction, but I should like your blessing and continued friendship. Believe me, I am not the light rover you imagine. I will take care of Elizabeth, and you shall not feel that you have lost a sister; but only, by God's help, that you have gained a brother." And stooping, he raised Miss Sabrina's hand to his lips.

The captain of a French steamer arrived at Marseilles from Madagascar reports the massacre of over 100 rebels by the Governor of a French colony.

Purify Your Blood

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is heredited and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all diseases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly tried, does expel every trace of scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is **Peculiar Itself.** Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Well Worth Winning.

CHAPTER III.—The End of a Week.

With a heart full of bitterness and conscious impotence, Arthur Loring rose from his bed in the middle of the night and went out. The streets were silent and deserted. He walked southward, and along Oxford St. and Park Lane, and down Knightsbridge way, thinking all the while not of whither he was going, but whether it would not be wiser to take himself off the scene at once, by enlisting as a soldier next day.

In this unsatisfied, and distracting state of mind he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, in front of his uncle's house in Cadogan Square.

Arthur was rather ashamed on making the discovery, and beat a quick retreat. On his way back to Marylebone, the poison of Ralph Loring's advice began to have its turn, as poisons have away of doing—it flew raddidly through every vein.

"If there only was a chance, over so faint a hope!" he exclaimed. "Ah, but it would be worth trying for!"

The fates seemed to be with Loring, or against him, according as you look at it. Sleeping none that night, he went out early for a walk in Hyde Park, and met Maud Lavelle having her morning gallop. She was unattended, and reined up her horse immediately she saw him. How charming she looked! with the light of youth and health in her eyes, and their pink on her cheeks. And she was glad to meet him, too, and made no secret of it.

She glanced at his face with some concern, and, hesitating a little, asked: "Have you been ill since we saw you last night?"

"Oh no," he answered laughing, "not ill; a little ill at ease, perhaps. I am not quite reconciled to things as yet, I suppose. But that is nothing. Tell me, Maud, were you offended with me?"

"Surely not—Arthur," she replied, adding his name with the sweetest and friendliest shyness imaginable. She continued more soberly: "Mr. Longfield, I think, didn't like it; but I suppose you don't mind that. Mamma said nothing at all. And, Mr. Loring, would you guess what he said?"

"I should never guess."

"He said it was just what he expected. There. And for my part, Arthur, now that I know you, I should like to know you better; it is so nice to have a cousin to talk to and go out with sometimes, and I have had nobody."

She said this so innocently and seriously, that Arthur Loring, conscious of his own thoughts, felt ashamed.

"Mamma and I lunch at half-past one," she proceeded in the same way: "and if you mean to call to-day, and can come about that hour, you might lunch with us."

"I shall be delighted, Maud."

"And afterwards, would you—would you take me to see the Tower of London on one of the penny steamboats?"

The proposition was a little startling, but if the thing could be carried out he would go with her too gladly.

"Do you know," she continued, feeling relief for having got the expedition to the Tower off her mind, "I have often thought that if I had a brother—or a cousin," with ever so faint a blush at this point, "I should like him to take me all over London, at least once a week in fine weather, on the outside of an omnibus."

"It would be jolly, I admit," he assented, with considerable doubt as to whether such pleasure was ever to be his. "You have a capital view from the top of an omnibus; and as only two can sit on one chair"—an advantage to which he was not oblivious—"you are never crushed. And if you take one of the front seats, you escape the tobacco-smoke, if there is any going."

Certain thoughts, suggested by the confiding innocence of this charming girl, troubled the breast of Arthur Loring on his way back to breakfast. He feared it was not honourable to lay siege to the unsuspecting citadel of her heart. But the temptation was too great to be resisted, and once for all he defiantly flung to the winds every anxious forecast of the result. He should find it easy enough by-and-by—if successful—to prove to himself that it was his duty to save her from the fate of becoming Longfield's wife.

"It is mean," he said, "to have to resort to treachery in getting at her heart; but if she suspected it now, she would be too alarmed to suffer me to go out However, in the end it will be best for her, and she will forgive me."

Doubtless she would, supposing everything to turn out as he hoped.

Arthur Loring did not fail to present himself at half-past one, and he was received by Mrs. Loring with a stately courtesy that rather chilled him. However, Maud made up for this, and he was much surprised and puzzled by the absence of interest with which Mrs. Loring appeared to regard the excursion to the Tower of London. She did not utter a syllable, in his hearing, either for or against a project the nature of which might certainly suggest some special observation.

"Does your mamma care for your coming with me down the river?" he asked Maud when she was buttoning her gloves in the hall before starting.

The suppressed interest of his manner was different from that of the matter-of-fact reply: "Mamma is quite satisfied; why shouldn't she?"

"I don't know, though, what my uncle Henry would say."

"Mr. Loring knows all about it, Arthur; I told him at breakfast."

This was another surprise, for Maud's way of speaking left no doubt that she had her step-father's sanction. Arthur was next half tempted to make a remark as to Mr. Longfield's sentiments in relation to the matter when he should hear of it; but he thought he had gone far enough.

Carrying a warm shawl on his arm, in case it should be cold on the river, he took her out to Sloane Street and hailed a hansom. When he had put her in and taken his seat beside her—paying the design of the vehicle a silent tribute of admiration—he pulled the doors to. For a time Maud sat looking straight before her, saying nothing, until he asked what she was thinking of.

"I was thinking, Arthur," she said, "might we not come back on an omnibus?"

"Certainly, Maud, if you wish," he answered with alacrity.

They were soon on the steamboat, churning down the river; and the breeze was so cool and strong that he foresaw the keeping of the shawl round her pretty shoulders would demand his constant and close attention.

There is no doubt that Arthur Loring made the most of his opportunities during the remainder of that week, and laid seige to Maud Lavelle with an ardour that arose not from deliberate design, but from an intensity of love that was akin to worship. In the fire of this passion, fed by daily intercourse which was free—on her side—from reserve as the companionship of a child, he forgot or refused to listen to the warning that had in the beginning startled his conscience. The week was all too short for love; but when it came to an end, it looked indeed to have been too long for prudence. Never missing a change in her sweet face, Arthur Loring was reproached by an expression of trouble that began to hover at times about the girl's eyes.

The last day—the day before he was to commence his duties under Mr. Longfield—they had gone for only a short walk in the Park, and Maud was most of the time very silent. Once he asked what was the matter: but she quickly brightened up said, "Nothing at all!" This was not satisfactory; and if her pensiveness were due merely to the termination of what might be likened to an enjoyable holiday, he knew her habitual frankness well enough to be sure that she would have said so. But she never referred to it at all, which was very strange.

Two other explanation of her manner occurred to him, but he dared not mention either. She might be in fear of Mr. Longfield on account of the liberty she had enjoyed those past few days, and no doubt she had earned the man's displeasure, and should experience it. Or it might be—Arthur Loring hardly ventured to form the wild hope—it might be that, if her choice were free, she would not now become Longfield's wife.

"Good-bye, Maud," he said that evening, after taking her home. "I suppose that is the right word now, for I go to work to-morrow, and Heaven knows when I shall meet you again."

She did not raise her eyes, but quickly answered, "Good-bye, Arthur," and ran up the stairs.

He was standing looking after her in pained surprise, when Mrs. Loring came out of an adjoining room. "Where is Maud, Mr. Loring?" she asked.

"Gone up-stairs. I have just said good-bye to her."

Mrs. Loring looked at him with her cold eyes, reflected a moment, and said: "I believe you are going to the office to-morrow, and that we shall consequently not see you so much after to-day. Could you spare me a few minutes before you go?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Loring," he answered; and then he followed her to the back drawing-room with an uneasy feeling.

Mrs. Loring sat down and pointed to a chair facing her, and facing the light of a window as well. Loring did not fail to notice this, and the circumstance did not make more comfortable.

"I suppose, Mr. Loring," she said, coming to the point with a directness that gave him a start, "you are aware that my daughter is engaged to be married very soon to Mr. Longfield?"

"I have concluded as much," he answered, trying his utmost, with his face to that high window, to betray no discomposure.

"I am glad you have known it, Mr. Loring. Indeed, I think you ought to have been told; but then, it is a somewhat embarrassing thing to do all at once. But I am glad you have known it, for your own sake as well as my daughter's."

This was plain speaking, and Arthur Loring turned very red. "I am very conscious, Mrs. Loring," he answered, with a visible effort to suppression, "that in my altered circumstances I should be a very ineligible suitor in any quarter, and I know that in this case I should be a most uncomfortable one. May I therefore request you to believe that, if I have lost everything else in the way of inheritance, I have not yet lost my pride?"

Mrs. Loring's impassive face changed ever so slightly under this speech—it might have been from surprise, perhaps. But she made no answer in words, merely inclining her head in acquiescence.

Then there was silence, and Loring rose. "I presume, Mrs. Loring, the situation is quite clear now, and I may take my leave? I must thank you for a few very pleasant days. Of course I need not say that in the walk of life on which I enter to-morrow all my old habits and relations of life come to an end."

"I do not know that it need be so, Mr. Loring. No doubt my husband will still recollect that you are his nephew, and you will not cease to be a gentleman."

"I hope not," he answered, with a laugh; "but the character of a gentleman and the resources of a pound a week—which I suppose will about represent Mr. Longfield's estimate of my value—do not go well together. But I do not complain; I am quite ready and resolute to accept the fact."

"I trust you do not mean all that—quite," she remarked, with more courtesy than sincerity, as it certainly seemed to Arthur Loring.

"I do mean it, Mrs. Loring," he answered quickly, with the blood again in his face. "I am too proud to go out of this house with a concealment. I love Maud with my whole heart, and I never again can enter this house for that reason. There. I do not deceive you, nor have I dishonoured myself. Your daughter has no suspicion of my secret, nor shall she ever know it from me. As a humble clerk in her husband's office, she will understand the unfitness of any further acquaintance with me."

Mrs. Loring was moved now, but the inscrutability of her face gave no index of the character of her emotion. Loring cared too little to give the matter a moment's thought.

"I expected it would happen," she said. 'I do not know what my husband expected, or why he was so willing to throw you two together. It was a thing that was sure to happen."

"I hope, then, you do not hold me to blame? I have been honest with you."

"I know there will be sorrow out of this," she said, without looking up from the carpet,—"Good-bye, Mr Loring. I think you had better not come here again, even if your uncle invites you."

Arthur Loring swept out of the house looking savage. It is little to say that his blood was boiling. There were a hundred-and-one wild notions dancing through his head—desperate schemes for blowing sky-high that infamous and heartless plot for the disposal of poor, innocent Maud Lavelle, whom he worshipped; and it was at the same time maddening and sickening that every thought of the kind should receive its sudden death-blow from the despicable fact of an empty purse. The iron went into his soul. It was no wonder he looked savage.

As he went tearing along the pavement down Sloane Street, his aspect and impetuosity sent an exceedingly pretty maiden flying out of his way before him. He could not avoid noticing her after a while, and when he saw her going along at that pace, now and then glancing back at him over her shapely little shoulder, the idea struck him—did she fancy he was pursuing her to take her life? He had to stop and laugh, the incitement was so irresistible; and the curious thing was that the girl stopped too, regarded him doubtfully an instant, and then laughed likewise. It was altogether a comedy of the pavement.

She waited for him while he approached, and for his life he could not think what it all meant. As there was no doubt that she was waiting for him, he halted when he came up with her, looking into her very winsome pink and white face with considerable surprise and interest.

"Law, Mr. Loring," she said, showing her pretty teeth in a laugh, "never look as if you'd eat a body when a body wants to speak to you."

"I'm not a cannibal, yet," he answered, joining in the laugh; "but if I was, you would be a very dainty body to catch and—eat."

He recognised the girl now, though he had only casually seen her once or twice at his uncle's house. She was Maud's maid; and of course Arthur became at once attentive and interested, and walked on with her. Equally of course he expected that the girl wanted to speak to him concerning her mistress; but to his great surprise he discovered presently that she had no such intention. She wanted to talk to him about herself, and about herself, too, in the most interesting relation which a girl can have. After a good deal of blushing and giggling, he learned that Kitty—which was her name—was privately engaged to a young man, who was pressing on the propriety of their marrying without further delay. Interrogated as to the young man's name and prospects, Kitty confessed, shyly, that his name was "Jack"—Jack Hornby, and that by profession he was a clerk. The name struck Loring as one that he had heard before, but he could not recollect where, until the girl gave him the uncomfortable information that Mr. Hornby was a clerk in Mr. Longfield's office, Kitty herself having obtained the desirable post for her lover through the friendship of her mistress.

Arthur Loring roughly handled his adolescent moustache for a minute. Did Kitty know that her lover was now under "notice," in order to make way for him, Mr. Arthur Loring? The thought was bitterly humiliating to him; until it occurred to him that perhaps another arrangement might have been made at the Annuitants' office during the past week.

"Well, now," said Arthur Loring by-and-by, when they had become confidential on the subject and were sitting on one of the seats in Sloane Square, "the question is, are you willing to make Jack a happy man?"

"Oh, quite willing Mr. Loring," she answered simply; "but it isn't that exactly. I don't know that I ought to consent this particular time, though Miss Maud tells me that I should."

"Miss Lavelle says you should?" remarked Loring with livelier interest.

"Yes, sir. You see Jack is losing his place to-day, though of course he is sure to get another one."

"Does Miss Lavelle know this?" he inquired, turning to look after a passing omnibus.

"Oh yes, and she is very sorry; but still she thinks I ought not to hold back."

"Why is he losing his place?"

The girl looked up, her face red with surprise. "I thought you knew, sir," she answered gently. "They will not want Jack when you go to the office."

"Very well, Kitty. Tell Jack I am not going to the office, and then, I suppose, he will be kept on. I shall write myself to my uncle presently to say that I have changed my mind.—No, no," he added laughing, as he saw the girl preparing to remonstrate. "You are quite wrong, Kitty. I had made up my mind before I met you, and nothing would make me alter it.—Shall I tell you why, since you have told me so much? I detest Mr. Longfield, and could not work under him."

Kitty drew a breath as long and deep as the capacity of her small bosom admitted, and said: "I can well understand that Mr Loring. Everyone detests him."

He would have liked to ask if Miss Lavelle was included in "every one," for he was afraid she was; but of course he did not ask.

"So that difficulty being removed, Kitty, I suppose you will decide to give Jack his way in regard to the marriage.—When and where is it to take place? I should like to come and see it."

"Oh, would you, Mr Loring?" cried Kitty quickly with a violent blush. "And that is just what I wanted to—to ask you sir. If you would—would kindly consent to be—be best-man to Jack?"

To see Kitty collapse after that effort, and clasp her tiny hands tightly together, and stare straight before her with the rigid look of a person ready for the worst that could happen, was a sight of interest. Loring looked at her for a few seconds, dumfounded by so unexpected a request, and unable to make anything of it; then his good-humour came to his aid, and he laughed.

"But, Kitty," he said, "I haven't the pleasure of knowing Jack. If I had, and he asked me to stand by him on that trying occasion, I would be delighted."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Loring; that's all

want to know. Jack will call on you and ask you. And it is to be in that church over the road—Trinity Church, you know, with the two little towers in front."

"So, then, it was already settled, Kitty?"

"I'm afraid it was, sir," the girl answered shyly. "It is to be on Friday."

"Very well, Kitty," he said rising, "if Jack comes and asks me to act as best-man, I shall not fail him. What o'clock is it to be?"

"Twelve, sir—and many thanks," the girl answered courtseying, and tripping away back to Cadogan Square.

He looked after her for a while, and then turned away up the King's Road with a sigh. In the space of a few minutes he had forgotten all about the maid's wedding in the reaction of his feelings concerning himself.

One duty, however, he at once performed while the heat was upon him—not, indeed, that there was any probability of his altering his mind. He went into a stationer's shop and wrote a brief and decided line to his uncle, addressed officially to the office in Pall Mall, declining to accept the employment offered to him. This being off his mind, with a certain feeling of comfort in his breast referable to the case of Mr. John Hornby, Arthur proceeded to beat up his uncle Ralph.

CHAPTER IV.—No Bells.

Arthur found his uncle Ralph engaged in transferring himself into easy evening garments after returning from the City.

"If you value your comfort, Arthur," Ralph observed as he put on his slippers, "perform this duty to yourself every evening when you return from your office."

"But I am not going to that office."

"Eh?"

"That's the fact uncle. I couldn't do it. I should be in collision with that secretary inside of an hour, and then it would have to end, anyhow."

Ralph emitted a gentle and very knowing whistle, the manifest significance of which embarrassed the younger man. "Well, well; so that's the way already. I haven't seen much of you the last few days; how have you been passing your time, Arthur? I know how dull and tiresome you must have found it, my poor lad," said the old gentleman sympathetically.

Arthur was a little vexed, but he laughed.

"You haven't had a collision—as you call it—with Mr. Longfield yet, or with any one else?"

"I haven't seen Mr. Longfield since I was last here, so that I have had no collision with him or with any one else.—I did, however," he added, awkwardly, after a few seconds' hesitation, "have something to say to Mrs. Loring this evening."

"Eh? Tell me about it."

With a good deal of stumbling among words, Arthur Loring told pretty literally all that had passed; and as his uncle was silent at the conclusion, the young man relieved his own feelings by relating the result of his interesting interview with Miss Lavelle's maid.

"So you are still a gentleman at large, Arthur?" said uncle Ralph, after a pause. "Honestly, my boy, I I'm afraid your prospects are very blue, unless"—— He paused again.

"Unless what, Uncle Ralph?"

"I have been thinking a good deal over your case, Arthur. As far as I can see, you have only two choices for your future. In a London business office I more than doubt whether you would ever be able to maintain yourself even in decent poverty."

"I am much of your opinion, uncle," said Arthur with a sigh of unpleasant conviction. "What are the alternatives? I fancy I see one of them pretty clearly."

"The recruiting sergeant?"

"That's it."

"That's it, Arthur. That is one. The other would be better, if you could accomplish it. That other is Maud Lavelle."

Arthur Loring had the satisfaction, such as it was, to learn from Mr. John Hornby himself next day that he was retained in the situation in the Annuitants' office. He had also some sympathetic conversation with that excellent young fellow relative to his approaching marriage, and cheerfully undertook to support him on that interesting occasion. After which Mr. Hornby went away very happy, to keep an appointment with his pretty Kitty, leaving Arthur, it is superfluous to add, in a relapse of deep despondency. Indeed, life began to look very dark for him. The recruiting sergeants opposite St Martin's Church became familiar with his appearance, and regarded him with lively interest. He always walked away when any of those officers showed his interest too pointedly; but they were experienced men, and knew how to bide their time.

He did not go near his uncle Ralph Loring during these days. They were bitter days. He gave up, finally, all hope of obtaining a situation—he gave up looking for one. More than once he detected in his landlady's eye, as he crept in or out, a cold look of mingled curiosity and pity. On the Thursday morning of that week the woman precipitated his decision by asking him, civilly but firmly, if it was his intention to retain his lodgings another week. Poor Arthur was hit hard by this practical home-thrust at his prospects, and he answered at once in the negative.

He sat down, when the woman left the room, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, burst into a bitter laugh. 'Jacta alea est!' he said: to-morrow he would be gay at Kitty's wedding, and make love to the bridesmaid; and then—on Saturday morning he would deliver himself into the hands of the recruiting sergeant.

But while Arthur Loring had been eating his heart those days past with disappointment and desperation, several things were happening which, indirectly at least, were of some moment to him. Firt of all, Mr. Henry Loring was disappointed, and the secretary not ill pleased, by the young man's refusal of the stool in the Annuitants' office.

"Why, wouldn't you have enjoyed whipping the whelp about?" was Henry Loring's nice way of putting it to Mr. Arthur Longfield.

"It would have gratified you more than me. Honestly I hope we have seen the last of him. There has been too much of him already."

"You're jealous, Arthur; upon my soul, you are."

"I'm not lover enough to be jealous. But it isn't pleasant to know that the girl you are going to marry has a strong fancy for another fellow."

"Nonsense; there is nothing of the kind. She hasn't forgotten her position towards you, and her mother has taken care of your interests. It is he who will smart."

The secretary grinned, and they dropped the subject.

Sooner than they seemed to have anticipated, this pair of worthies had more serious matters to engage them. The business of the Annuitants was not carried on according to methods that would bear scrutiny, and Henry Loring and his secretary had been sailing near the wind for some time. The Annuitants, good, easy confiding folks, were easily satisfied so long as they were paid good dividends on their precious little investments, and the Management made it a point to pay the dividends with delightful regularity. They fluctuated a little from half-year to half-year, but were always good; and the jovial directors, never disappointed in their own official remuneration, were perennially prepared to take so satisfactory a state of things as it was; and to congratulate the happy shareholders. It was the old, old story, of course; and the pinch was now growing severe and relentless on the manager.

The details of loans and liabilities and other bad tidings knocking at the handsome door in Pall Mall need not be gone into here; but they began to knock with no uncertain sound; and the half-yearly meeting for the exchange of dividends and congratulations was very close at hand. In fact, it was not a fortnight off; and hundreds of the annuitants had a month ago begun to borrow on the strength of the never-failing expectations.

Henry Loring sat at his table in the office one morning with his brows knit. The secretary was lounging against the mantelpiece close by, with his hands in his pockets.

"Arthur, if this had come to pass, say, two years ago, I would have let the thing burst. It is unsound to the core—and worse than that."

"What do you mean to do then?" the secretary impatiently demanded. "You might throw away every penny of mother and daughter's money on this wretched thing, and to a certainty you would come to this in the end just the same."

"I'm not such a fool. What I mean is, that we must extricate ourselves from it gradually, and then let the Annuitants go to smash under other auspices. Meantime, Arthur, we must stave off these present difficulties, and provide the usual dividend. It will require a cool fifty thousand to do it."

"And I am to provide the fifty thousand which of course I shall never see again!" said the secretary, red with indignation.

"Don't exhibit your natural generiosity of character too soon," observed Henry Loring, with a look that brought the man to his senses quickly. "You are not master of the girl and the money yet. Suppose it was my whim to alter my views and try another method? Maud, I have reason to think, would not object to marry my nephew at an hour's notice; and neither of them would think a second about passing over a hundred thousand of her fortune to me for the asking. Think over the possibility, my dear fellow, and carry it in your mind so long as the risk exists."

The ashy mortification of the secretary's face showed that he felt this to be a "staggerer." He was sensible enough not to contest it.

"Of course you must have it your own way. Very well. As far as I can see you will want the money in a week."

"Just so. That's the way to face it. What do you say to Saturday next for the ceremony? We can't spare an earlier day."

This was on Wednesday. The secretary shrugged his shoulders. "As you will; I am ready. You must get a special license."

"That is in train, and I shall have it to-morrow. I think," he said reflectively, "you had best go to Priors Loring for the honeymoon. I have taken it on a short lease in my wife's name; but as it will be your own directly, it would be the proper place to go to. And for another reason, I specially wish it."

"All right," said, Long field. "Just as you please."

. . . . . .

As Arthur Loring could not be certain that it would not be his fate to lodge in St George's barracks as a recruit next night, he proceeded that evening to confide to the keeping of his uncle Ralph the only thing belonging to him on which he set value. This was his mother's portrait; and after a tender and silent farewell to the sweet familiar face, he wrapped the picture up and started for Chelsea. The young fellow had an unsettled idea of leaving it with the servant at the door and a morbid intention of afterwards] walking about until he was fatigued, and then of sleeping with the other waifs and vagabonds of London in St James's Park. He felt that he was come down almost to that level; and Maud Lavelle, to his hopeless fancy, was now an unreachable star for evermore in the highest heaven above his head.

As he came to the door, an odd thing happened, which he soon dismissed from his mind just then, but which he had reason to think of afterwards. His uncle was saying "Good-night" to a broad-chested clergyman, when he beheld his nephew, and exclaimed: "Hullo, Tom—here is my nephew Arthur Loring."

The clergyman turned with considerable interest, and shook hands with Arthur in a specially cordial manner. "I am delighted to know you, Mr. Loring," he said genially, and took his departure."

"The finest fellow in England," said Uncle Ralph, as they went up-stairs. "It is good to know a man like Tom Thornton. I have know him since we were at Winchester together as boys.—What have you in the parcel?"

Arthur put the parcel on the table and made for the door, hesitated an instant, and then returned and burst into tears.

Instead of speaking, Ralph took the packet and opened it, gazing in silence for some minutes on the sweet face of the lad's mother. Then he covered it again reverently, and laid it back on the table. "Poor boy, poor boy," he said, very gently; "it is hard. I know how hard it is. Now, as I daresay we shall see little more of each other after this, I want to tell you some family history. A few words will do it, but they will contain a good deal."

"I don't know, uncle, that I have much interest now in anything."

"It is too soon to say that, my poor boy, at two-and twenty—even if you do enlist as a soldier. We never know what may occur, so I think it best to tell you."

"It is about my uncle Henry, I suppose?"

"It is about that gentleman. He has been a successful scoundrel, there's no doubt. Look at the rich wife he has; to be sure, he can't touch her money, but the income from it is no joke, I tell you. And that isn't all. I have just heard—by a private but trustworthy informant—that Maud Lavelle is to be married to the secretary Longfield this week; and I know what the haste means."

"What does it mean?" asked Arthur Loring faintly. Poor fellow; he was thinking only of what it meant for himself, and for the girl who was being sacrificed.

"It means that the Annuitants' office is on the edge of a crash, from which a prompt and large slice of the girl's fortune is the only thing to save it. Your uncle is getting ready to abandon the concern that he has navigated to ruin; but he dosen't want to get out of it in the smoke of an explosion. He will leave that to others."

"Then there is a bargain between him and Longfield?"

"Just so. It is the condition on which Longfield obtains his wife. The arrangement is a good one for both—the men, I mean."

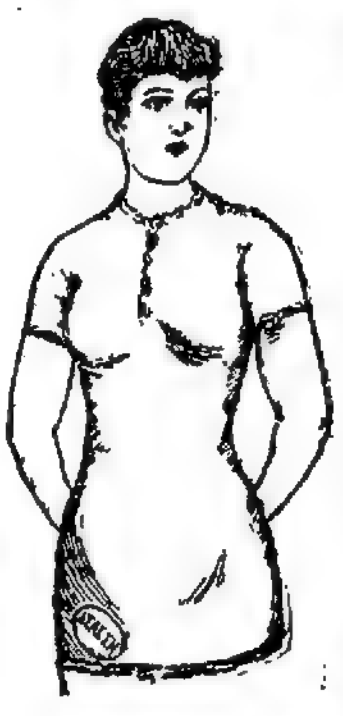
"How did they come together—Longfield and my uncle?"

"Birds of a feather—you know the proverb? It is very sad for poor Maud Lavelle.—I wish you had come on the ground sooner; you could have won her in spite of them all!"

It was not kindness on the part of the inconsiderate old man to torture Arthur Loring in this fashion.

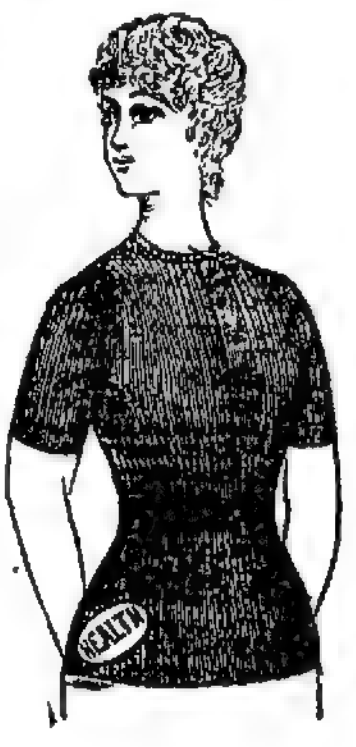
"I thought, uncle" said the latter, in a voice that was frought with pain and reproach, "it was another subject you wanted to speak about."

"Ay, ay; but they are both so related, you see. And my feelings get the better of me sometimes.—Well. Henry Loring? I will say no more about *her*"—he looked at



THESE ARE TWO AWFULLY JOLLY GIRLS.

They are both also awfully jolly comfortable, for they wear the celebrated **HEALTH BRAND** undervests. Comfort and luxury combined. Recommended by all the leading Doctors in Canada. For sale by every first-class Dry Goods House in THE DOMINION, and by
W. A. MURRAY & CO., Toronto.



the parcel on the table, and Arthur knew his meaning. "It was very bad. The next we heard of him he was manager of a theatre in London. Failed. Next, he took a music hall on the Surry side—bankruptcy again. This time it was so bad that the court refused him his discharge for two years. But he was a man of never-failing resource, and he married an actress, on whose earnings he lived finely for a year or two. I have seen him riding a horse worth a hundred guineas in Hyde Park. Then misfortune came; there was a fire at the theatre one night, and Mrs. Loring's face was so badly burned that she was disfigured for life; and of course her occupation was gone, poor thing."

"What did he do next?" the nephew asked, as Ralph paused.

"Exactly what might have been expected. He converted the horses, carriages, furniture, and everything else into cash, and disappeared. Deserted her. She went down into obscurity with the child (they had a boy), and—the rest of his history I am not able to follow, until he turned up in London again with his rich American wife."

"But the first wife?"

"Oh, she was dead, of course. Your uncle wasn't the man to show himself here again until he was sure of that. Then he started this Annuitants' Association. He advertised for a secretary, and selected Longfield. Would you guess why?"

"You said a while ago," Arthur answered with beating heart, "that it was because—birds of a feather, you know."

"Partly that, no doubt; but mainly because he recognised in Mr. Longfield his own son!"

Arthur was astounded. What possibilities the revelation involved he was too confused to think; but surely—— Alas, his uncle's next words cut the ground from beneath any wild unformed hope he might have in his breast.

"So you see that Priors Loring is not to leave the Lorings now. He is an Arthur Loring as well as you. And Mrs. Loring is aware of it."

"What a mother she is!" cried Arthur bitterly. "She is worse than the man—a thousand times worse. She is unnatural, inhuman!"

"It's a terrible state of things, I admi ," said his uncle, without the slightest show of emotion. "I feel it myself, mostly because it gives your uncle such a triumph. I only wish I was two-and-twenty, with half of your advantages, Arthur—hang me! if they should ever have the girl."

"You would catch her in the street," said Arthur stung by his uncle's contemptuous tone, "and jut her in a cab, and tell the driver to gallop"——

"I would—I would!"

"And at the railway station," continued the young fellow in the same note of bitter ridicule, "you would inform her she must pay the cabman and take the tickets! I wonder how it would come off?"

"Look here, Arthur," said his uncle dryly, "the young fellow who halts to consult his pocket when it's a question of capturing and making off with a girl that loves him, doesn't deserve the prize. That's not Lochinvar's principle."

"Lochinvar had a horse and a fleet one."

"Horse or no horse, he would have done it!"

All this, as may be imagined, did not conduce to Arthur Loring's peace of mind that miserable night. Before going away, he informed his uncle of his settled decision; he would keep his promise to be present at Kitty's wedding next day, and on Saturday morning he would enlist. Ralph offered no comment, but appeared to take the decision as one that there was nothing now to be said against. He did not, indeed, inform his nephew that it was through the medium of this same Kitty that he had learned the news of Maud Lavelle's marriage. The girl, indeed, was related to his landlady; and thus it came about that Ralph Loring knew a great deal of what took place in his brother Henry's household.

When Arthur therefore left his uncle's rooms, that gentleman lit his pipe and lay back in his chair with a look of deep reflection. The expression of his face did not, as might have been expected, exhibit much commiseration for the situation of his nephew; indeed, after a few minutes' thought, a grin of pleasure lit up his features, and he rubbed his thin hands together after the manner of a man who was deeply satisfied.

"So odd a thing, I believe, never happened before," said Ralph to himself, putting his pipe aside.—"Now, Miss Kitty, I mustn't forget the present I promised to send you." Opening a rather battered deed-box, he found, after some rummaging, a five-pound note, new and crisp, and contemplated it for a minute. "How am I to tell what the mite wants most?" he asked. "I'll send her the money itself."

Ralph Loring sat down to write a note which was to accompany the present. For so simple an epistle, to a person who would be so little critical as Kitty, Ralph bestowed a remarkable amount of pains upon it. But at length it was finished to his satisfaction, and he rang the bell.

"Is John Bole about the house?" he demanded of the servant.—"Oh, at his supper? Tell him to finish his supper quickly, as I want to send him round to Sloane Street with a note, and to bring an answer."

In half an hour the messenger returned with the answer. This document, after expressing Kitty's thanks for the present, concluded with the following words, which gave Mr. Loring deep satisfaction: "I have burnt your letter, as you asked, and the other thing I will do if it is at all possible to do; but I will watch for a chance, and you may depend, oh dear, I'm sure you may. I'll do it with all my heart, and don't care what may happen."

"Kitty, you are a little brick," said Ralph Loring when he read those mysterious words. "It will be the oddest thing that ever happened, if it comes off. If not"——He sank with a sigh in his chair.

The underground railway took Arthur Loring to Sloane Square next morning, and at a quarter to twelve he was at the door of the church, looking as cheerful as he could, with a favour in his button-hole. Then, a few minutes later, Mr. John Hornby appeared, dressed with his best care; and the happy young man shook hands with Arthur Loring so shamefacedly that the latter had to laugh.

"Do you feel nervous?" he asked.

"Oh, not a bit, Mr. Loring," he answered quickly; "why should I? It's soon over, and—it's the lady that's always nervous, isn't it? I—I hope Kitty won't faint, or anything."

"Kitty won't faint, you may depend upon it.—By the way, I have a little present for Kitty. Where is the breakfast to be?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Loring," the young man answered seriously, "I don't know! Kitty has arranged everything. I don't even know who her bridesmaid is—one of her fellow-servants, I suppose."

"Very likely. And here comes the bride," he exclaimed, as a hired brougham became visible, driving down the street in spirited style.

Arthur Loring, as the vehicle approached, amused himself with observing the excitement of the bridegroom-elect. That young man seemed to have a great deal the matter with him which he could not understand. Among other unconsidered proceedings, he precipitately pulled his gloves off, and immediately discovering that he had no occasion to do so, he tried to pull them on again, but found them too tight. Then he stuffed them in the pocket, and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

The small bride looked aggravatingly cool and pretty in her bridal "things" as she stepped lightly on the pavement. Kitty bestowed on Arthur Loring a rather shy but intelligent look, which suggested to him the duty of attending to the bridesmaid. Stepping to the carriage-door with some curiosity—for the bridesmaid seemed to be considering her official dignity by waiting to be assisted out—his eyes met those of Maud Lavelle, timid and confused, and it was her small hand that fluttered in his own as he helped the bridesmaid out. He saw Kitty's little plot; but Kitty, pleased and interested, little knew what she had done.

As, still holding her hand—which he had no power to release—he stood beside Maud at the church door, the blood leaped wildy through his veins with the mad impulse to catch her up in his arms and run away with her. All the passionate love in his heart, all the agony of to-morrow's prospect, all the intense pain of his wounded pride, were focused in the burning eyes at which the girl looked up, scared, but not shrinking away from him.

Suddenly he drew a quick breath, like a gasp. "Do I frighten you, Maud?"

"No, Arthur."

Yet there was a fierce hunger in his eyes that might have startled a braver girl; and still holding her hand, they walked into the church together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A 24-Story Building.

At Chicago capital has been subscribed, the ground purchased and plans drawn for the construction of the tallest office building in the world. The site of the structure is 110 feet of frontage on Dearborn street. The building will be 24 storeys high, surpassing the tower of the Auditorium by six storeys and the Masonic Temple by five. Steel will be the chief material.

China's Reforming Emperor.

The decree which was published recently ordering arrangements to be made for receiving the foreign Ministers in audience in the first moon of next year, the seventeenth of his Majesty's reign, will have been received with general satisfaction throughout the world. The solution of the long-pending and apparently unmanageable question could not have taken a happier form, and if it were permissible to deduce from this one act of the Emperor an augury of the character of his reign we should be tempted to say that the star of hope had arisen on this country. The granting of audience removes a slur which has rested for thirty years on the foreign representatives, and places their relations with the highest officials in a light which is at once clear and defensible, while it, at the same time, removes from the imperial pathway a stumbling block of a really dangerous character.

Widespread interest has been shown already in the supposed idiosyncracies of the young Emperor of China, which have hither to been wrapped up in palace mystery. He comes of a hardy stock, noted for independence of character, and his not very remote ancestors have evinced special curiosity in foreign matters, as well as considerable originality in statecraft. There is no antecedent reason, therefore, why his Majesty should not take personal interest in the affairs of the empire, external as well as internal, nor why he should not find a certain satisfaction in cultivating friendliness with foreign Ministers at his court, and thus a real revolution may be silently effected in the mode of conducting public business.

The imperial power in China, hampered and almost stifled as it is by concentric circles of officials of every grade in thick array, seems to be impeded in its administration by the very overgrowth of the machinery which constitutes the instrument of Government. How is even an Emperor to break through these serried ranks; how emancipate himself from the thraldom of one set without getting more hopelessly entangled in the toils of another? If there be anything in the notion to which we have repeatedly given publicity that the exclusiveness, the insolence, and even brutality of manner to which foreigners have been subjected are essentially the outcome of the Chinese nature combined with Chinese tradition, and especially Chinese ignorance, there ought to be a good hope of better things in gaining access to the person of the Manchu sovereign. The recent public acts of the sovereign to which we drew attention last month appear to be but the prelude to an imperial career in which the sovereign intends as his heroic contemporary, the German Emperor, has done, to take the reins of Government into his own hands and rule according to his conscience and his own perceptions.

Many depressing pictures of the future of this great empire have occupied the columns of the *Chinese Times*. We have honestly cast our eye to the north and south, to the east and west without discovering any signs of the coming regeneration of the Government and the social system, and if, as we believe, some thorough regeneration is necessary to the preservation of the empire, the outlook is anything but encouraging. There seems to be but one ray of hope, and that is in the personal initiative of a sovereign resolute and strong and with a long life before him in which to develop his reforms. It may be that such a ruler is now on the throne, and his proceedings will be scanned with very eager interest by both natives and foreigners. The new relations which have been established by imperial decree, and which may open a door to the exercise of a healthy living foreign influence, put the Emperor in possession of auxiliaries such as were not available to any of his Majesty's predecessors.

The Trick of the "Terrapin."

There is a species of terrapin at the London Zoological Gardens which is in the fortunate position of not having to work for a living. Like the children in the fairy tale, it has simply to open its mouth and food will drop in. In the mouth of this reptile is a little tag of flesh which is in continual vibration and nearly always visible, for the creature remains open-mouthed for hours together. It is believed that the sight of this is particularly alluring to the piscine mind. The fish commits the very pardonable though fatal error of mistaking the process for a wriggling worm. In trying to take bait it is caught in the trap and swallowed. This proceeding cannot be witnessed as the water in the tank is too clear. Muddy water is no doubt necessary for the terrapin to perform this trick with any success.

Inoculation for Diptheria.

The success that has attended the efforts of Prof. Koch to discover a remedy for consumption inspires the hope that the investigations now being made by that distinguished bacteriologist and those associated with him in his studies as well as by eminent specialists in Paris and Washington, will result in the discovery of a means of rendering the diphtheria bacillus innocuous. It is safe to say that of all the diseases to which childhood is liable none is so dreaded by parents as diphtheria, or is so dangerous and insidious. It is generally admitted that the disease is produced by germs floating in the air and gaining access to the body chiefly through inhalation, and that the germs settling upon the mucous membrane of the throat set up a local inflamation and send their poison through the blood to all parts of the organism. Thus far the experimenters appear to be moving along the line of preventive innoculation, as in vaccinating for small pox. But here the identity of their experiments ceases, the substances employed being very dissimilar. Thus it is stated that Babtschinski, having observed that erysipelas developing in patients already quite ill with diphtheria seemed to counteract the poison in the latter disease and to lead to recovery, experimented upon fourteen diphtheritic cases by inoculating them with erysipelas. The result was the saving of twelve lives, for all of the other members of the same families who also had diphtheria, but were not inoculated, died. Fraenkel has discovered an albuminous substance which, introduced into guinea pigs infected with diphtheria by hypodermic injection, renders them immune, although it fails to produce that effect when the animals receive the infection in the ordinary way through the mucous membranes. Behring is the discoverer of a method of making the serum of the blood of infected animals bactericidal by the introduction of inorganic chemical substances, and has proven not only that these lower animals may be made germ-proof as regrds diphtheria, but that the injection of some of this anti-bacterial blood serum from one animal into the system of a susceptible animal confers a similar immunity upon the latter. Von Schweinitz and Gray in this country, working in the same direction, have just announced that by means of a chemical substance they have also been enabled to render guinea pigs proof against diphtheria; and they further express their belief that their method will soon be made applicable to man. Many will unite in the wish that this expectation may be fully and speedily realized.

Bathing Habits of Birds.

We never see hawks or falcons bathing when wild. Trained birds, in good health, bathe almost daily, and the bath of a peregrine falcon is a very careful performance. But no nymph could be more jealous of a witness than these shy birds, and it is not until after many careful glances in every direction that the falcon descends from her block and wades into the shallow bath. Then, after more suspicious glances, she thrusts her broad head under the water and flings it on to her back, at the same time raising the feathers and letting the drops thoroughly soak them. After bathing head and back, she spreads her wings and tail fan-like on the water, and rapidly opens and shuts them, after which she stoops down and splashes the drops in every direction. The bath over, she flies once more to the block, and turning her back to the sun spreads every feather of the wing and tail, raises those on the body, and assists the process of drying by a tremulous motion imparted to every quill, looking more like an old cormorant on a buoy than a peregrine.

If man had nothing better to learn from the animals than the great lesson that cleanliness means health, the study of their habits would be will repaid, and it is not the least reproach to be brought against our own Zoological Gardens, that these fine hawks and falcons, while deprived of liberty, are denied the only means of that cleanliness which would make captivity endurable. (The peregrine falcons at the Zoo are kept in a cage sanded like a canary bird's with no bath at all, and no room to spread their wings.) Sparrows chaffinches, robins, and, in the very early morning, rooks and wood pigeons bathe often. One robin we know always took his bath in the falcon's bath after the hawk had finished. The unfortunate London sparrow has few shallow places in which he can bathe, and a pie dish on the leads delights him. If the dish be white, his grimy little body soon leaves evidence that his ablutions have been genuine.

Never believe the man who says he ha forgotten all about that little loan you re. turn.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA STORY.

Three years ago I spent a week at Barkerville, in Cariboo of British Columbia, and a singular incident happened in which I had a part. I was with a Roman Catholic missionary, who had been sent from the south to look after certain of his fellow-churchmen in this remote and desolate little place. My friend was known in Barkerville, and was welcomed with a heartiness that showed how dull the unfortunate citizens found life in general in their isolated settlement among the mountains. He soon had a little programme of work mapped out for him. There were two marriages for him to solemnise; three little children had been born since the last mission visitation, and had therefore to be baptized; and if he would only consent to tarry two or three days, he was assured he would be able to brighten the last hours of a certain weather-worn and time-chastened old settler by promising to read the burial service over him at his grave.

A most forlorn place this Barkerville seemed to me in A.D. 1887. The sidewalks of its street were some six feet above the level of the roadway—so called by courtesy alone—which, when the rains descended, was a raging torrent, to be crossed only by light bridges. It was October when we were in the place, and they had already had their first severe frost of the season. The snow lay in the mountain hollows pretty thick. A thermometer of thirty or forty degrees below zero was, we were told, nothing out of the way as an experience; and the summer came so late and departed so quickly that the life seemed all winter.

The industry of Barkerville is gold-digging. That explains all. The few score scarred and wrinkled inhabitants of the town would have stayed here for nothing in the world but gold. And yet they confessed that the palmy days of Barkerville seemed quite gone. Not now, as in 1858, could they afford to give the mission priest a fee of two hundred dollars for performing a marriage ceremony. The gold pieces which they contributed at the mission collections were now very, very few. Existence, from being lively, had become flat. The river-beds and the rocks yielded them enough gold to keep them alive, but not enough to enrich them. Everything of merchandise was frightfully expensive, because of the difficulties of transport for more than three hundred miles over the mountains. Thus luxury was at a low ebb with them. I have seen more comfort among rough islanders of the North Sea than among those Anglo-Saxons of British Columbia, whose finds give them an income of from two to five hundred pounds a year.

The yarns the veterans of the place had upon their tongues were of a kind to which the Californian writers have accustomed us. They reeked of murder for gold, the pistolling of one man by another with as little remorse as if the man killed had been a dog instead of a human being, and of dark deeds done in secret for the sake of women as well as lucre. I daresay with a little tricking-up they could be made to appear delightfully romantic. Told as they were, however, in a wretched shed which passed as a tavern, with a dozen or more disappointed and indifferent miners, grimed and ragged, crowding round a big stove, smoking bad tobacco, spitting, and drinking rum, they did not have a very exhilarating effect. They all seemed to harp upon one key. Nature led those poor mortals dance after dance in quest of the gold: from river-mouth to river-source; from alluvial plains to mountain-tops; now humouring them with a prospect of wealth enough to turn their ardent heads, and now setting them face to face with death from starvation, though the gold pouches on their backs were heavy enough to gain them eternal credit from any baker in Christendom—and generally, at the end, snuffing out their lives before they could return to the homeland where wife and children awaited them.

"Sir," said one old greybeard in a faded red and black check shirt—"you bet your life these here hills could tell some fine tales about them times. There's many and many a poor devil of a fellow been lost in them as I knows of, with and without his gold. The darned redskins ain't far wrong in saying they're haunted—that's my belief."

"That's stale rubbish!" growled another, with an impatient start of his shoulders.

"Oh, you, Jeff Perkins," observed the greybeard, with a thin smile of sarcasm, "you'll never believe anything until you feel the worms biting you. Ox-eye Canon's a joke to you, and always was."

"Anyhow, I reckon, *that* spirit has been laid this many a day."

"It may have been. And many a year, too, for it began to walk in '60, as I mind. But I call it infidelism, I do, to go setting your own little bit of mind against what we know to be true."

This colloquy somewhat excited my interest. I asked if there was an Ox-eye Canon ghost, or anything of the kind.

"There was," said the old fellow; and then he looked amongst his mates, as if hesitant to say more. I did not press him; for I had seen enough of him to know that if he meant to tell the tale he would soon tell it without urging; and if he perferred not to tell it, no coaxing could make him tell it.

Well, two days afterwards, I was off among the mountains after wild goats. A Barkerville man and the priest's Indian servant were with me, the latter more especially for the sake of following bear, if we were so lucky as to hit a fresh trail. It was a lovely day—the sky blue and cloudless; and the air they said, wonderfully mild for Barkerville. It was like a brilliant September day in old England: something very hard to beat. And so we were in excellent spirits, and clambered about among the pines and quartz rocks in very high spirits, and I, for one, determined not to mind very much if we got neither goat nor deer nor bear. As luck would have it, we sighted only two or three goats, and these two or three made off too fast for my gun. By lunch-time we were very hungry, not a little tired, and considerably knocked about by the sharp rock-edges. We had wandered a good many miles.

"We are so near Ox-eye Canon, that if you can hold on another hour, I'd like you to see it," said the Barkerville man when I mentioned the luncheon basket.

"By all means," I replied. "But I thought it was nearer the town."

"Oh no; or else, I reckon, Barkerville 'ud go into a pretty rapid sort of decline.—You remember the Ox-eye spirit, don't you?" (to the Indian).

The guide shook his head.

"Ah, well, if you don t you ought. Fellows who do, describe it as a voice—mournful and sweet, you know, filling the canon like an Æolian harp. For my part, I don't know what to think. I'm a bit spoiled in the spirit-way, because I never saw one, to talk to."

We crossed a bold ridge of white rock with not a single tree upon it, but with jagged peaks, snow-tipped, upon either side of the pass. Then we descended by a most dreadful slope of boulders, at as sharp an angle as a man may clamber down whole of limb. When we had got about half way towards the broadish valley bottom beneath us, there appeared a dark rift in the mountain close under us to the left. At first, I thought it a natural tunnel. Later, I saw that it was not a hole, but a ravine, very narrow, with the cliff sides forming a wall not less than a thousand feet high upon either hand. The odd thing was that though at the mouth of the canon the width between the walls was narrow enough, it was narrower still at the summit. There, indeed, it looked as if a man could have leaped across the frightful chasm.

"That's Ox-eye Canon," said my Barkerville friend. "A nice gloomy sort of place, ain't it? However, we'll feed just outside in the sun; and afterwards, if you like, we can have a look at it."

Our meal was soon made. We got through it the quicker because the Indian left us on a sudden, with a shout warning us not to follow him. He had some notion of catching game in his own way. The Barkerville man lit his pipe and stretched himself against a boulder.

"There's nothing in that canon to see, after all," he said, "nothing worth the trouble, anyways."

"Well," said I, "if you don't mind being left alone for a few minutes, I would like to have a look at it, since we have come so far."

"Do, so," said he, well pleased to escape the task of cicerone. "But mind the shafts—they're bad sort of places."

It was by no means an easy piece of work, this clamber of mine into the pass. Road of course there was none. There was a slip of a river in the bed of the canon, with a rubble of rocks in it. And this stream was the highway—until I had gone about a quarter of a mile. Then, however, the ravine widened, and the walls on either side changed to rough slopes, with rocks in plenty about them, and here and there the wreck of a pine, which had lived a little while, and then died—probably because it wanted more sunlight and air than it was likely to get.

Something made me scramble up one of the slopes away from the water. The rocks stood on end here more like those of the Druids at Stonehenge, than as if they had merely rolled from the overhanging cliffs at one time or another. Here I first discovered what my companion had meant by warning me against the "shafts," as he called them. Really, they were certain fissures, in the ground, as if the heat of a phenomenal summer had parched the soil until it was fain to crack and gape with thirst. I all but slipped into one of them in my endeavour to climb over a particularly big boulder.

This lasted for about half an hour, until I assured myself that I could see to the other end of the canon. It was certainly a forbidding place, and the night-chills already seemed to have entered it.

I turned to retrace my steps. But almost immediately I found myself on the edge of one of these fissures, in which I could see a gleam of something white. It was a cleft perhaps twenty feet in depth, with sides absolutely perpendicular. I looked again, and then had no doubt about it. The round white thing was not a stone, but the polished skull of a man. Then the tales I had heard in Barkerville recurred to me. Perhaps this poor fellow was one of the many miners who in the fifties had got their twelve or twenty dollars' worth of gold daily from Dame Nature. He had in time satisfied his lust or gold, and was returning to the south afoot and alone when——

At anyrate, the matter was worth investigating. It was not yet noon. We could spare an hour in getting this poor trapped corpse out of the earth in which it had been entombed as a living man. And, as fortune would have it, the Indian had been saddled with a light coil of rope for use in any climbing emergency during our pursuit of the goat.

The Barkerville man was loth to stir, but I persuaded him; and the Indian having returned, with the skin of a silver fox which he had snared in some uncanny native fashion, we all three soon found ourselves at the grave-side. I must say it went slightly against the grain to shift the unfortunate skeleton as we did. But it was just possible we might learn something of its identity when alive by hauling it up. And so we made a noose and dropped it about the ribs, tightened the cord, and then brought the whole framework of bones to the summit as if it had been a bucket in a well. It was a framework of bones and nothing more. The teeth alone remained, strong and white and even, in proof that the poor creature was in the prime of life when he slipped of a sudden into the jaws of death. There was a clog of ice about the feet, which told of the temperature in the dreadful hole, and suggested that before dying the poor fellow must have suffered other agonies as well as those of starvation, and cramp, and a gradual loss of the hope of rescue.

We were looking at the skeleton and conjecturing about it, when the Indian broke into an exclamation and pointed down the pit. I did not catch his words, but the Barkerville man did. He, too, strained his eyes into the depths of the fissure; then he turned round toward me. "The fellow is right," he said. "There is a little bag—a sort of satchel, you know—and some bits of stuff like rags. Anyway, we may as well get the bag out."

But it was not an easy business. Again and again we tried to noose it, and always in vain. The "Me go down, boss," of the Indian came as a welcome proposition; for we had now no time to spare, if we were to be back in Barkerville by nightfall.

We hitched the rope fast to a rock, and let it hang into the hole. The Indian was soon down; and having cut the bag out of the ice, and looked about to see if there was anything else worth removing, but in vain, he came to the surface again, by no means with the ease he had descended.

The bag was initialled J. F. It was heavy and swollen. I suppose, therefore, no one of us was surprised when we opened it to find it crammed with gold-dust. There was further a piece of paper with some faint writing upon it, the interpretation of which was beyond us, both then and when we were back in the settlement.

We buried the poor fellow in another and much shallower "shaft," which we had no difficulty afterwards in half filling with loose soil. Then we made all haste homewards. It was weary work climbing and descending the mountains again; but we felt the fatigue a good deal less with such a subject for conjecture among us.

That evening there was some excitement in Barkerville. Every male adult in the place had heard the news, and crowded into the tavern for his share of information and the spoil. By right of possession we three might have kept the others at a distance from the bag of gold-dust, had we so chosen. But, for a wonder, my friend was not very avaricious; and the Indian was likely to be overruled. There was a hundred and twenty-seven ounces of dust in the bag, which were valued roughly at between four and five hundred pounds.

The saloon keeper did a rattling business that evening, on the strength of this contribution to the town's finances. It was observed, however, that while the other men were so jovial and excited, the old fellow whom I have already mentioned sat apart, with an expression on his face as if he were thinking profoundly. He had examined the bag closely at the first, and now and again he continued to look at it. Of this the others did not take much notice, until they began to play cards. Then one of them, with a strong word or two, remarked that old Pete was hatching some remarkable tale.

Old Pete heard the words. At the same moment, however, he slapped his thigh heavily with one hand and said: "I have it. I thought I remembered something to do with a J. F."

"Let's have it," cried several of the others.

"He was knifed, and his name was John Ferguson; and they missed his ounces afterwards, so it was put down as murder."

"Then this stuff"—began one of the others, then stopped; while a doleful "Oh!" sounded from several pair of lungs.

"Hang sentiment!" exclaimed one man bolder than the others. "Or, better still, get the parson to bless it for us—that'll make it all right; and here he comes."

The tale was soon told to my friend the missionary. It was really quite impressive to mark the eagerness on the faces of these rough-and-ready fellows while awaiting what he would say in the matter. The fact that it was Ox-eye Canon gold had much to do with their superstitious self-restraint.

The missionary was quite willing to give the gold his benediction; but before doing so, he reminded the Barkerville people so eloquently about certain vague promises they had made him to build a mission church that it was very clear he did not mean them to have the gold all to themselves.

In effect, half of it was devoted to the church, and the remainder duly consecrated among the townsmen. The share I received I wear it to this day in the form of a somewhat massive gilt locket, with a portrait in it.

As for the Ox-eye Canon voice, very little wit was necessary to explain this. The luckless fellow who had first murdered John Ferguson, and then fallen into the "shaft" in his attempt to get away scot-free, would be likely now and then to shout for help while life remained in him. The sides of his grave and the adjacent rock-walls no doubt made his voice seem most inhuman; and the sound of it would drift up or down the canon like a cry shouted into a tube, until the very echoes had died away completely.

The Air Ship a Failure.

The Mount Carmel air ship, invented by a man named Pennington, has turned out a prodigious failure. The fact was announced that the air ship would fly from Mount Carmel to Chicago, but the inventor thought better of it and reached its destination on a freight train. Now the machine has been turned loose in a large building, where the public is charged 25 cents to go in and see this "air ship" float. In the centre of the room is an electric battery, from which a wire carrying the motor power extends to the air ship, which floats slowly around at the hight of about 25 feet above the heads of the spectators. The Chicago *Times* says the machine looks like an exaggerated bologna sausage, and it is evidently far from what it was claimed to be In a wind, or even in a gentle breeze, it would be entirely unmanageable. The *Times* sums up the merits and demerits of the contrivance thus:

"It moved slowly and vaguely, like a catfish in search of refreshments. A score of spectators with wide-open mouths watched it. It was simply a toy about 30 feet in length, and weighing about five pounds. It could be pulled to the floor by a piece of cotton yarn. It was a very one-horse fake. Barnum would grow tired of it in a week, and supply its place by a woman with whiskers."

Paths.

The path that leads to a Loaf of Bread
  Winds through the Swamps of Toil,
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes
  Goes through a flowerless soil,
And the paths that lead to a Loaf of Bread
And the Suit of Clothes are hard to tread.
And the path that leads to a House of Your
    Own
  Climbs over the bouldered hills.
And the path that leads to a Bank Account
  Is swept by the blast that kills;
But the men who start in the paths to-day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.
In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade
  By the dreamy Brooks of Sleep.
And the rollicking River of Pleasure laughs,
    And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of the Winter come,
The brooks and the river are frozen dumb,
Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills
  When the blasts of Winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a Bank Account
    And the path to a House of Their Own;
These paths are hard in the Summer heat,
But in Winter they lead to a snug retreat.

—*Yankee Blade.*

A VISIT TO OXFORD.

The old and the new meet in the streets of Oxford. Of this I had a curious and significant illustration.

One evening after a twilight visit to the great ruined tower of the old castle, there was a sound of churchbells in the neighborhood as I came back, and their inviting voices led me to the venerable walls of the little sanctuary of St. Thomas-ye-Martyr. The canons of Osney Abbey had these black stones laid in their places in the year eleven-hundred-and-something, upon land given by Bernard de St. Valery. He could afford to be generous, that pious French-Englishman of Oxford, since his father had stolen no end of acres at the conquest. No doubt, too he thought his gift a good investment. Here upon this piece of ground, these holy men of Osney should make their prayers for the welfare of his soul. The church at the begining was dedicated pleasantly to that good Christian saint whom we call Santa Claus, but whose name they wrote out respectfully in full—St. Nicholas. But two years after the murder of Thomas a Becket, they put the old saint aside, and set themselves under the protection of this newest saint, whose title the little church still bears. Such a melancholy little church, behind a high hedge, set about with heavy trees, and covered with dark ivy! And so still and dim inside, where candles flickered here and there, making the darkness visible, and casting black shadows along the angles of the steep roof! There was a small congregation, and a majority of the worshipers were members of a sisterhood connected with the parish, and wore dresses in the somber and depressing garments of their order. The choir was pathetically weak, and the voice of the reader rose and died away in lugubrious cadences. Nothing could have been more quiet and subdued—except death itself. Out-side and in, the church was the representative of all that is venerable, conservative, and of the past.

I came out again into the world, under the shining of the nineteenth century street lamps, and a few blocks away there was a sound of music. There was no suggestion of ancient history about that music. It evidently proceeded from a brass band, vigorous and enthusiastic. Presently the brass-band came in sight, and after it the queerest procession! Here was a company of men and women marching down the middle of the street, waving their arms and swinging their caps and clapping their hands in time to the music, and singing the words of a religious hymn to the melody of the most hilarious and secular and "niggerminstrel" sort of tune. The men wore red jackets and the women had on poke bonnets, and upon their badges were printed in plain letters the explanatory words, "Salvation Army!" I followed them into their barracks. Here was a great barn of a room with a high platform and rows of wooden benches, and the walls adorned with warning and inviting sentences from the Bible. The "soldiers" took their places on the platform with the brass band and began a rollicking hymn in which the voices of the chorus and the horns of the musicians vied with each other in a rivalry of noise. "Now all of you that's nicely saved," shouted the leader, "say hallelujah!" and such a war cry went up from the platform as may well have scared a regiment of devils. Then a prayer and another prayer—queer, familiar, in the street language, careless of grammar, punctuated by "amens" from the kneeling soldiers, but straightforward, evidently sincere, earnest, full of faith and really impressive. A converted negro minstrel then came forward and sang a topical song, first teaching the audience the chorus. The title of the song was, "Isn't It Funny They Don't!" and the chorus was:

"The Salvation Army they don't understand.
And isn't it funny they don't!"

It was a clever thing, with capital points in it, and well sung. Then another prayer and the collection, and an address or two and the meeting was over.

The church of St. Thomas-ye-Martyr and the barracks of the Salvation Army do not look alike, but they belong together, and are both typical of the place which Oxford has held for centuries in the life of England. Every utterance of protest, every proclamation of discovery, every voice of every new truth in the intellectual and religious history of the English people, has been echoed against these old gray walls. How quick they were in the twelfth century to take up that new movement which Becket's name represented! And here in the nineteenth century is the very latest religious experiment, the Salvation Army! Every revolution and revival in the records of the English religion has had leaders in this old town of Oxford.

A hundred years ago they pulled down a queer old tower in Oxford, which went by the name of "Friar Bacon's Study." There was a curious legend about it, to the effect that cunning magician had so constructed his tower that if any wiser man than he ever walked beside its walls, the tower would straightway tumble over upon that unlucky wise man's learned head.

And they used to caution freshmen against venturing too near the friar's tower. This pile of venerable stones marked the fact of the residence in Oxford of the university's first great scholar. Roger Bacon was an Oxford professor. He had studied in the University of Paris, and had there divided his time between Christian theologians and Mohammedan philosophers. And he had come to have his opinion about many things. They had an idea in the thirteenth century that pretty nearly everything was known. Men like Thomas Aquinas were writing books under such titles as "Summa Theologia," the "Sum of Theology." All truth, they held, had been discovered. But Roger Bacon knew that truth was only beginning to be found out. He observed that all men were studying the two great books of the world, not in the original, but in most inadequate translations. They were reading the Bible in Latin, and they were looking at nature through the glasses of theology. Bacon knew that there were whole treasures of truth in both of these great volumes, which nobody had guessed at. But people were not willing to listen. They drove the Professor into a monastery, then into a prison, and finally into a grave. And the Oxford movement of the thirteenth century seemed to come to an end.

At Balliol College is an ancient parchment, yellow with age, sealed with a quaint seal, conferring a college living upon John Wycliffe. This was in the fourteenth century. Wycliffe looked out through the windows of his Oxford study into the world he lived in, and made up his mind that it was a pretty bad world. He took upon himself the righting of it. What a blessed encouragement it is that there are always men, in all bad times, whose motto is that of the Salvation Army, "All at it, and always at it!" Wycliffe set out upon a career of universal opposition. He was the son of Ishmael, with his hand against almost every man. He was the great obstructionist. He began with the Pope, and declared that he had no right to a tribute which he was claiming from the English nation, and the Pope, accordingly, failed to get his money. Then he attacked the friars. Then he angered the theologians by denying transubstantiation. Then he exasperated the aristocracy by preaching Socialism. Against all the evils of his day he found spears and armor in the word of God. And he set about getting that word translated so that everybody might read it. Thus out of Oxford, and as the result of this second Oxford movement, came the first translation of the whole Bible. But Wycliffe, like Bacon, had his reward up above, not down here. The wonder is that they left him unburned. After he was dead they did dig up his body and burn that But he died in his bed, his good works living after him.

In front of the Balliol College there is a mark in the pavement, which indicates the place where there were two notable fires. These fires occurred in the sixteenth century, and in them several distinguished citizens of England lost their lives. Near by, in the middle of Broad street, is a monument set up to the memory of these men. One of the men who perished in the fire was named Ridley, another was named Latimer, the name of the third was Cranmer. The reformation had come, and done a great work, good and ill; and then, as it seemed, it had been killed and done away with. After Elizabeth came many. And now the Reformers came in for the usual reward of the reformer. In the midst of his sermon, the Sunday I was in Oxford, the preacher at St. Mary's pointed to the pillar just opposite the pulpit, beside which Cranmer stood on the morning of the day of his burning. There he stood and declared that he had done a cowardly and wicked thing by setting his name to a denial of his faith. "This right hand," he said, "which signed that false paper, shall burn first." And then they took him out to Broad street, and set him in the midst of the faggots, and you know how he held that hand out without flinching, into the fierce flame. And you remember how Latimer said to Ridley, as the fire rew hot about them: "Play the man, Mager Ridley, for we shall this day light such a candle in Engand, as by God's grace shall never be put out!" You think of all that as you stand in that Oxford church and beside that Oxford street.

But the work of reformation is one which, in this disordere world, is forever needing to be done over again. Reformation is always getting out of repair. After the Protestant Reformation came presently the Puritan Revolution. And that by no means ended the matter. Our own century, and the one before it, have seen the two most recent and notable revivals of religion both beginning here at Oxford. There are two small colleges in Oxford which everybody goes to see. There is not much to see after you get there. But there is a great deal to think of. In the second-story room, at Lincoln College, whose windows look out upon the quadrangle, John Wesley had his residence. And in this other second-story room, at Oriel, over whose windows the ivy clambers, lived John Henry Newman.

It was at Oxford that Christians were first called Methodists. Here met Whitefield, the preacher, and Charles Wesley, the poet, and John Wesley, the leader of the Oxford movement of the Eighteenth century. Here in these quite halls, in the gathering of little companies for prayer in these old rooms, began that great Christian communion, which is still going on, growing and helping men, and whose good work in this bad world is altogether beyond measurement.

It was at Oxford, too, that Newman, the preacher, and Keble, the poet, and Pusey, after whom their followers were named, began the Oxford movement of the nineteenth century, which has changed the whole look of our worship, affected the services of every Protestant church of our generation, and given new meanings to the word "reverence," which our fathers knew not.

A Ball Without Men.

A ball without men is the unique and extraordinary spectacle to which the citizens of New York were recently treated. Two thousand working girls, representing twenty clubs, and watched by eight thousand spectators, met in Madison Square Garden the other evening and joined in dances and other exercises. Only three men were present and these were there to assist in the direction of the entertainment. The girls went through the grand march, a broom drill, a music drill, quadrilles, a Virginia reel and other dances, escorted one another out to supper and as each club wore its own colors and all of them pretty and expensive costumes, the spectacle is said to have been highly inspiriting. This discrimination against the men greatly puzzles the New York *Sun*. The only explanation of a social phenomenon so remarkable which the *Sun* can suggest is, that it was due to certain unreasonable and unnatural regulations of the Association to which the girls belong, and over which Miss Grace Dodge presides; that is, the girls had no option in the matter. But is this the only alternative? Must it be inferred that because men were excluded it was on account of some rules which the girls would have set aside if they could? It is still possible, though to the *Sun* it does not seem supposable, that the girls themselves are responsible for the peculiar character of their entertainment, and that possibly they share the opinion which is not unknown, that dancing with men is not exactly the proper kind of amusement for a young woman to engage in. That the *Sun* is incapable of sympathizing with any conscientious scruples on the subject of promiscuous dancing is evident from the following, taken from its account of the entertainment:

"Girls, whether they are working girls or girls of leisure, may very properly meet together in conventions for the discussion of measures for the particular benefit of women, but when they go to a ball to dance they want and ought to have men for partners. The moral welfare of society itself requires that men and women should not be separated on such an occasion."

Indeed, that journal does not hesitate to assert that to do away with the dance or to compel man and women to dance separately "would take the life out of social intercourse and paralyze society." But though the idea is unimaginable to the *Sun* that conscientious scruples could have had anything to do with giving the entertainment its peculiar character, it is true nevertheless that many respectable members of society have their doubts about the propriety of dances in which men and women promiscuously engage. Of course this does not prove that the opponents of dancing are right and all others wrong, nor is it mentioned here as though it ended all controversy, but only to show that the alternatives are not exhausted when it is supposed that the working girls of New York were compelled by the rules of their society to exclude the men from their annual ball. The question as to the propriety of promiscuous dancing still remains open notwithstanding this unusual event.

Tom—"Come what may, I shall never marry a woman who isn't my superior intellectually." Jack—"I wish I could get a wife as easy as you can."

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A Wild Man.

Lately there was discovered in the Green Forest, in Normandy, France, not far from the city of Rouen, a veritable wild man of the woods, who, dressed in skins, and wearing long hair and beard, slept beneath the trees, and fled on the approach of human beings. It was found that he spoke French very well, and was apparently intelligent, for upon being asked by a forester who he was, he answered, "What business is it of yours? Have I not a right to go where I please in the public forest?"

A "wild man" in a French wood is so much a curiosity that this one, left undisturbed by the authorities, was hunted out by several parties of excursionists who came from a distance to see him. But instead of taking their visits in good part, the wild man promptly disappeared.

It was found that he had taken refuge in the much larger forest of Roumare, where it is quite impracticable for visitors to find him. There he still lives in seclusion, sleeping on the ground in the coldest winter temperature, and living upon a store of nuts, and possibly upon some small game.

It has been, however, impossible for him to escape the investigations of the officials, who have ascertained that his name is Vouzy, and have searched out his history.

His father and mother, it appears, were excellent people. His father died at Havre when he was a child, leaving his mother to make a hard struggle for her livehood.

The boy possessed a singular and adventurous disposition, though he was perfectly well-behaved, and at the age of sixteen entered the service of a man who travelled about from town to town with a cage of wild animals. It became his duty to enter the cages of animals with the daughter of the proprietor, who was their "tamer."

To this young girl Vouzy became much attached and they had obtained permission to be married when a suitable age came.

One day the young girl was struck, in the cage, so terrible a blow by a tiger that her skull was fractured. She did not survive the wound.

Vouzy was taken very ill, but was nursed to life by his mother. He went to sea, and distinguished himself by saving the life of a cabin boy who had fallen overboard.

He wandered several years about the world, perpetually haunted by the vision of the dreadful disaster in the tiger's cage. In 1887 he returned to France, and lived quietly two years with his mother.

He was supposed to be cured of his wandering tendency, but last year he disappeared, to reappear as the "wild man of the Green Forest."

Vouzy is quite willing to see his mother, who occasionally seeks his haunts in the woods. She declares that he is not insane, but that his desire to live so strange a life is partly due to his misfortunes and partly to a too eager reading of "Robinson Crusoe" in his boyhood.

"TRUTH'S" SPRING BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 22.

LIST OF REWARDS ARRANGED IN TWENTY-ONE DIVISIONS.

SEND NOW! DON'T DELAY!

In these latter days there have arisen many false schemes and many scores of imitations of TRUTH's Competitions, but one after another have failed and utterly perished, yet TRUTH prevails, and makes good all its promises. Its reputation is now too well established to risk damaging it, and as it has cost a very large amount of money and many years of care and labor to build up, the publisher could not afford to fail in carrying out all his agreements to the letter. Please note that there are twenty-one divisions, instead of three as formerly, of the largest list of bona fide prizes ever offered and ever actually given away by any publisher in the world. The total value of prizes in this Spring list is about $10,000. Send one dollar and answers to the five following questions: Where in the Bible are these words first found: 1, GRAIN; 2, CORN; 3, WHEAT; 4, BARLEY; 5, RYE. If your answers are correct, and your letters arrive in time, you are almost sure to get a reward, as there are so many and every one sending in cannot always find correct answers to all these questions. All the five answers must be correct to get any prize, but you will get full value for the dollar in TRUTH if you don't get anything else. There have been very few dissatisfied prize-winners in previous competitions, considering that we have given away during the past eight years scores of thousands of prizes. Some people expect a piano for every dollar sent, and are mad if they don't get it. We wish it were possible to give every subscriber a gold watch or a piano or both, but we can't do it. Some publishers intimate they will, but nobody can do it for any length of time. Send one dollar and correct answers and you won't regret it; and bear in mind that we do not guarantee that everybody whose answers are correct will get a prize, but this we do say, that all those prizes in the twenty-one different lists will be given away

FIRST REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished **Upright Piano**, by celebrated Canadian firm..... $500
Second, One Gentleman's First-Class **Safety Bicycle**, Ball Bearings, a superior machine..... $120
Next Five Each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, Double Walled **Ice Pitcher**, $15. $75
Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the New Testament, $3..... $90
Next Twenty-Four, Each a Child's Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, **Knife, Fork and Spoon**, in Fine Satin Lined Case, $3..... $72

SECOND REWARDS.

First Three Each **Fine Family Sewing Machine**, with all latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70..... $210
Next Two, Each a Fine Double Barrelled English **Breech Loading Shot Gun**, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, twist barrels, $30..... $60
Next Three Each a **Lady's Fine Gold Watch**, hunting case, beautifully engraved Waltham Movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50.. $150
Next Ten, Each an Elegant **Breakfast Cruet**, extra quadruple plate, hand painted bottles, very neat, $4..... $40

THIRD REWARDS.

First Three, an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service**, (4 pieces), satin finish, a beautiful set, $40..... $120
Next Three, Each a Colts New Lightning **Magazine Rifle**, sixteen shots, a magnificent fire arm, $25..... $75
Next Four, Each a Fine **China Dinner Service**, (100 pieces,) an extra choice
Next Thirteen, Each a Pair of Excellent **Steel Scissors**, $2..... $78
Next Twenty-five, each a ½ **Dozen Set Silver Plated Forks**, useful for extra service, not heavily plated, $2..... $50

FOURTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a Gentleman's **Hunting Case Gold Watch**, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $150
Next Fifteen, Each a Handsome Quadruple Plate, fine glass, **Butter Dish**, $3.. $45
Next Twenty-one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble**, (any size), $5..... $105
Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the New Testament, $3..... $90

FIFTH REWARDS.

First Five, each a Ladies' Open Face, **Solid**, Plain **Gold Swiss Watch**, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30..... $150
Next six, each a **Gentleman's Silver Open Face Watch**, Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50..... $300
Next six, each a **Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch**, a reliable timer, $40 $240
Next fifty, each a **Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble**, $1.50..... $75

SIXTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25..... $75
Next Fifteen, each **Half Dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, $3..... $45
Next Ten, each a beautifully bound Set of **Macaulay's History of England** 5 vols., $10..... $100
Next Six, each a Ladies' Fine **Solid Silver Watch**, a good article, $10..... $60

SEVENTH REWARDS.

First Six, each a set of half doz. extra full quadruple silver plated **Table Spoons** $5..... $30
Next Six, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons**, $4.50..... $26
Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Dinner Knives**, in neat case, $10..... $60
Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives**, in neat case, $8..... $48

EIGHTH REWARDS.

First Four, each an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service**, 4 pcs., satin finish, a beautiful set, $40..... $160
Next three, each a Colt's New Lightning **Magazine Rifle**, sixteen shots, a magnificent firearm, $25..... $75
Next Four Each a Fine **Cashmere Dress**, sufficient to make up a Ladies' Dress, $10 $40
Next Fifty, Each a Half Dozen set of light **Silver Plated Forks**, suitable for extra service when they will not be much used, $2..... $100

NINTH REWARDS.

First Five Each a set **Carvers' Knife, Fork and Steel**, very fine, $7..... $35
Next Two, **Fine Family Sewing Machine**, with all the latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70..... $140
Next three, each a double barrelled English **Breech Loading Shot Gun**, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, best twist barrels, $30..... $90
Next Three, Each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, Hunting Case**, beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50.. $300
Next Ten, Each an **Elegant Breakfast Cruet**, extra Quadruple Plate, hand painted Bottles, very neat, $4..... $60

TENTH REWARDS.

First One **Fifty Dollars** in Cash..... $50
Next Five, each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, **Satin Finish, Waiters or Salvers**, $10..... $50
Next Ten Each a very fine solid nickle straight line lever **Genuine Watch**. This watch is well constructed and an exact time piece, and no way to be compared with cheap nickle watches, $6 $144
Next one, a French music box, plays ten airs, **Harp, Harmonica and Piccolo**, changes air at will, in handsome Rosewood case, with inlaid cover, size..... $60
Next Three, each a handsome hand painted, brass finish, **Drawing Room Lamp**, $6..... $18

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

First three, each a Fine Black Corded, **Silk Dress**, $25..... $75
Next fifteen, each **Half Doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, extra quality.....
Next Ten Each a **New Pattern** extra quadruple plate **Cake Basket**, very pretty, $7..... $70
Next Five, Each a Full Quadruple Plate **Berry Dish**, with beautifully colored and white cut glass bowl, a very showy, choice article $15..... $75
Next Six Each a Fine extra quadruple plate **Dinner Cruet**, $7..... $42

TWELFTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a **Ladies' open face, Solid Gold Swiss Watch**, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30..... $90
Next three, each a **Gentleman's Gold Open Face Watch**, Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50..... $150
Next fifty, each a **Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble**, $1.50..... $ 75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated, combined **Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder**, with one dozen Tea Spoons, $12..... $72

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

First Five, Each a **Gentleman's Hunting Case or Open Face Gold Watch**, extra ounce, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $250
Next Twelve Each a Lady's or Gentleman's **Fine Gold Pencil**, very useful and pretty, $2..... $24
Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the New Testament, $3..... $90
Next twenty one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble**, (any size,) $5..... $105

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

First Five Each, a set of half a dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Table Spoons**, $5..... $25
Next Seven, Each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons**, $1.50..... $31.50
Next Six Each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives** in neat case, $8..... $48
Next Twelve, Each a set of half dozen extra full quadruple Plate **Tea Spoons** $5..... $60

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First, One very Fine Toned and Finished **Upright Piano**, by reliable maker..... $260
Second, One First Class **Lady's Safety Bicycle**, ball bearings, a superior machine..... $110
Next six, each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, double Rolled **Ice Pitcher**, $15 $90
Next twelve, each a **Ladies' Fine Silver Watch**, a beautiful article, $7..... $84
Next twenty-four, each a **Child's Extra** Quadruple Silver Plated Set, **Knife, Fork and Spoon**, in fine Satin Lined Case, $3..... $72

SIXTEENTH REWARDS.

First Three an Elegant **China Dinner Service** of 104 pieces, $50..... $150
Next Five Each a Fine French Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, $40 $200
Next Seven Each a complete set of **George Elliott's Works**, bound in cloth, 3 vols, $15..... $105
Next Five Each a a superbly bound volume **Bore Bible Gallery**, a beautiful gift book, $2..... $10

SEVENTEENTH REWARDS.

First One **Twenty Dollars** in Cash..... $20
Next Five an Elegant **China Tea Service** of 44 pieces, $25..... $12
Next Five, Each a Beautifully Bound Gift Book, **Coleridge's Ancient Mariner**, $2.50..... $12.50
Next Seven Each a Complete Set of **Macaulay's History of England**, as entertaining as a novel, bound in cloth 5 vols., $15..... $105
Next Seven Each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face or Hunting Case Watch** $30..... $210

EIGHTEENTH REWARDS.

First **Fifty Dollars** in cash..... $50
Next Two Each a **Fine Family Sewing Machine**, $50..... $100
Next Three Each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Watch**, $50..... $150
Next Five Each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea set (4 pieces) $40..... $200
Next Nine Each a **Ladies' Fine Silver Watch**, an excellent article, $10..... $90

NINETEENTH REWARDS.

First One, an **Elegant Upright Piano**, by celebrated Canadian Firm..... $500
Second One, **One Hundred Dollars** in cash..... $100
Next Fifteen Each a supremely bound **Teacher's Bible**, $3..... $45
Next Twenty Each a Lady or Gentleman's **Fine Gold Carved Ring**, $1.50..... 30
Next Eleven Each a Fine Quadruple Plate **Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet**.. $55
Next Five Each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated **Tea Service** (4 pieces) $40 $200

TWENTIETH REWARDS.

First One **Twenty Dollars** in cash..... $20
Next Eighteen Each a **Gentleman's** Handsome Silver **Open Face Watch, Waltham Movement, $20**..... $360
Next Five Each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Watch**, $50..... $250
Next Forty-five Each a handsome long Silver Plated **Button Hook**..... $45

TWENTY-FIRST REWARDS.

First one, **Twenty-Five Dollars** in cash.. $25
Next Fifteen Each a Ladies' **Fine Gold Gem Ring**, $7..... $105
Next Twenty-nine Each a Complete Set of **Dickens' Works**, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., $20..... $580
Next Twenty-one Each a Fine Quadruple Plate **Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet**, new design..... $5
Next Five Each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated **Tea Service** (4 pieces) $40 $200
Next Twenty-five a **Teacher's Fine Well Bound Bible**, with concordance, $4 $100

This competition remains open only until the last day of June next, inclusive, and the prizes will be immediately distributed to the successful ones. Ten days will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points after the 30th June. All, however, must be postmarked where mailed not later than the 30th June, or any time between now and that date. Address S. Frank Wilson, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

THE RICH AND POOR MAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE THOMAS DOWLING, D. D.

When I was running about this town a very poor fellow," said Dr. Johnson once, "I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people laboring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune."

I do not propose to controvert this position; and yet I believe that the distinction between the rich and the poor, in all that goes to make life worth living, is not so great as is commonly supposed; that, after all, the classes and the masses are very nearly on a level, and that frequently the highest degree of happiness is found where, according to the current maxims, we should be inclined to look for the least.

We will leave out of view the two extremes of humanity, the very rich and the very poor, for, with few exceptions, which might almost be named, these are confessedly the most pitiable people in the world. If we chose to compare these two, I believe it would be no difficult task to show that Michael Maginness, whose sole solace is his pipe, whose sole refuge is his shanty, and whose sole capital is his hod, occupies a position fully as enviable as that of the Czar of all the Russias, who can have fricasseed chicken every day, and never knows when he is to be blown up; or, in our own country, the Czar of all the railroads, who, if rumor be correct, walks with a detective at his back. The only difference is that the former is miserably poor and the latter is miserably rich; but who that reads these pages would willingly surrender his own personality, and change places with either, if he could? In society, as elsewhere, nature seems to favor the happy men. "Are you happy?" some one asked one of the Rothschilds. And he answered, "Happy? Can a man be happy with a letter on his table stating that unless a certain amount is forwarded by a given date, he will be assassinated? Can a man be happy when he has to sleep with a revolver under his pillow, and one eye ever open? No, I am not happy."

A gentleman who was once president of the Gold Board in Wall Street, a man of extreme wealth, and who at the time of our interview was in apparently perfect health, told me that there was not a day of his life when he would not willingly end the whole business. After one has acquired a certain amount of money, he may feel an interest in the game, perhaps, as does the chess player, but beyond that he is simply a bookkeeper, without pay, for the multitude of his employees who do the work and reap the wages. I say without pay, for whatever profit he earns must simply go into the establishment of new enterprises, from which he will receive no personal result, except the curses of the envious and less fortunate, because long ago he had all which could be reasonably spent by him or his.

But let us compare the remaining classes, such as compose the great bulk of American society, who are neither immoderately wealthy nor immoderately poor; the employer and his clerk; the brown-stone front and the third-floor flat. How much richer is the former than the latter?

To begin with, one-third of their lifetime they are all exactly alike, or, if there be any difference, the balance is on the side of the third-floor flat. Every healthy individual who has lived to be sixty has spent twenty years in sleep. Nature has ordained that during one-third of our daily life we must lie in the shop for repairs. It was formerly supposed that the heart was an exception to this necessity; but physiologists have discovered that after each pulsation there is a moment of rest, and that these intermittent moments added together make exactly eight hours out of twenty-four, when the heart itself ceases to beat. Whoever sleeps less than that time is bound to become a physical bankrupt, for he is using up his principal instead of his interest. The man who said that six hours should suffice for a child, seven for an adult, and eight for a fool, ought certainly to have slept eight. But who finds the softest pillow when bed-time comes?—the employee, whose work, when it is done, is done, or the employer, who, with rumors of failure and flood, of fire and defalcation, finds that his work, when it is done, is never done? In the majority of instances the rich man is as much a slave to his business as the poorest cash-boy whom he employs; with this difference, that the cash-boy comes up bright and smiling in the morning, and he does not. While still young in years perhaps he has his fortune, but he has paid his price. He has everything to live for—except life. Then he goes to Europe for his health, and finds the ship crowded with others like him. How often I have seen them in these foreign hotels, playing at having a good time—the homeless poor!

Even in those advantages generally thought to be the prerogatives of the rich, such, for example, as the pleasures of the table, all are more alike than we are accustomed to suppose; with the balance, again, on the side of the third-floor flat. It is true the poor man does not have his palate tickled with terrapin, nor his head befuddled with champagne. But there is not a millionaire in the world, with the burden of a great business upon his mind, who would not give all his champagne and all his terrapin if he could only enjoy the ham sandwich at noon and the rump steak at night with a relish equal to that of him who in his ignorance sometimes deplores his lot and wishes that he might change places with his employer. Perhaps, all things considered, he might, with advantage to himself. In this article I neither deny that nor affirm it. I am only speaking to show that, as we meet men in the world, they wonderfully overestimate the relative differences in position; that while all of us recognize as a fact the law of compensation running through society, we do not think of it enough. The Michigan soldier realized it when he wrote home rejoicing over his deformity. A ball had come whizzing just where he stood. If he had had straight leg he would not have had any; but he had bow legs, and the ball went through. The "crook in our lot" is often the thing which saves us. Neither need the clerk envy his employer unduly, though the former wears his surtout three winters instead of only one. If the old coat gets to be a little rusty, he has the comfort of knowing that he belongs to that independent class of whom nothing more is expected. In fact he can congratulate himself with the reflection that it is one of the rare enjoyments of the rich to choose his apparel for comfort instead of looks: but only of the exceptionally rich; the others cannot afford it. None but the recognized millionaire can claim the delightful privilege of dressing like his clerk; because he and the clerk are the only ones who have no reputation to lose. Many a reader whose eye will rest on these words will entertain vivid recollections of a Canadian trip, and the suffocating difficulty on his return of fitting himself again into a high choker, after reveling for a fortnight in the unrestrained delight of a hunter's shirt.

The chief advantages of wealth are three: the first is the sense of independence which it is supposed to bring; the second is what Madame de Stael was accustomed to designate as *consideration*—the deference which is paid to it; and the third, the leisure which it affords. But these likewise are overestimated. Does the third-story flat look up at the brown stone front, and imagine that now he is satisfied with the degree of honor which he receives? Be not deluded. There is a Mordecai lurking somewhere at his gate. He is surrounded just as you are, with men of equal station with himself, and, like you, he sees above him others of superior station. That man with two millions occupied the head of the table when he had only a side seat. Human nature is seldom satisfied with being well off; but only with being better off than somebody else. Unfortunately, somebody is always to be found who is better off than it, or appears to be which is the same thing. If brown-stone fronts were scattered promiscuously, who would care especially to live in one? Enough is always a little more. All our wants are relative, and the man most perplexed to "make both ends meet" is more than likely the man with the biggest income.

Neither are people as independent as they seem to be. Every one has a master, from the President of the United States down to the porter who shovels in his coal. There is not a king in the world so free as the average American clerk. "It is the price of royalty," they said to me as I looked out of the Florentine window upon the King and Queen of Italy, seated in their carriage, bowing first on one side and then on the other, while the horses crawled through the shouting throng. It took them two hours to go less than a mile. We blessed nobodies, arriving unheralded, had jumped into a common coach and been whirled the same distance in ten minutes.

When wealth brings, as it only occasionally does in this country, the opportunity for leisure, it brings what may be a great blessing, but what actually is in the vast majority of instances, a great curse. If one possesses literary instincts, and the rare sense and strength of will to persist in going out-of-doors when he is not driven by necessity, it may do him no harm; but the most miserable individual in the community is frequently he who "has made his pile" and "retired." In fact, the unhappiest people in the world are they who have nothing to do in the world but to be happy; for it is absolutely destructive, both to one's growth and peace of mind, that he shall be without compulsory engagements.

In Charles Dudley Warner's delightful story of "A Little Journey in the World," who is to be the most envied—Margaret the village school-teacher, spiritually and intellectually on the way to a full development, or Margaret when she has dwindled into a fashionable society woman as the wife of the millionaire Henderson, with nothing to do but to fret herself with the jealousies of social position, dying young—with overwork? Oh, the pathos of that "little, journey"! The reason that more of us do not go whistling through the days, jubilant or, at the very least, glad, and with spirits bounding with a sense of our good fortune is because we compare the inside of our lot with the outside of somebody's else. "You are to be congratulated on your luck in life," said a friend to Marshal Lefebvre, and he answered: "You envy me, do you? Very well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had. Come into the court: I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times at thirty paces, and if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. What! You won't? Very well; recollect, then, that I have been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived at the state in which you now find me." Whoever reads these words may felicitate himself that his allotment in life take it all in all, is just about equal to that of his neighbor, if he could take that all in all; if he could cease comparing the inside of his own with the outside of that other man's. There is not a skeleton in your cupboard which you are not thoroughly acquainted with. But when you visit the other man, you see only the neatly painted closet door, possibly decorated with tapestry and Japanese fans. You wish you could laugh as he does, and that in your own home the music could be attuned to so lively an air. Why, bless you, poor innocent soul! he is only seeking to keep you from hearing behind that tapestry the rattle of the bones.

Life is what we make it; and whoever gets the most out of it, not because of his circumstances, however "fortunate" those circumstances may be, but in spite of them. On the other hand, however large or small may be our private cemetary, it will always be large enough to make our days and nights haunted if we so determine. As Mercutio says, "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

Chased by an Anaconda.

A certain business man of Toronto is a Frenchman, who spent several years in South Africa before he came to Canada. While a resident of Africa he went lion hunting several times, and, while he killed no lions, he met with a number of very exciting adventures. In the gentleman's own estimation the most exciting of his African hunting adventures was a race with an immense anaconda, the largest snake found in that country. The story is best told in his own words:

"My first lion hunt," he said, "was with a party of three Englishmen and five natives. We were all mounted on small Arab ponies, and carried large rifles suspended from our shoulders by a leather strap. We rode out fifteen miles from camp, and I was placed on a stand at the edge of the jungle, while the natives were sent into the jungle to drive out the game. I had been on my stand half an hour when my pony suddenly began to snort loudly and back away from the jungle. At first I could see nothing, and slung my rifle round on my back, in order to leave both hands free to manage the pony, who had never acted so strangely before.

"In a few moments, however, I heard a roaring noise which sounded exactly like the approach of a small whirlwind. By this time my pony was turning around like a top, and at each turn he was getting further away from the jungle. In a moment more I saw an immense anaconda come out of the jungle and start directly towards us. The reptile seemed to me to be about forty feet long and as big around as my body. I forgot I had a gun; in fact, it was all I could do just then to keep my seat on the pony. As soon as the little animal saw the snake coming toward us he headed for the camp, fifteen miles away, and no race horse winning Derby ever made such time as that little pony made getting back to camp.

The snake was right behind us for ten miles and then gave up the race, but the pony did not know it, and never slackened speed until he was safe in camp. For the first few miles the huge reptile was only a few feet behind us, and I seemed to feel his hot breath on my neck. The roaring noise he made when he first came out of the jungle continued as long as he kept after us. The pony could hear the noise, and the way he humped himself would make the modern race horse ashamed. Once I thought the anaconda had us. He made an extra spurt of speed and ran alongside the pony for fifty yards. We were going so fast the friction made by the snake's body passing over the ground so rapidly left a trail of smoke behind. Of course the reptile could not coil or strike while going at that speed, and that saved us. When he slackened speed to coil around us the pony put on a little more steam, and gained nearly half a mile. This won the race and saved us.

"To give you an idea of that pony's speed, my gun with a strap around my shoulder was hanging on behind me at an angle of forty-five degrees, and never once touched my back during the fifteen-mile race."

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. J. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A Child's Laugh

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the wind on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling waters, winsome word,
Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter.

Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Algernon C. Swinburne.

The Sabbath Chime.

My Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, He makes me rest
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

My wandering feet His ways mistake,
But He restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

Though I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

Amid the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, Thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps;
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at Thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

THE DEAD RIVER.

BY W. G. FLORENCE.

One night last summer a jolly party of salmon fishers were sitting round the dinner-table in their temporary house on the bank of the Natashquan, in Lower Canada. The state of the table bore convincing proof that the appetites of the fishermen had been good, and as the stage of "pipes and grog" had been reached, all the party had settled themselves into attitudes which bespoke comfort if not grace. Among the party was a half-breed, well known through the Canadas as a most expert and reliable fisherman, trapper and guide. Matallac was half asleep when he was suddenly startled by the inquiry:

"Why is that part of the stream above the bend called 'The Dead River?'"

"Why?" said he, as he slowly drew himself into a more erect position, "don't you know that? There ain't anyone comes here but is told that story right off?"

"A story! We haven't heard it. Come, Mat, tell us, like a good fellow!"

"Well, gen'lemen, me not good at spinnin' yarns, but if you want to, I'll try and give it to you as near as I can, in the words of an old chief, who told it to me many years ago."

"Let's have it, old man. Silence, boys, for the General!"

Matallac took an extra long and strong drink, shifted uneasily in his chair, and after having looked at the ceiling for inspiration, began:

* * * *

Great many years ago this bank of the river was inhabited by a powerful tribe of Indians, whose wigwams extended from where it empties into the St. Lawrence up to the Isle of Dorves—a distance of about ten miles. The chief was called Blamonah, and although he was nearly sixty years of age, he was still on the warpath and hunt, and ruled his people with an iron hand. The tribe's main source of income was the price they received from traders for the skins of seals, which abounded in the river. These animals were too wary to often show themselves during the day, but on moonlight nights the hunters would conceal themselves on the banks of the river, and shoot the seals when they came up to breathe.

So much did the Indians prize the right to shoot in this river that for years wars had been waged for its possession. The most powerful opponents of Blamonah's tribe had been the Wachitos, who formerly lived on the opposite bank. But nearly twenty years before the time when what I am going to tell you happened, Blamonah had, in a great battle, defeated the Wachitos so severely that the few who escaped left the river and departed northward. Among the captives taken by Blamonah, and the only one he spared, was a baby boy, to whom he gave the name of Netontah. This boy soon became a great favorite with the chief, who took him into his own wigwam, and brought him up with his own daughter, Ootchuka. Under Blamonah's training Netontah grew up to be the first young brave of the tribe. None could equal him in feats of skill, strength and courage; and all the Indian maidens smiled on him. Netontah, had, however, eyes for only one, Ootchuka. The boy's love for his sister had grown with his growth into the man's passion for the woman he yearned for. And Ootchuka loved him, but neither dared to tell Blamonah.

One day the chief called the girl to him. "Ootchuka, you have reached the age when you should marry. Prepare yourself, for the brave Lottonah is coming to claim you."

"But, father, I cannot love him. I fear his wild looks and harsh voice."

"He will speak softly to you. Why, pray, can you not love him? He is strong and fearless."

"Father, I love another."

"Who? His name! Quick, girl quick!"

"Netontah!"

"What! That Wachito dog! That serpent I warmed at my fire! Why did I spare that spawn of the Evil One? The Wachitos have ever been our curse. I saved one, and he carries out the mission of his tribe. You shall never see him again! He shall go from here before the sun sets to night."

"But, father, I love him; without him I shall die!"

"Then die! Much as I love thee, Ootchuka—and the Great Spirit alone knows how much that is—I would rather see thee dead than married to a Wachito."

"You will see me dead then, father."

"Go, girl! Send Netontah to me, and beware you stay not to speak further with him."

While waiting for Netontah, the old chief paced up and down like an angry tiger lashing himself into greater fury.

Ootchuka sought Netontah, and though she kept him but a moment, she found time to tell him to watch for her that night when the moon was full, and she would swim across the river to him.

"Blamonah, you have sent for Netontah; he is here."

"Dog of a Wachito! I spared you when a baby. I have taught you to be brave; to kill the seal and caribou; now you turn around and bite me. Once I loved you like a son. It is because of that I spare you now. Go from my sight, but if by the time the moon rises you are in the camp, you die!"

"Blamonah, you say you once loved me as a son. It is because I do love you as a father that I listen to words no other man should say to me and live. All I have I owe to you, even my life; therefore I obey you. I had almost forgotten I was not of your tribe; but I should in truth be the dog you called me did I deny my race."

"Why did you dare to love Ootchuka?"

"I did not deem her beyond my reach, but if I had, still should I have loved. Love will dare all, and heeds not what it dares."

"Go, boy, go. You wring my heart."

Sadly, and with a yearning gesture, which Blamonah repelled, Netontah turned and left. A few moments later he might have been seen urging his canoe across the river.

After some time spent in trying to calm himself and smother his grief, Blamonah sought his wigwam. "Ootchuka," said he, "the moon begins to rise; give my gun; I'll watch for seal."

"Yes, father! Think you there will be many seals to-night?"

"No, but I must do something to quiet me. I can not sleep."

Hours passed, and Blamonah did not return. Ootchuka feared that she might meet him on the way to the river, but just as the moon had reached the full, she stole down to the bank, and with all the confidence of an Indian maiden plunged boldly in.

She had almost reached the middle of the river when the sharp crack of a rifle sounded through the clear air, and with one piercing scream Ootchuka's life was ended.

As he heard that scream, Blamonah, who had fired the shot, felt a pang of fear numb his heart. "That was no seal's cry," he said, as he sprang into his canoe, and with fierce blows of his paddle drove it toward the dark object floating on the water.

Scarcely had he reached it and learned the awful truth, when another canoe, which had shot out from the opposite bank, came up.

"Blamonah, what has happened?"

"Oh, Netontah, I was waiting for seal, and I have killed my child! my only one! Ootchuka! Help me to carry her to shore!"

With a broken heart poor Netontah gave the asked for help. When Ootchuka had been carried to the wigwam, Netontah knelt by her side, pressed his lips for the ast time to those that were now so cold, then rising, turned to go.

"Netontah, whither are you going?"

"You ordered me from here."

"Netontah, I am a wretched old man. There lies all that stood between our loves. Can you not forgive me? Let our griefs bring our hearts together again."

"Blamonah—father!"

"Netontah, my son!"

And over the body of her whom they had both so loved these two poor Indians prayed to, the Great Spirit for the soul of Ootchuka the heroine of "The Dead River."

Pure air Rather than Medicine.

It isn't drugs or medicine that is needed at all; it is plenty of the purest air that can be had. Open the windows and the doors, clear out the cellar and ventilate it thoroughly, remove the dampness, the mustiness, the ancient odor, the smell of decay which greets the nostrils when one enters from the health giving atmosphere out of doors, says Good Housekeeping. Never mind if the outer air bears the taint of the gas house, the manufactory or some other unpleasant thing; it is also mingled with the health and strength giving forces of nature and is certainly better for the human system than the same air which has been shut up and contaminated for an indefinite period, with no chance for purification. Don't mind, even, if a little dust is brought in; a few minutes with the duster will put the whole house in perfect order again, and even at the worst, dust is not half so bad as disease. And as for the fear of draughts, with colds and a thousand resultant evils following in their train, nineteen-twentieths of that is imaginary, and the other twentieth is easily avoidable.

A Lady's Strange Adventure.

The astonishing adventure of a very well-known young lady with two diamond vendors in Paris has come to the knowledge of her friends. Even the most experienced travellers confess themselves amazed at this latest developement of *la Vie Parisienne*. It was in the Hotel C——one pleasant morning not so very long ago, and the young woman in question was enjoying to the full her coffee-and-roll-sleep, as the French say, when something seemed to compel her to emerge from dreamland long enough to open her eyes on her dainty bed-chamber. What she saw was enough to make her shriek ten times over; but she didn't. Surprise got the better of horror as she saw leaning over the sides of her bed two old women, hideous, yellow-skinned and hook-nosed—very eager old women withal—each holding

A HANDFUL OF DIAMONDS

in her withered palm, and each pouring from her skinny lips an incoherent torrent of supplications—which seemed half threat—that *la belle* would buy her wares. How did they get there? Who were they? What did they want? And, oh, where in the name of wonderful Paris even did they get so many brilliants? If there were other questions than these which rushed through her still semi-somnolent brain the young woman didn't allow them to alarm her. It was still the nineteenth century in the *fin de Siecle* capital, even if these harpies did look like ghouls out of the "Arabian Nights." At last she managed to understand each of her hideous hags still clutching at one of her wrists as they proffered the gems, that she had the honor of receiving a visit from two of the agents of a certain well-known diamond house in the Rue de Sorbonne and that the bargains they were then and there offering her were so very seductive that

SHE COULDN'T RESIST BUYING,

even had she not already as many diamonds as she could use. What is more, she began to lose the feeling of intense horror at her surroundings and aversion to the physical presence of the harpy-like diamond brokers. When she came to herself and described what the hideous old diamond merchants had done, her maid assured her she had been hypnotized, and advised that the police should be called in. But, after all, there didn't seem to have been any great amount of harm done; none of the young woman's money was missing from her portemonnaie on the dressing-table and her jewel case in the tray of her trunk had not been tampered with. Besides all that there was the handful of diamonds the hypnotic hags had left on the bed. Examination showed quickly enough that the stones were yellow, uneven and faulty. The stamped paper in which they were wrapped bore the name of a diamond-house of which everybody has heard. It was easy enough to go and explain that the young lady didn't really want the diamonds after all; that in the dim light of her bedroom, when they were so mysteriously exhibited to her without even "by your leave."

THEY HAD SEEMED MUCH HANDSOMER

than when viewed later on in the calm, clear sunlight, and that besides and above all it was an outrage demanding legal redress, that two of their disreputable-looking old diamond vendors should force their way into the bedroom of a guest at the hotel and intrude upon her privacy so shockingly, to say the least of it! This all was done, without delay and without other result than the calm announcement by the Frenchman that his agents had received from Mademoiselle a written receipt for the stones, with an explicit promise to pay 5000 francs a month for them until their total price, 45,000 francs had been paid; that a bargain was a bargain and Mademoiselle, having bought the stones, and received them, must pay for them! "The trade is made, *c'ta fait*" and that was the end of it! The hotel people expressed polite surprise that any one should have been able to enter Mademoiselle's apartment while she slept and her maid was within ear-shot. If Mademoiselle said so, they believed her of course, but as the lock showed no signs of having been forced, and as

NO ROBBERY OR PERSONAL OUTRAGE

had been committed while they regretted the whole affair, what could they do? Recourse was next had to the Consul-General's office, where the gentleman in charge appreciated the situation keenly, and was enraged at such extraordinary, debased and dangerous methods of plundering his fellow-countrymen. That some hypnotic influence had been exerted by the two women on his fair young countrywoman there could be little doubt, since the reaction had left her, in a dangerous condition of nervous collapse. Yet as no personal violence had been offered her, no money or property taken from her and no direct threats made to her, it was exceedingly difficult to see how to take helpful action in the case. An eminent lawyer was retained at a cost of 2500 francs, and after racking his brains for a way out of the bargain, after acknowledging the hopelessness of securing redress for the hypnotic assault and insulting intrusion, he discovered that the two particular old women in question had no license to peddle diamonds, and that therefore the sale made through them was null and void, and the promise to pay 45,000 francs must be instantly returned to his client on her surrender of the diamonds all of which was done.

The white men who had had charge of Stanley Falls Station lived on amicable terms with the Arabs until, early in 1886, when Captain Walter Deane was in command of the post, a war broke out between the Arab settlement and Stanley Fall Station, owing to a disagreement resulting from Deane's efforts to protect a slave woman from cruelty. After three days' hard fighting—during which time Deane did some good execution with his Krupp guns—his men, finding their ammunition was giving out, became disheartened, and in the darkness of night embarked in canoes, and all but three west coast natives deserted their white officers and escaped down stream.

Wonder and Satisfaction

will be your experience when you first try Pearline. You'll wonder at its miraculous cleansing-time-labor-saving properties. Wonder why you had not discovered the truth before. You'll be satisfied that all the good things you have read or heard of Pearline are true—if you've heard bad, you'll be satisfied 'twas false. There's hundreds of uses for Pearline beside the laundry and house-cleaning—for washing dishes, china, glassware, silver, straw hats, felt hats, bead trimmings, marble, bronzes, oil paintings, carpets; in fact, everything in the house, from top to bottom—all that's washable—will be far more satisfactory because of the liberal use of Pearline. It is harmless.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. 152

Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York

Tarry Here.

"And Elijah said unto Elisha, tarry here I pray thee."

"*Tarry here, while I go down to Bethel.*"
Spake that voice whose tones from Tisbe
thundered doom,—
Spake to him, the saintly son of Shaphat—
Called, anointed to be prophet in his room,
Spake by Gilgal, with the sun, full-orbed,
ascending,
Spake as one who knew the journey and the
road;
For, alone, he fain would reach that journey's
ending,
In the silence meet the messengers of God.

"*Tarry here!*" The voice is low and tender,
All its harsh, discordant bitterness seems
spent,
In its tones there breaths a sweet surrender,
In its words a holy, grateful, glad content.
O 'tis well for us when grace, divine, can lead us
From the vengeful trend of famine, fire and
sword,
To hear the quiet lessons the silent forces read
us
And in them to hear the voices of the Lord.

"*Tarry here!*" Ah yes! 'Tis well to tarry:—
There are those who wait our teaching and
our skill,—
Sorrow's burdens seem more than some can
carry,—
Duty's weary pressure has its soreness still,
And the message of the Prophet still is sounding.
And the needy, dumb, despairing once await,
And the ignorance and evil are abounding
Just as when those Prophets counselled by
the gate.

"*Tarry here!*" Ah! love is very clinging.—
It would follow onward, downward through the
gloom,
Till it heard the warning belfries ringing
Danger signals in the shadow of the tomb:
But, 'tis only here we glean life's grand—
evangels:
From the world beyond, which hath our being
stirred,
For we, sometimes, close by Jordan, see the
Angels
And the chariots and the horsemen of the
Lord.

"*Tarry here!*" our pulses throb ecstatic
At wondrous revelations of delight;
Blessedness and freedom are emphatic
In that other life outflashing on our sight.
The vision fades and leaves us to the burden,
And we find our duty's guiding where they
trod.
And we know that by-and-by we too by Jordan
Shall rejoice to meet the *Messengers of God.*

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.
"The Elms," Toronto.

Humor and Torture.

The facts behind the official announcement that the Turkish Ambassador at Vienna died of apoplexy prove that the Leader of the Faithful is thoroughly abreast of the times without the least disgracing his unspeakable ancestors of rack and bowstring memory. This Ambassador Saadullah Pasha, was the confidential adviser of Abdul Hamid's predecessor on the Ottoman throne. He was, therefore, in disgrace when Abdul Hamid became Sultan. But Sadoullah was such a rare diplomatist that he was not to be sent to join the Prophet or banished to the fastnesses of Arabia. So the Sultan sent him as Ambassador to Berlin, and afterward to Vienna. Sadoullah left behind him in Constantinople his wife and his two children, a boy and a girl, to whom he was much attached.

This was fourteen years ago. Sadoullah had never been allowed to return to Constantinople. Whenever he asks permission he was refused on the ground that his service at his post were too valuable to be spared even a few days. He then asked that his family might come to see him. This also was courteously refused. At last the Sultan allowed his son to go on to see him. But in no way was Sadoullah able to arrange a meeting with his daughter, to whom he was especially attached. As a sort of refinement of cruelty the Sultan loaded him with honors and decorations.

The ambassador tendered his resignation, but his master sent him an amiable note, saying that he could not do without so valuable a servant. He did not dare rebel. His wife and daughter were in the power of his torturer. For the same reason he was forced to do his best toward furthering the Sultan's interests at Vienna.

This state of affairs has long been known to the diplomatic corps at the Austrian court, and Sadrulloh has received especial consideration. Fourteen years of this acute suffering stamped his face with deep and sad dejection. He grew to have the air of one who expects at any moment a mortal blow. At last this cruelty, so cleverly and unceasingly prolonged, reduced him to a state of melancholia.

On June 2 a despatch from Constantinople informed him that his daughter was at the point of death. He at once telegraphed for permission to go to her. After ten days of waiting he received a courteous but positive refusal. At last Sadoullah gave up hope. He realized that his banishment was for life. After brooding over his final stroke five days he went out early the morning of Jan. 17 and brought a rubber pipe. He returned to the embassy and locked himself in his apartment. He put one end of the pipe over the gas burner, the other end in his mouth. He turned on the gas, and drew several deep breaths. When they found him he was unconscious, and past restoration.

The embassy at once announced that he had died of apoplexy. The Sultan gave personal directions as to the honors to be paid his remains and his memory. The body was taken to Constantinople, and the Sultan is said to have wept over his honored and faithful servant. At any rate Sadvullah and his family were united

This incident shows clearly that the Sublime Porte is benefitting by civilization. Timour the Lame and all other Turks and Tarters must withdraw before their improved descendant, who, so far outdid the old method, which, at the best, means a few hours of more physical torture and then the relief of death. Abdul Hamid had all the joy of seeing Sadvullah suffer exquisitely through fourteen years. He had also the benefit of a great diplomat's skill during the best period of his life.

Health and Character.

Doubtless the high state of spirituality attained by the Jewish prophets and poets was greatly due to the cleanly habits for which that people were pre-eminent. Moses was the first great law-giver who combined the fundamental principles of hygiene with his political institutes, and commanded his subjects to keep clean, and to abstain from unwholesome food. The strict enforcement of laws pertaining to physical, no less than moral uncleanness, made of the Jews a separate and chosen people.—Without this there could have been no healthy root for that peculiar mental and spiritual development which afterwards blossomed in the sublimest characters and mightiest inspirations of time.

God not only visits the sins but the virtues of the fathers upon the children of subsequent generations. A clean diet and a clean skin are absolutely essential to the perfect growth of body and soul, and the civilization or the religion which has not learned this truth has yet to acquire the "first law of nature." All the various races and tribes which for thousands of years have merely existed, but have not lived—for to live is to grow—have, without exception, been filthy in their habits.

The independence and the elevation of Ireland will never be realized till the Irish people learn that their priests and their religion are powerless to save the souls whose temples are daily damned with dirt, and bad diet and vile stimulants, and narcotics. And Protestant Christendom is scarcely less criminal than Catholic in this respect. It is doubtful if one regenerate person in ten ever thinks of giving the body a channel to throw off its impurities, and be born again with water, by becoming a practical Baptist once a week, or even once every month.

If our evangelists and teachers had, for the past century, been earnest in impressing people with the importance of proper food and cleanliness, we should not be a nation of whimpering invalids, the willing slaves of family physicians, and the victims of quack medicines.

We have yet something to learn of the Jews and of the old Greeks. Christianity is Paganism converted to Christian theories, but retaining some of the worst of Pagan customs, involving bodily filth, and the eating of unclean and scrofula-breeding meats.

It is true we ignore the fine physical culture of the ancient Greeks, because it was associated with heathen ceremonies, but we feast upon the flesh of diseased and disgusting swine, because the animal is supposed to have been included in Saint Peter's dream of the great white sheet.

Our theology has much to say of sins committed by our first parents six thousand years ago, but it sheds little or no light upon the relations which our "last" parents hold to their sickly offspring, and to those natural laws in the observance of which we can secure physical purity and righteousness. Our schools inform us minutely concerning the heavenly bodies and the sources of rivers, but keep silent about the care of our earthly bodies, and seldom hint at the sources of health and of disease.

Truly, we are a great people. We build magnificent cities, tunnel mountains, and cross continents with railroads; we bid the printing-press reproduce a million-fold of every good and bad human thought; we subjugate time with lightning; we uncover, explore and measure the planets. But with all these vast material achievements, our civilization has not yet risen above the plane of pork and sourkrout-eating, drug-taking, tobacco-consuming, whiskey and beer drinking. It has not yet comprehended what Moses understood three thousand years ago—that a clean skin and a sweet stomach are the beginning of health and virtue, and that good health is the rock upon which to build up a humanity sound in mind and morals. Welfare is the outcome of wellness.

If we would secure strong, consistent characters, we must invigorate the physical roots of character. Health lies behind the beatitudes, and without it virtue is a slender stock, and heaven on earth the shadow of a dream.

The Botanical Gardens at Ballarat have been attacked by the locust plague which has ravished the wheat crops of Victoria, causing a loss of 18,000,000 bushels, ten millions of which were for exportation.

The human body is really a tight little portable furnace. The fuel goes in at the top and feeds the fire. No fuel, no fire; no fire, no play. It is a concise and may be to some readers a novel way of expressing the heating capacity of these walking crematories to say that one of them generates enough heat during the day to melt forty pounds of ice and raise it to the boiling point. Everything we eat, even ice cream, produces heat. In fact, we eat to heat.

BRISTOL'S

PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

1891 1891

THE LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION!

NO. 27.

We have much pleasure in announcing a new Bible Competition, beginning at once. This one is the twenty-seventh, and the fact that we have been able to continue them so long, is the best evidence of their popularity. Here are the questions:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found:—1. MONEY. 2. COAL. 3. WOOD.

The list of rewards enumerated below is as large and attractive as in any of the former competitions, which have given so much satisfaction during the past nine years. To the sender of the first correct answer received at office of the LADIES' JOURNAL, will be given number one of these rewards, the SADDLE HORSE. The sender of the second correct answer number two, one of the Gold Watches, and so on till all these first rewards are given away.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

First one Lady's **Saddle-Horse**, nearly thoroughbred, well broken, sound, kind, good jumper, will follow a lady like a lap-dog; but a good traveller, not afraid of anything. Valued at	$ 250
Next Five, Each a Lady's **Fine Gold-filled Hunting Case Watch.** Value $50 each	$ 250
Next Six, Each a Fine Black **Cashmere Dress** Length, Value $16	$ 96
Next Fifteen, Each a Set of **Dinner Knives**,—one doz—in a neat case. Value $10	$ 150
Next Twenty-One Each a Lady's Fine **Silver Watch.** Excellent movement Value $15 Each	$ 315
Next Fifteen, Each an Elegant **Breakfast Cruet**, extra quadruple plate, hand-painted bottles, very neat, $4	$ 60
Next Four, Each a Fine **China Dinner Service**, (100 pieces,) an extra choice design, $35	$ 140
Next Six, an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service** (4 pieces,) satin finish, a beautiful set, $40	$ 240
Next Five, Each a Gentleman's **Hunting Case Gold Filled Watch**, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $60	$ 250
Next Five, each a Fine Black Corded, **Silk Dress** length, $25	$ 125
Next Fifteen, each **One doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, extra quality $5	$ 75
Next Ten, each a Beautifully Bound **Family Bible**, with concordance, maps, Engravings, dictionary and magnificently illustrated $15	$ 150

To the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given number one of these middle rewards. Next number two, and so on.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

First one an Elegant, Upright, **Rosewood Piano**	$500
Next One **Drawing Room Suite** Upholstered in Raw silk beautifully finished in every particular	$ 100
Next one **Lady's Bicycle**, latest improved Machine	$ 150
Next Five, Each One **Lady's Fine Gold Filled Watch Hunting Case**, beautifully engraved good movement, full jewelled at $50	250
Next Ten, Each a **Lady's Companion**, beautifully lined in plush containing Bevelled Glass, Fine Hair Brush, Comb, etc. $3	30
Next Five, Each a Fine **China Tea Service, Extra** Choice design, Especially Imported, $10	50
Next fifteen, Each a Fine **Pair of Razor Steel Scissors.** Value $2	$ 30
Next Five, Each a Handsomely Bound in Morocco Cover, **Family Bible.** Beautifully Illustrated, containing the Revised Edition, Commentary Dictionary, etc., etc., $15	$ 75
Next Ten, Each a Lady's or Gentleman's **Coin Silver Watch**, with good movement—a correct time-piece. $15	$ 150
Next Five, Each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, Satin Finish, **Waiters or Salvers**, $10	$ 50
Next Twenty-four, each a very fine solid nickle straight line lever **Gennes Watch.** This watch is well constructed and an extra time-piece, and no way to be compared with cheap nickle watches, $6	$ 144
Next Three, Each a well finished **Family Sewing Machine**, $70	$ 210

To the sender of the last correct answer of the whole competition, postmarked where mailed, not later than 25th March, 1891, will be given number one of these rewards. To the one preceding the last, number two, and so on, counting backwards till all these rewards are given. So even the residents of the most distant places have as good an opportunity as those living in Toronto.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First Five each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25	$ 125
Next six, each a handsome hand-painted brass finish, **Drawing Room Lamp.**	$ 36
Next Fifteen, each **one dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons.** $5	$ 75
Next Ten, each a beautifully bound **Family Bible**, with concordance, maps, engravings, dictionary, and magnificently illustrated, $15	$ 150
Next Six, each a full quadruple plate **Berry Dish**, with beautifully colored and white glass bowl, a very showy, choice article, $15	$ 90
Next six, each a **Gentleman's Filled Gold Open Face Watch**, Waltham movement, exact time-piece, $50	$ 300
Next six, each a **Lady's Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch**, a reliable timer, $40	$240
Next fifty, each a **Lady's Fine Solid Silver Thimble**, $1.50	$ 75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated combined **Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder**, with one dozen extra value Tea Spoons, $12	$ 72

All persons competing must send with their answers, one dollar, for which THE LADIES' JOURNAL will be mailed to any address for one year. THE JOURNAL has been enlarged to 28 pages and a handsome cover added, making it one of the most attractive publications on the continent for the money. There is something in each issue to interest every lady, young or old, and you will find, even if you do not get any of the above prizes, that you have received your dollar's worth in THE JOURNAL.

The names and full addresses of the winners of the first, middle and consolation rewards will be published in THE JOURNAL immediately at the close of the competition. The editor has in his possession thousands of highly complimentary letters of the winners of prizes in previous competitions. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, clergymen, members of parliament, publishers, printers, railway men, in fact nearly every trade and profession is represented in our list of winners. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

General Debility Cured.—Read This.

WROXETER, ONT., 15th Jan., 1891.

W. T. BAER & CO. Dear Sir,—I confess to tardiness in writing and reporting to you my experience of your electrical instruments as proving an effectual remedy for what I complained of leading to application to you for the same. Is the Actina an electrical instrument? It, as you say, keeps the catarrh from head and throat, most truly I have had a most perfect conviction by its use, that it is an invaluable and certain remedy for catarrh and can with the greatest confidence recommend to all so troubled. Your Butterfly Belt with Suspensory has been a great blessing to me. I have had no pains in the back since I began to wear it. The comfort I have from it is such as to make a man feel quite strong and able to get out and walk with ease and enjoy life as when a young man. I AM NOW SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD. All that are afflicted with back ache and general weakness should test the truth of my experience with your Butterfly Belt and Suspensory. I would ask you here if it is necessary to continue to use the above right on or stop for a season its use while the pains and feebleness are absent. Whether your text be true "ELECTRICITY IS LIFE" it is a WONDERFUL element in nature when properly used, alleviating human misery from painful affliction, for which we ought ever to be thankful to God, who is the author of everything that is good and useful for man. Yours very truly,

REV. GEO. BROWN, Wroxeter, Ont.

Wroxeter, Ont., 20th Jan., 1889.

My Dear Sir,—You are quite welcome to make any use of my letter you may think proper. You'd better put it in a readable shape, it may then lead some poor sufferer to apply to you for what I consider your reliable remedies. REV. GEORGE BROWN.

Millionaires competed for a running prize at Tuxedo Park recently—a well-to-do race.

A Winnipegger's Opinion.

The following is taken from a letter from Mr. D. Davis, Winnipeg, Man.: "Being persuaded to use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for a troublesome cold, I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles."

Teacher—"To what circumstance is Columbus indebted for his fame?" Tommy—"To the circumstance that America was not already discovered."

That latent force or fluid, which permeates all matter, and which bears the conventional name of Electricity, is widely appreciated and recognized as a means of cure in various diseases. Its effects in the form of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL are shown by the relief of pain, both Neuralgiac and Rheumatic, as well as the throat and lungs, and in various other healing ways.

California, Delaware, Kentucky, and Iowa are practically out of debt.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.—[Brooke.

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplewell, Chemist, of our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with best results."

Painters are not of a military turn generally, yet they stand by their colors.

It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—with the ordinary unguents lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

What a pity that some men are not as wise as they look, and some woman as amiable as they can sometimes appear.

Why Not Treat?

Why not treat such troubles as boils, pimples, blotches, sores, humors, eruptions rashes, skin irritations, etc., with Burdock Blood Bitters. It is filled with virtue as a blood purifier and goes right to the right spot. It makes the skin bright and clear, while also invigorating the entire system.

Hawkers and Peddlers.

What ear-splitting cries we hear daily in the streets of every large city! But these itinerant dealers who hawk their wares about are, when under proper restrictions, a useful portion of the community, and not such nuisances as the catarrh hawkers. This is a stubborn disease to conquer, but Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy does it. It is a mild, soothing and antiseptic, unlike snuffs that irritate, or solutions that burn. It corrects offensive breath, and restores taste, smell and hearing. Nasal catarrh often ends in consumption. Apply the only cure in time. *Price* 50 cents, by all druggists.

Uncle George—"And so you go to school now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best?" Johnny—"The exercises we get at recess."

THE THIN CANNOT GAIN IN WEIGHT if they are troubled with dyspepsia, because the food is not converted into the due proportion of nourishing blood which alone can furnish the elements of flesh. But there is no reason, when this wearing, attenuating disease is conquered by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, why there should not be an appreciable gain in weight, which indeed is usually the case. It is a peerless remedy also for Constipation, Liver Complaint, Kidney troubles, and roots out all impurities from the blood.

She (out of breath)—"Doesn't it make you dizzy to waltz?" He—"Yes, but one must get used to it, you know. It's the way of the whirled."

A. MAYBEE, Merchant Warkworth, writes:—"I have sold some hundreds of bottles of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, and it is pronounced by the public "one of the best medicines they have ever used;" it has done wonders in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, &c., and is worthy of the greatest confidence."

Young Wife—"John, mother says she wants to be cremated." Young Husband—"Tell her if she'll put on her things, I'll take her down this morning."

Now Free From Pain.

Dear Sirs—I have been troubled with Lame Back for about six months, and thought I would try Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yellow Oil very highly.

FRANK PALMER,
Winona, Ont.

Caller—"How perfectly devoted you are to your husband." Young Wife—"Yes, I am trying to pet and spoil him so that if I die and he marries again no other woman can live with him."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all other diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, and gives ease even to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, colds, shortness of breath, and affections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs, or with general debility, seem to vanish under its use. No other remedy acts so readily in allaying inflammation or breaking up a severe cold, even the most obstinate cough is overcome by its penetrating and healing properties. When children are affected with colds, coughs, inflammation of the lungs, croup, quinsy, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. The number of deaths among children from these diseases is truly alarming. It is so PALATABLE that a child will not refuse it, and is put at such a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

"Oh, Mabel, tell me the truth, now; if you were in my place would you accept him?" "Certainly. Why, if I had been in your place I would have accepted him myself, the other night, when he proposed to me."

Recommended by one of the most eminent physicians on the American continent as an aid to digestion, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere, 5 cents.

A maligner of the sex.
"What is an open secret? Tell me, pray;
I've heard the phrase so often during life.'
"You make an open secret on the day
You give away a secret to your wife."

THERE IS A WIDE DIFFERENCE between medicines which affect merely the symptoms of disease and those which affect its cause. The first are useful as palliatives, the second, if of genuine efficacy, produce a radical cure. To the latter class belongs Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Thoroughness of operation is its special attribute in all cases of Biliousness, Costiveness, Indigestion, Kidney Complaints, and Female Weakness.

Sunshine in the House!

"I'm weary with work!" the good wife sighed:
"But after all," she said,
"It's sweet to labor for those we love—
No wonder that maids will wed."

A wise housewife lightens her toil and gladdens the home circle by her cheerfulness. But health is the first requisite, and her just prerogative. Health follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which repairs the ravages caused by those peculiar diseases which afflict womankind. It enriches the blood, cures the cough, increases the flesh, prevents hysteria, nervousness and low spirits, and is a veritable fountain of health to women, young and old. Satisfaction, or the price ($1.00) refunded. Of druggists.

Little Johnny—"Say, father, what makes the baby cry every time it wakes up?" Brown—"Well, from what I know of babies it cries from vexation to find that it has kept still for a reasonable length of time."

Spring Cleaning.

Be particular every Spring to clean the house, but never mind cleansing the blood until some troublesome disease takes hold of you. This is poor policy when by using Burdock Blood Bitters the blood will be thoroughly cleansed, the body strengthened, and future suffering prevented.

Mrs. Murray Hill—"You're not really going to the Pastime boxing contests, are you, John? I wish you wouldn't. I'm sure it must be a dreadful thing." Mr. Murray Hill—"You're much mistaken, my dear; this is a regular kid-glove affair."
—Isn't it queer?

What a debt of gratitude the world owes to such men as Drs. Ayer and Jenner—the latter for the great discovery of vaccination, and the former for his Extract of Sarsaparilla—the best of blood-purifiers! Who can estimate how much these discoveries have benefited the race!

The man who says he's not afraid to die,
That life's not worth the living for life's sake,
All kinds of patent medicines will buy
The moment that he has a pain or ache.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

His Sister—"Carrie Goldsnt has just asked me to be one of her bridesmaids." Jack—"By Jove! Do you know, I think brides are some of the greatest fools there are." "Why?" "Because they never marry the best man, don't you know."

The best form in which electricity is embodied is DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, a sovereign and highly sanctioned specific for rheumatic pains, and a thoroughly reliable remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, used externally and internally.

Young Husband—"Here's the old chestnut about a rose being just as sweet by any other name. It's a lie; it wouldn't." Young Wife—"Pray, what difference could the name make?" Young Husband—"Well, here's your own case. Two months ago you were Miss Catchim and, Moses! how sweet you were! Now, you're Mrs. Gottim, and —Jerusalem!"

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

A quadruple birth has been recorded at Cannes. A Paris correspondent telegraphs that the quadrille of babies are described as fine boys, none of them below the normal weight. Their mother, the wife of a poor mechanic, is doing well.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

—How the old man looks at it;
The old man may dig and delve,
But there's sure to be some ass
Who keeps his daughter up till twelve
And burns his coal and gas.

We cannot all be first, but T. A. SLOCUM of 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., must feel more than ordinary pride in the success of his valuable preparations for the cure of lung diseases, viz: SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. No preparation of the kind has ever met with the same success in the same time and the testimonials in its favor are all from the most authentic sources. Every druggist sells it.

What's the use of feeling languid,
Mopy, dull and blue?
Cleanse the blood and give it vigor:
Make the old man new.

How? I'll tell you. To the drug store
Go this very day—
Buy a medicine to banish
All your ills away—

And that medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the very best blood-purifier on earth. It builds up and strengthens the system because it cleanses the blood, and that's what the system must have to be strong and healthy. There's nothing that equals it. Absolutely sold *on trial!* Your money back, if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

She (piqued)—"I don't know exactly what to make of you, Mr. Bland!" He (eager to suggest)—"Er—why not try a husband?"

Editorial Evidence.

Gentlemen—Your Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late *La Grippe* epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive, and for sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it.

WM. PENBERTON,
Editor *Reporter*,
Delh' Ont.

"Strange thing how Winks ever got the reputation of being a wit," said Jaggleby. "Why, the only decent thing he has gotten off all the evening is his $60 overcoat, and he owes his tailor for that."

MRS. E. H. PERKINS, Creek Centre, Warren Co., N. Y., writes: "She has been troubled with Asthma for four years, had to sit up night after night with it. She has taken two bottles of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL and is perfectly cured. She strongly recommends it, and wishes to act as agent among her neighbors."

"Tommy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I'm sure your Bible doesn't teach you to wait for another boy and throw stones at him." "It does's far as I've got. I'm only in the first part yet."

RESTLESSNESS, MORBID ANXIETY, and a fretful disposition, are usually met with in the dyspeptic. These mental *indicia* show how close is the connection between brain and stomach. Their most prolific cause, dyspepsia, is a complaint for which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Blood Purifier is used with unvarying success. It also remedies Biliousness, Constipation, and Impurity of the Blood.

Safer when expressed.
A man may send his thoughts by freight,
If properly addressed;
But thoughts, like many other things,
Are safer when expressed.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is a sure cure for dandruff."—J. W. Bowen, Editor *Enquirer*, McArthur, Ohio.

Mr. Bulfinch—"I hope, Johnny, you're keeping the diary I gave you New Year's." Johnny—"Oh, yes, sir." Mr. Bulfinch—"Have you written in it everyday?" Johnny—"Oh, no, sir; I haven't opened it at all."

Supposing.

Supposing you suffer from some disease. Suppose it is dyspepsia or biliousness or constipation or bad blood. Suppose you learn that Burdock Blood Bitters has cured thousands of cases of these and similar complaints. Don't you suppose you ought to try *it*? It cannot harm you and in nine cases out of ten it cures.

It does not take a woman many years to find out that men are a mighty uncertain set. But a man never entirely loses the delusion that somewhere in the world is to be found a woman about ten per cent. nearer perfection than the angels.

What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure."

CLARA E. PORTER.

Rose—"Did I understand you say Miss Lenox's voice was a noticeable feature of last night's opera? I never knew she sang on the stage." Lillian—"She does not. She was one of a box party."

M. SHERHAN, of Oscoda, Mich., writes: "I have used DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL on horses for different diseases and found it to be just as you recommended. It has done justice to me every time, and is the best oil for horses I ever used."

Summer Sweets.

HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"Sweets to the sweet," the poets say,
So I gave my love some posies,
The breath of the languorous summer lay
In the heart of the damask roses:
The red carnation hung down its head
As if wooing her soft caresses,
And the cereopsis looked pale and dead
By the side of her golden tresses.

Sweets to the sweet," -and I gathered pinks,
Their fiery hearts a-shining,
Around their stems the branlol links
Of clover and gold-thread twining.
I wove her a chaplet of maiden-hair,
To wear on her dainty bonnet,
And gave her a lily, pure and fair,
With dew-drops sprinkled upon it.

'Sweets to the sweet," I whispered low,
As I dropped in her lap each token.
And begged that she would not answer "no"
To the question my eyes had spoken.
The red blood rushed to her brow and cheek,
As with scarlet ip-s quiver,
She said, "If the flowers could only speak,
They would tell you I love the giver."

—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated.*

Bedtime Fancies.

Out from the corners and over the floor
Come flocking and flocking the shadow band;
I will get in my little white coach and drive
Through the Valley of Dreams into Slumberland.

I have four black horses that Night has lent
I call the name of my coachmon Sleep.
And the little white coach is cozy and soft.
As I nestle down in its cushions deep.

Heigho! we are off. The horses go slow
At first, then fast and faster still.
With silent hoof-beats speeding on.
Down to the foot of the Drowsy Hill.

This twilight place is the Valley of Dreams,
Where all the wonderful dream things are.
And the balsam groves and poppy fields
That stretch on ever and ever so far.

The dream forests rustle their secrets out,
The lights of the dream town twinkle and shine.
And the white dream-ships from the harbor sail
Away to the dim horizon line.

Ah! the sounds of the Valley are growing faint,
Its sights are fading on either hand,
I cross the border still and dark
And enter the real Slumberland

Members of the Congregation.

Oh beautiful sunbeam, straying
In through the wide church door,
I wish I was with you, playing
Down there on the cool stone floor:
For I am so tired of sitting
Upright and stiff and still,
And you, you go dancing, flitting
Gayly, wherever you will;
And you've nothing to do but glisten,
And no one is ever vexed
Because you forget to listen
Or can't remember the text.

Dear sunbeam, I'm pondering, pondering,
Were they all *fast* asleep, the flowers?
When you came on your bright wings wandering,
To earth in the morning hours,
And where have you since been roaming
The long, long, hot day through?
Will you welcome the purple gloaming
That means going home to you

Have you been to the river, I wonder?
The river, shining and wide,
Where coots dart flashingly under,
And water weeds rock with the tide.
Did you see the big daisies bobbing?
Were the speedwells like bits of sky?
Did you hear the sad grasses sobbing
Whenever the winds went by?

Dear sunbeam, I'll be so lonely
When you have gone quite away,
And even now you are only
A faint gold splash on the gray.
Ah! at last the sermon is over;
I know the text: God is Light;
Wait a minute, sunbeam, you rover,
And let me bid you good night.

FRANCES WYNNE.

Kitty Neale.

All in the Golden Vale,
I met with Kitty Neale,
On her poll the milking pail, a lamb nosing at her knee.
Oh! her eyes were dreams of blue,
With the sunlight dancing through,
And her saucy lips the hue of the rose on the tree.

For a year and for a day,
I have sought in every way
That maiden fair as May for my true love to gain;
Every art of tongue and eye
Fond lads with lasses try,
I had used with ceaseless sigh, yet all, all in vain!

But that morning at the trace
Of the trouble in my face,
She paused with timid grace and murmured my name,
And a blessed, blessed man,
I'd a kiss beneath her can
And consent her waist to span, without one word of blame.

And amid the blooming bowers,
I'd have rambled on for hours,
With my blushing Flower of Flowers, under Heaven's blue dome;
But the lamb he took a tilt,
At her pail, till all was spilt,
And crying, "I'll be kilt!" Kitty darted home.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday.

Amid the strong recesses of the hills,
Fixed by His word, immutable and calm,
The murmuring river all the silence fills
With its unheeded psalm

From deep to deep the floods lift up their voice,
Because His hand hath measured them of old;
The far out-goings of the morn rejoice
His wonders to unfold.

The smallest cloudlet wrecked in distant storms,
That wanders homeless through the distant skies,
Is reckoned in His purposes and forms
One of His argosies.

—*Anonymous.*

Wednesday—

When the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee,
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee:
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.

—*Anonymous.*

Thursday—It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them the history of their pains and aches, and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is of all other the meanest help to discourse, and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his headache answered by another's asking what news in the last mail.—*Richard Steele.*

Friday—Life material is unorganized body: body is organized matter. The atmosphere, however, being in part given from the body, has the same general qualities of the organized body. Some are grossly licentious, and if their atmosphere surround you, it is with an influence of that sort. Others, and perhaps the larger, number, average as appetite servers; their thoughts are of eating and drinking. They are servants of appetites. They affect you on that plane. The keenly intellectual again fold you in an influence that stimulates your brain; and may intensely weary you without words. The organs of the brain also affect the atmosphere. Love is thus predominant in many, pure and chastened, and very vitalizing to the hungry. Charity or benevolence surrounds such natures as Jesus, and occasionally one whom we meet in our common life; and if this be that warm, large, "bene-volens" or good wishing, which desires well for everybody it is well for everybody. The gift of atmosphere of this sort is more sweet and grateful than loaves of bread and money. Health flows out in the same way from the nicely poised, well developed organic life.—*E. P. Powell.*

Saturday—Do you go to your graves these winter days, and observe how the flowers you tended there last summer are dead, and think of other fairer dead, of which these were but the poor intimation? For the sake of all that can fill you with the everlasting life, open your heart to the sense of that springtide, sure to rise, when the sun comes back and tell your soul that is but the intimation also of the springtide poor David Gray sang about, as he lay a-dying, in the first bloom of his life:

"There is life with God
In other kingdoms of a sweeter air;
In Eden every flower is blown. Amen."

—*Anonymous.*

Love's Eyes.

Two lovelier eyes, say, can there be,
That try their love to hide from me?
But orbs that speak, their secret gives,
And tell that there true love still lives.

Her words in silvern ripples flow,
Melodious, softly, sweet and low;
And Eolian accents fill the air,
Breathed from lips of her most fair.

Entranced I muse on that sweet face,
Adorned with every gift of grace;
Dame Nature's lavish mood was then,
To make mine so admired of men.

Eyes that speak so, are you close,
Make this heart in peace repose;
And say some day we one shall be
Through all time and eternity.

Till then those eyes shall haunt me still,
Bearing me on through every ill:
And guiding stars they'll be to me,
Drawing me ever near to thee.

Toronto. J. STRACHAN MORTIMER.

There are over eight hundred thousand more widows than widowers in England. The Westminister Review, in discussing the subject, attributes the disparity chiefly to the growing disposition of men to marry late in life, under which circumstances they generally marry persons younger than themselves, which the Review considers a very serious evil in modern socie*

An Interesting Story of Crime.

An interesting story of crime in a great metropolis is to be found in the last annual report (that for 1889) of the Commissioner of Police for London. The metropolitan area guarded by the force was 700 square miles, and for the protection of person and property 15,000 men were on the rolls. Of the men, however, owing to reasons not detailed, several thousand were continually unavailable.

At the head of this list of crimes committed in spite of the public guardians stand seventeen homicides, the most of which were plainly deliberate murder, but not a single capital conviction is recorded against the names of the criminals. In four cases the criminals could not be found, one of the four being Jack the Ripper of Whitechapel. In other cases the the assailant was insane, some committed suicide, and in a few cases conviction for manslaughter was obtained. On the whole it was fairly safe to kill a man in London, quite as safe as in Kentucky or any of the American States where a feeling that the criminal "done had to" commonly influences the jury to acquit. It is likely that no State shows so serious a failure of justice as this report shows for London.

In the report on crimes against property, it is told plainly that stealing does not pay. Even leaving out of consideration the awards of punishment meted out to the thieves, they would scarce have made the wages of honest labor. Thus, there were but 499 burglaries, and but £3,000 worth of property gathered in, about £6 per job on the average. But of this a great part was recovered, while in 124 cases not a farthing was obtained by the burglar. Moreover, these figures represent the loss to the owners, not the gain to the thief. No statement of the actual cash receipts of the thieves can be made, but when one considers the prices at which the thieves must sell their plunder to the fences, it is reasonable to suppose that had they all gotten off scot free of imprisonment, suffering only from the loss of the property which was recovered from them, they would not have made $5 a job on the average, perhaps not $2

There were about 1,500 cases of housebreaking, and here the same story is told. The thieves got property of an estimated value of £11,000 (the owners always estimating their losses as high as possible), but much was recaptured. Even on the basis of the estimated loss in over half the cases, the value was less than £4, while in only thirty-two cases out of the 1,600 did the value exceed £50.

The cases of shopbreaking numbered 517, or seventy-three less than in 1888. The number of burglaries, too, was less than in 1888, and so, too, were the housebreakings and pocket pickings.

Sir Edward Bradford, who writes the report, says the decrease would be still greater were it not for the leniency with which habitual and well-known criminals are treated by Judges.

On an average, however, crimes against property were 13 per cent. less numerous in 1889 than in 1888.

The portion of the report referring to the health of the force shows that 379 members were invalided, of whom 280 obtained pensions and the other received gratuities only. The latter had been in the service less than fifteen years. Of those put on pension 63 had rheumatism and 40 were retired because of "age, long service and debility." There were 19 cases of phthsis and disease of the lungs, 18 were affected with bronchitis, and 20 had injuries that rendered them unfit for duty.

The roll of honor gives 2,000 names of men specially commended by magistrates and others for meritorious conduct in the discharge of duty. In 100 of these cases the men had been hurt. Of the cases commended 200 were for stopping runaway horses, 40 of the 200 having been injured in doing so.

The story told in the "Lost Property Department" is perhaps the most interesting in the report. For instance, 1,100 purses were deposited in this deparment, besides 130 deposits of coins found in public carriages. Twelve deposits were of bank notes, one deposit alone amounting to £290, while the number of watches, valuable pieces of jewelry, &c., left there was 2,209. It is true that rewards amounting to £2,183 were paid to those who brought in the articles but it is a very good showing for British police honesty.

In the department of accidents it appears that 140 people were run over and killed by various kinds of vehicles, while the number of maimed and injured was 5,330. Curiously enough 112 of these cases were due to velocipede riders.

General Booth has been offered seven guineas for the quill pen with which he signed the "Darkest England" deed.

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
DOES CURE
CONSUMPTION
In its First Stages.
Palatable as Milk.
Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

What Englishwomen Wear.

It is stated on excellent authority that Englishwomen intend to wear shorter dresses next season than any that have been in fashion for some time. Hitherto reproaches have been hurled by Continentals issterat the heads and feet of feminine England. The emancipation of the former having been satisfactorily accomplished, our ladies intend that the latter shall also be given a fair chance of holding their own; consequently much attention is to be devoted to their dainty and becoming incasement.

Pointed toes will not go out, though square toes will come in, a sensible compromise by which two separate styles of feet can be suitably fitted. Boots will be built higher than heretofore, and will be laced inside the buttoning to secure neatness of fit round the ankle. Shoes, however, will be much more worn than boots. Our climate is fatal in a short time to the appearance of what are technically known as fancy shoes for outdoor wear. The newest are made with a high tongue over the instep.

A buckle, which may be as antique, handsome, and as costly as possible, is placed on a strap which buttons across below the instep. Other shoes are cut quite low at the toe, and are secured to the foot by a single strap. With all these, it is almost needless to add, the prettiest and most delicate silk stockings will be worn to match the costume.

The D & L Emulsion
OF
Cod Liver Oil
AND THE
Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.
No other Emulsion is so easy to take.
It does not separate nor spoil.
It is always sweet as cream.
The most sensitive stomach can retain it.
CURES
Scrofulous and Wasting Diseases.
Chronic Cough.
Loss of Appetite.
Mental and Nervous Prostration.
General Debility, &c.
Beware of all imitations. Ask for "the D. & L." Emulsion, and refuse all others.
PRICE 50C. AND $1 PER BOTTLE.

Adventures of a Sailor Lad.

My father owned the brig Penshaw, which was a tidy craft of 200 tons burden, sailing out of Australian and New Zealand ports. During the year when I was fifteen years old the brig was voyaging between Sydney and Wellington, a stretch of water about 1,200 miles wide. One night, as we had entered the straits, beating our way slowly up against a head wind, we came in collision with a coasting schooner running out. She had no lights set, and, as was afterward shown, all her crew, Captain included, were half drunk, and did not see ours. I was on look out and saw the schooner first, but as we were close on the wind and she close at hand we could do nothing. She struck us on the starboard bow with a great crash. Our foremast went by the board, the schooner's bowsprit was twisted off, and the two craft bumped and crashed for three or four minutes and then separated.

In such emergencies men act on impulse and cannot always clearly remember what occurs. In this case I climbed aboard the schooner, thinking she was the least injured, and it appeared that every one of her crew tumbled on to the decks of the brig for the same reason. It was some minutes after the craft separated before I discovered that I was alone. The schooner was then in the trough of the sea and rolling about at a great rate. I first went forward and used an axe and my knife to

CUT AWAY THE JIBBOOM,

bowsprit, and foretopmast, which were floating alongside. The mainboom of the foresail had been broken, and I dropped this sail. The foresail was all right, but I dropped the peak. The staysail and two jibs were gone. I now got the schooner dead before the wind, and she ran off at a great pace.

I now began to wonder how badly she had been damaged. I had seen that her bulwarks for a distance of fifteen feet on the starboard bow had been stove in, but as to the hull itself I could not say. I should have laid her head to the sea and wind but for her damages. Young as I was, I was born at sea, and a pretty fair sailor, and I knew I could not set a storm sail in the forerigging nor hold her up without it. I could not leave the wheel without fear of her broaching to, and so, for the first hour, I stood there expecting she would fill and founder. As she continued buoyant, and I failed to hear the swash of water below decks, I finally came to the conclusion that she had received no great injury. Such proved to be the case. Her stem and some of the planks were broken above the water line, and the bulwarks had been torn away as the bowsprit was wrenched out, but her crew had no call to leave her.

The accident occurred about 10 o'clock. The wind was then blowing a lively rate, but by midnight there was half a gale and a heavy sea. There was foresail enough to lift and send her, and I don't remember that I was anything more than anxious over the outcome. I was being blown to the east, right out into the South Pacific, but at that season of the year the gales were likely to be of short continuance. This one reached its height at midnight, and

WHEN DAYLIGHT CAME

the sea had very much decreased, and the schooner could not have made over ten miles an hour running with all sail set. After I could see the length of her I brought her head on, and by lashing the foresail boom amidship and dropping the peak a little more I found she would hold there with the wheel lashed a-port. This done I went aloft for a look around, but could see nothing. Returning to the deck I got out the union jack and set it in the main rigging as a signal of distress, and then inspected damages. The little craft was as dry as a bone, though her bows above water were a complete wreck. There was little or nothing I could do to mend matters, and so I turned to and prepared breakfast. By the time that was eaten, the wind had dropped to a three-knot breeze, while the sky promised good weather for the next day or two.

When I came to inspect the cargo I found it to consist mostly of lumber. This was to have been taken up the coast to the site of a new town. There was also some hardware, provisions, machinery, and dry goods. The lumber in the vessel would float her no matter if the hold was full of water, and I need have no fears on the question of food and drink. When I came to look for a chart I could find nothing—not even a coast survey chart. The Captain had seemed to trust entirely to memory or luck in making his voyages up and down. I had looked over father's charts many a time, but in such a cursory way that I could not now remember what land lay to the east of me. I remembered that the nearest coast was that of South America, but that was thousands of miles away, and I concluded that my chance lay in being picked up by some vessel. After dinner I lay down and slept for several hours, and on awakening went aloft for a look around. Nothing but sky and water were in sight. I had been driving to the west all day at the rate of about three knots an hour, and when I came to figure up the probable run of the night before I estimated that I was a hundred miles off the coast. The breeze still held from the same quarter, and freshened somewhat as night came on.

I REMAINED AWAKE

until about 10 o'clock, and then bunked down on deck, and was so little disturbed that I slept right through the night, and awoke at 6 o'clock next morning to be treated to a tremendous surprise. The schooner was high and dry on a sandy shore, and before me was a beautiful green forest. She had taken ground so softly that I had not been disturbed.

I was ashore on the Chatham Islands, a group of fourteen verdant islands to the east of New Zealand, and the only break in the wide waters stretching to the coast of Patagonia. I had struck one of the larger ones, called "Catharine," and I was no sooner on my feet than there was such a chattering of birds as almost deafened me. These islands were not then inhabited, and have such a sparse population now that the number is not recorded on the charts. Land being so plenty and cheap on the Island of New Zealand itself, and there being so many fertile islands along its coast, no set of people care to isolate themselves by taking up a residence on the Chathams. I got down over the bows and reached the beach dry-shod, and after three hours of walking about I found that I had come ashore on an island about three miles in length and breadth, it being nearly square. It was covered with the verdure of the tropics, and, while the trees seemed to be full of birds, I saw neither serpents nor wild animals.

The schooner lay exposed to the westerly gales and seas, and it would only be a question of a week or two when she would break up or be buried in the sands. It therefore stood me in hand to get all out of her that I could before this disaster took place. I began right after dinner, and it would surprize you to know how much I accomplished in the next four days. By use of the capstan, winch, and a block and pully in the main rigging I got out twenty-one barrels of flour, eight of meal, and besides this I got ashore all the sails, cabin furniture, cooking utensils, &c. There were axes, shovels, picks, hose, rakes, garden seeds, carpenters' tools, and a host of other things, which could be handled, and I got out enough boards to make me a cabin and floor it. On the evening of the 5th day a strong wind came up from the west, accompanied by a very high tide, and instead of the schooner breaking up she floated and a current pulled her off, and she drifted down the coast about a mile. She then struck on a sunken ledge, turned over, and the seas broke her up.

There was no prominent point on the island where I could set a signal. I therefore contented myself with keeping a look-out to the west. Twice during the first two weeks I saw ships afar off by the aid of the glass. Then

SIX WEEKS PASSED

without my sighting anything. Meanwhile I had erected my house back about forty feet from the shore, got all the goods under cover, and was more satisfied with my lot than some men would have been. I had no way of knowing whether father's brig went down in the collision or not, but was satisfied that if he escaped with his life he would make search for me.

I had been on the island three months when I one day made a wonderful discovery. I was on the south shore, where the forest was more open and the soil composed of sand and shell, and I stopped for a moment under the shade of a tree. As I did so a small animal, only about half as large as a hare, ran past my feet and into its burrow, only a yard away. As I followed it with my eye I saw something glitter in the fresh dirt thrown out, and I picked it up to find that it was an English sovereign. Raking over the dirt with my fingers, I soon found four others, together with some small pieces of mouldy canvas. I at once jumped to the conclusion that there must be a store of treasure below, and I ran for a shovel. It was easy digging there, and I had not gone down over two feet before I was throwing out more money than dirt.

The treasure had been contained entirely in canvas bags. These had been stout enough at the outset, but the dampness of the earth had finally rotted them. I could not lift a single one of the bags out by itself on this account, but brought down a piece of sail cloth and spread it on the ground and then piled the treasure on it as I freed it from the dirt. There had been twelve bags of money, every piece of gold. I knew the value only of English currency. There were pieces I knew to have been coined in India, Spain, France, Holland, and the United States, and I gave a guess at the value by the weight alone. I found the treasure about 8 o'clock in the morning, and it was after noon before I had

ALL THE MONEY

on the sail-cloth. I was a stout, healthy boy, but I could not have lifted a tenth part of the total weight. I doubt if a stout man could have dragged it a foot.

The first thought was to to get the money to my house—a mile away. I got a stout sack, and planned to carry the pile away in such loads as I could lift, but then I began to argue that as, I was the only person on the island, the money was as safe where it was as it would be in my house. I therefore filled my pockets with the larger pieces as specimens, and contented myself with spreading a piece of canvas over the heap and throwing on some branches. I was not greatly rattled over the big find, although I knew there must be tens of thousands of dollars there. I was simply a little more anxious to sight a sail, and for the next week I did nothing but patrol up and down the shores and look seaward. I visited the money every morning and evening, and now and then pawed the heap over and carried away such coins as I desired to more closely inspect.

It was, I believe, on the morning of the thirteenth day after finding the money that I walked down to the water for my morning dip to see a whaling bark hove too about a mile away and one of her boats pulling in. It was the English whaling craft Grampus, and father had met her Captain in a New Zealand port and asked him to call at the islands as he bore away and.

LOOK FOR TRACES OF ME.

When it was found that I was alive and well the Captain came ashore. He would not promise to carry me to New Zealand under six months, as he was bound to the Banks of Brazil, but he listed all my property off at a fair value and put it to my credit. When everything had been taken aboard I showed him my pocket pieces and told him of my find. What I had brought up to the house counted up nearly £200 English money. I started with him for the spot where the treasure was lying accompanied by three of his men, and we reached it to find that everything had disappeared. There was the hole I had dug—here were the withered branches which had covered the heap—there the tracks of men leading down to the water's edge. I had been there at sundown the night before. During the night a party had landed and removed the last stiver of money. From whence they came, in what craft, how they knew the treasure was there, which way they sailed, all these were queries which all could put but no one answer. A day after leaving the island the bark encountered a British gunboat, and we told her Captain the story. He cruised in search of the mysterious craft for several days, but did not sight her, and all official inquiry made by the New Zealand Government failed to trace anything further.

Swallowed His Cigarette.

Dr. Lapeyre mentions in a Paris medical journal a remarkable case in which an elderly gentleman, in consequence of a sudden slap on the back, unconsciously drew the cigarette he was smoking into his right bronchus, where it remained without causing any symptoms or in any way revealing its presence for nearly two months, when it set up pneumonia in a circumscribed area and produced cardiac weakness. After this condition lasted without much change for about two months more the patient expelled, during a violent fit of coughing, the cigarette, enveloped in mucus and waxy looking matter, and then remembered that he had never found his cigarette after the slap on the back four months before. The pneumonia persisted for two or three months after the expulsion of the foreign body.

The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.—[Lavater.

During the month of December last the sun did not shine in London, one day. During the entire year 1890, out of a possible 4455 hours, when the sun should or might have been visible, it, as a fact, was visible only 1092 hours and these were mainly in the afternoon.

How to cure indigestion and dyspepsia. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

BEST ON EARTH.
SURPRISE
SOAP.
The "Surprise" way
ON WASH DAY.
Takes out the dirt; makes "the wash" sweet, clean, white; leaves the hands soft and smooth; without boiling or scalding.
READ the directions on the wrapper.
Surprise Soap can be used on anything; everywhere; in any way; at any and every time.

BURDOCK
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
BLOOD
CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS.
CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE.
SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA.
HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH.
DIZZINESS. DROPSY.
RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES.
BITTERS

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

DRS. R. & J. HUNTER, of Toronto, New York, and Chicago, give special attention to the treatment and cure of *Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma*, and all diseases of the throat by inhalation of medicated air.

A pamphlet explaining their system of treatment can be had free on application. Consultation free, personally or by letter. Office hours, 10 to 4. *Call or Address, 101 Bay Street, Toronto.*

Extracts from a few of the many satisfactory letters received from our patients.

MRS. A. ST. JOHN, of Sunderland, Ont., says: "I was spitting blood, had a bad cough with great expectoration, could hardly walk about the house without fainting, shortness of breath, high fever, great loss of flesh, had been ill for some months, I applied to Drs. R. & J. Hunter and was cured."

MR. SAMUEL HIGHEY, of Oak Ridges, Ont., says: "I was a victim of Asthma for 13 years, and had tried in vain to find relief. Hearing of Dr. R. & J. Hunter's treatment by inhalation, I applied to them: their treatment worked wonders. I can now breathe with ease, sleep without cough or oppression, and am entirely cured."

MR. & MRS. W. R. BISHOP, of Sherwood, say: "Our daughter had Catarrh for 8 years. We took her to Colorado without benefit, her disease extended to the lungs. We finally consulted Drs. R. & J. Hunter, after using their treatment of inhalation for one month she began to improve. She is now cured. We heartily recommend this treatment to all those afflicted with this disease.

Please mention this paper.

Business Tact

Mrs. Slimpurse—"I've done my best to get along, but it seems to me the more boarders I have, the less money I make."

Mrs. Fatpurse—"No wonder. You've got your house filled up with old maids and old bachelors. I make lots of money keeping boarders, and so might you if you had any business in you."

"I don't see how you manage."

"Well, I don't do it by having old maids and old bachelors to eat me out of house and home. No indeed. I take only nice young men and pretty girls, and they all fall in love with each other, and don't eat more n canary birds.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Love Led to Death.

The latest cause celebre in the criminal courts in Paris is that of M. Joseph Ribot, a gentleman of good social position, education and fair business standing, who, in spite of these advantages, appears to have been utterly unable to resist the fascinations of a fair but unprincipled woman. M. Ribot has been well known for years as a competent official of the Chemin de Fer du Midi whose railway to Lyons and Marseilles constitutes one of the principal through routes of travel in France. In 1875 the tried railway manager was united in the bonds of matrimony with Mlle. Guillumon, the niece of the deputy representing the Department du Rhone. The bride was an estimable lady, but was

NOT AT ALL IN LOVE

with the man who led her to the altar, neither had M. Ribot any real affection for his future wife. The match was entirely one of the kind known as "marriages de convenance," in which almost every other consideration except love enters. In the present case the fact that Mme. Ribot was possessed of a very handsome fortune may have largely decided the railway manager's choice. But even wealth could not insure happiness, and there was very little of that article in the Ribot household before the arrival of Mlle. Essilda Dillac, Mme. Ribot's lovely young cousin, aged twenty, who came up from the provinces to finish her education as a painter in the art schools of Paris, and still less afterwards. Mlle. Dillac was a very clever woman who never denied herself the slightest gratification from fear of the possible consequences, and when she discovered, as she soon did, that M. Ribot was epris with her fair face, she was not deterred from carrying on the amour by the fact that her would-be lover was

THE HUSBAND OF HER RELATIVE.

Of course, the billing and cooing of the lovers could not be carried on openly under the very eyes of the woman they were engaged in deceiving, and thus resort was had to billets doux. These tender missives, now in the hands of the police, are filled with passion of the most passionate variety, and it is difficult to decide whether the vows sworn by the erring spouse; or those repeated by the too responsive maid, were the most ardent. Certain it is that the guilty pair had entered upon a path that could have but one ending—shame and crime. Although roses bloomed at the outset, and the lovers were for a time lost in a fool's paradise of their own creation, M. Ribot at least soon awoke to the consciousness that he was

PLAYING THE PART OF A SCOUNDREL.

But this revelation, at whatever period in the tragedy it was made, came too late. He had gone too far and the same evil influence that had prompted his first departure from the path of duty kept him from following any nobler promptings. From being a person of average amiability, M. Ribot's demeanor towards his wife changed rapidly for the worse. The servants frequently heard him curse her and on several occasions they were present when Mme. Ribot charged him with ill-treatment and even with trying to poison her. Matters were going on in this unhappy manner when, four weeks ago, the servants were

NEARLY FRIGHTENED OUT OF THEIR WITS

by strange noises in their master's room in the middle of the night. These were so unusual and M. Ribot's temper had lately been so bad that they were afraid to venture to ascertain the cause without help.

Summoning some of the tenants on the other flats they finally burst into the room, where they found the furniture thrown about in great disorder, while on the bed lay M. and Mme. Ribot.

THE LATTER WAS DEAD,

her lifeless body being bathed in a pool of blood that gushed from nearly a dozen stabs, apparently inflicted by a sharp knife, while M. Ribot was half fainting, his mouth being gagged and his hands and feet tied. The police were, of course, at once summoned. M. Ribot was liberated, his wife's corpse prepared for burial and the case placed in the hands of several of M. Goron's best detectives. They naturally applied first to M. Ribot himself for information, but after hearing it did not consider that they were greatly enlightened.

THE FACTS ACCORDING TO THE MASTER

of the house were these: M. Ribot was awakened from a deep sleep by Mme. Ribot, who occupied a separate couch, calling his name. Just as he was about to rush to her assistance he was seized, bound and gagged as he was found by two ruffians, whose faces were blackened with soot. What happened to his wife he could not say, as he at once became unconscious. As this pleasing fairy tale, evidently extracted from one of M. Bolsgobey's romances, was not thought to sufficiently resemble the truth, the detectives proceeded on their own theories and soon discovered that these remarkable robbers had failed to secure a large sum of money in the room, or in fact anything else of value.

THEY ALSO UNEARTHED THE DETAILS

of the Dillac amour, the inculpating letters already referred to, and all the possible incentives that could have influenced the railway manager in putting his wife out of the way. As the result M. Ribot was arrested, tried and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, with hard labor, despite his plea of "Not Guilty." The leniency of the sentence was due to the extraordinary finding by the jury that the murder was done "without premeditation."

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, the sleep so deep
and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so
pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though we may
call and call,
The strange white solitude of peace that settles
over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
heart pain,
The dread to take our daily way, and walk in
it again,
We know not to what sphere the loved who
leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we
do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and lost, if they
should come this day—
Should come and ask us, What is life? not one
of us could say,
Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be:
Yet, O, how sweet it is to us, this life we live
and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and
blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we
may tell you naught.
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of
death;
Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of
breath.

The child that enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business, but nimbleness is a full, fair wind, blowing it with speed to the heaven.—[Fuller.

Singers and public speakers chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

The fastest mile ever made by a man swimming was done in 26 minutes 52 seconds.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

"Something happened to me yesterday that will never happen to me again, if I live to be a thousand years old," remarked Gilhooly to Gus de Smith. "What's that?" I was forty years old."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES,

Dr. Marcus Fay, a Hungarian physician, has announced to the Medical Association of Debreczin a complete cure of cancer by the application of aniline.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

THE RELIEF THAT FOLLOWS THE USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN DOES NOT DISAPPEAR WHEN THE TREATMENT IS DISCONTINUED.

COMPOUND OXYGEN CREATES STRENGTH; MAINTAINS IT. THIS IS A DIRECT RESULT, BECAUSE THIS POWERFUL REMEDIAL AGENT IS PURE NOURISHMENT. IN ORDER TO INHALE IT, IT MUST BE RELEASED FROM THE INHALER BY HEAT. THIS SENDS A WARM, OXYGENATED VAPOR THROUGH THE LUNGS THAT IS VERY EFFECTIVE IN DISLODGING CLOTS AND OBSTRUCTIONS. THE APPARATUS WHICH ACCOMPANIES EVERY TREATMENT IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF. A CHILD CAN USE IT. AND THAT'S A GREAT POINT. THIS WARMING, REVITALIZING VAPOR COMING INTO CONTACT WITH A CHILD'S LUNGS BREAKS UP INCIPIENT COLDS AND COUGHS, AND RELIEVES CROUP IN A WONDERFULLY SHORT TIME.

A BOOK OF 200 PAGES WILL TELL YOU WHO HAVE REGAINED HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY THE USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN. THIS BOOK IS FILLED WITH THE SIGNED INDORSEMENTS OF MANY WELL KNOWN MEN AND WOMEN. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE BOOK YOU WILL GET IT FREE OF CHARGE.—POSTAGE PREPAID BY US, IF YOU WILL WRITE TO ANY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING ADDRESSES:

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, NO. 1529 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

120 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 58 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

Dr. Wilford Hall's Health Pamphlet.

(The Only Authorized Edition)

A Marvellous Triumph Over Disease WITHOUT MEDICINE.

The full knowledge of this discovery, by which all future outlays for medicine or losses from ill health may be avoided, costs but $4, and will last a person for life.

The Most Wonderful Discovery of This or Any Age

All who have received the **Microcosm Extra** should order and receive the **Health Pamphlet** from **Toronto**

Local agents supplied from Toronto as required at New York rates. Save trouble with customs and avoid delay. Orders being filled the day they are received.

Do not send your orders to New York when you can be supplied from Toronto more speedily.

Correspondence invited. Further particulars sent on application.

C. C. POMEROY.

49½ KING ST. W., TORONTO.

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible & instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

Victory at Last!

SELF THREADING

Sewing Needle

THE BLIND CAN USE THEM.

Invaluable for failing Sight Best Needle made, in all sizes. Millward's Gold Eyes do not cut the thread Sample package 10c Agents wanted. Send for sample and circulars. **CASSGREEN MF'G CO., 469 Parliament St., Toronto.**

Women Who Know

A GOOD THING

When they see it all say that the "TARBOX" SELF-WRINGING MOP is indispensable to every well regulated household. LIGHT, HANDY, DURABLE. Wrung at arm's length without wetting the hands, thus avoiding CHAPPED, or Sore hands. No stooping or straining of the back. Sold everywhere.

Ask your dealer for it

AND TAKE NO OTHER

The name of "TARBOX" cast on every mop.

TARBOX BROS.,

73 Adelaide St. West, - TORONTO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The JOURNAL Competition, No. 27, which expired on March 25th, and which will be found on page 20 of this issue, should not have appeared at all, as, of course, it is out of date.

The new JOURNAL Competition, No. 28, which appears in this month's number, on page 4, should have our readers' special attention. We invite everyone to compete, particularly those whose subscription has expired or is about to end. Those whose term has not expired will have their subscription extended for the dollar they send. There are some very valuable prizes offered, and we hope to see a large number successful in securing prizes. There are no small prizes offered this time.

About Spoons.

The spoon of to-day is surrounded with a good deal of individuality, the decorations and shapes determining the courses for which they are designed to be used. The berry spoon is fashioned like a flower petal. The soup spoons are like fluted shells, or the back of a turtle, or on the handle may be found tomatoes or other suggestive designs. Ice cream spoons are small, and taper to a narrow spade-like edge. Orange spoons are similar in shape, with an edge ground sharp to cut. Bonbon spoons may be found in copies from French and English models, says Good Housekeeping. The bowls are flat and circular, short stems, with flat, quaintly-fashioned tops, and sometimes are furnished with rings to hang from the girdle.

Of the woman or girl not yet possessed of the spoon-collecting mania, you can most confidently assert that she will be, and that in the near future. Let her be the recipient of but one even, and she will become, like the good old aunt we read of, who, after generously supplying a young lad with pocket money, in reply to the question, "What shall I bring you?" replies, "From every town where you see a fair face, or hear a pleasant tale, bring me a spoon." The tendency of the age is to be "spooney."

Cure for Mosquito Bites.

A German chemist, after a somewhat learned dissertation on the various kinds of mosquitoes and their respective characteristics and virulence, condescends to give a useful piece of practical information. He says that of the various remedies recommended for mosquito bites, such as ammonia, oil of cloves, chloroform, carbolized glycerine, etc., none is better than ordinary soap. He is an ardent naturalist, and on his frequent excursions in the country he invariably carries a small piece of soap, with which, in case of a bite, he makes a lather all over the affected part and allows it to dry on. He almost invariably finds the relief is instantaneous, and that all pain soon ceases. Should it continue, however, as sometimes happens, it is only necessary to repeat the application.

The Family Medicine.

TROUT LAKE, Ont., Jan. 2, 1890.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville.

DEAR SIR:—For a number of years I have used and sold your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pill." I consider them the very best for "Family Use," and all my customers speak highly about them.

Yours truly,
R. LAWSON.

Small articles made of malleable iron are now finished and polished bright by being placed in revolving drums with carriers' shavings, from which they emerge with all of the rough edges smoothed and the surface highly polished.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have "used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my "own use, and found it does me "more good than any other remedy. "I have been troubled with what I "call Sick Headache. A pain comes "in the back part of my head first, "and then soon a general headache "until I become sick and vomit. "At times, too, I have a fullness "after eating, a pressure after eating "at the pit of the stomach, and "sourness, when food seemed to rise "up in my throat and mouth. When "I feel this coming on if I take a "little August Flower it relieves "me, and is the best remedy I have "ever taken for it. For this reason "I take it and recommend it to "others as a great remedy for Dys-"pepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Excellent Husbands All.

"I have a good husband," said the first lady. "I have an income of $4,000 and I give him half. He loves me very much."

"I have a better husband than that," said the second lady. "He earns $4,000 and gives me half. He loves me very much."

"I have still a better husband," said the third lady. "He earns $4,000 and gives me half. Then he is so careless that I get $500 of the remainder out of his pockets without his being aware of it. He loves me very much."

500 Games, Tricks, Songs, Conundrums, Auto. Selections, Lover's Tel., Dreams and New Designs Basket Fringe, Envelope, Silk or Plush Bow, Golden Clasp, Floral Motto Cards, Scrap Pictures. Ill. Catalogue 5c. Franklin Pfg. Co., New Haven, Ct.

$5000 IN PRIZES to those who make the greatest number of words from the letters in the two words "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST." 389 prizes, ranging from $1 to $1000 in gold. Open until May 20, 1891. (15 days allowed after May 20 for letters to reach us from distant points.) Send stamp for full particulars. Address: CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ont., Canada.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

FAT FOLKS

using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 1lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

OUR NEW 1891 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 200 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-Established and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADIES' WORLD is a mammoth 16-page, 64-column illustrated paper for ladies and the family circle. It is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, artistic needlework, home decoration, housekeeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc. To introduce this class magazine into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following *colossal offer: Upon receipt of only* **12 Cents** *in silver or stamps, we will send* **The Ladies' World** *for* **Three Months,** *and to each subscriber we will also send Free and post paid, a large and magnificent* **Collection of Choice Flower Seeds,** *two hundred varieties, including* Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums, Asters, Phlox Drummondii, Balsam, Cypress Vine, Digitalis, Double Zinnia, Pinks, etc., etc. Remember, twelve cents pays for the paper three months and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and paper if you are not entirely satisfied. Ours is an old established and reliable publishing house, endorsed by all leading newspapers. Do not confound this offer with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. *Write to-day*—don't put it off! Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for 60 cts.

SPECIAL OFFER! *To any lady answering this advertisement and naming the paper in which she saw it, we will send free, in addition to all the above, one package of the new and popular imported* **Tropæolum Lobbianum** (assorted), containing "Lucifer," "Spitfire," "Venustus," and other luminaries of high degree, bright and highly colored. An abundant bloomer and easily cultivated. This is a beautiful climbing flower for vases, hanging baskets, ornamental stumps, etc., and most glorious in its effects. Address:

S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

Buys a Roll of the best

MOTH PREVENTATIVE

At H. WILLIAMS & CO., 4 Adelaide St. East

SLATE AND FELT ROOFERS

Manufacturers and dealers in Roofing materials, Building and Carpet Felts. Proprietors of Williams' Flat Slate Roof, the best roof for flat surfaces, being smooth and durable.

Pavers with Trinidad Asphalt, the best for floors, Walks and cellars. ☞We do not use coal tar materials and call it asphalt.

H. WILLIAMS & CO.

4 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO

Telephone 511.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

Send name and address for Thesis, with Reports of Cases, to P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D., 116 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

LADIES

"MOTHER GREEN'S TANSY PILLS," used successfully by thousands, safe and sure. Acts only on the generative organs, and sure suppression from whatever cause. Should not be used if Pregnancy is suspected or possible, until the question is negatived beyond dispute, as their employment will be attended with different results than those desired. By mail, $1.00. Full particulars (sealed) 3 cts. THE LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CANADA.

FANCY WORK FOR LADIES.

We would call attention of the Ladies to our new stock of Stamped Linen Goods for Doyleys, Comb and Brush Bags, Tea Cosays, Tray Covers, Sideboard Scarfs, Toilet Sets, Night Dress Bags, Splashers, 5 o'clock Covers, etc., all of which we are now selling at very lowest prices.

Also Flowered China Silks, 32 inches wide, all new designs, $1.25 per yard.

Pongee Silks, new art shades, 35 and 40 cents per yard.

Surah Silks, extra quality, 50 cents per yard.

Felts, 72 inches wide, newest shades, 75 and 85 cents per yard.

Extra Fine Linens, 22 to 36 inches wide, 25 to 75 cents per yard.

Bolting Cloth, extra quality, $1.50 per yard.

Wash Embroidery Silks, best quality, 45 cents per dozen.

Plain Embroidery Silks, best quality, 10 cents per dozen skeins.

Ingrain Washing Cotton, all colors, 25 to 75 cents per dozen.

American Arrasenos, all newest shades, 20 and 25 cents per dozen.

Stamped Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, all fringed, 35 and 50 cents per set.

Stamped Splashers, 18x36, newest designs, 40 cents each.

Stamped Night Dress Bags, 40, 50 and 60 cents each.

Stamped Tray Covers, 40 to 75 cents each.

Stamped Sideboard Scarfs, 75 cents, 85 cents and $1 each.

Also to hand a new line of Silk Tassels for decorative work, in all the new shades at 20 cents per dozen.

Goods can be sent per "parcel post" to any part of Canada.

Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention.

Our Price List sent free to any address.

A trial solicited.

HENRY DAVIS,

DIRECT IMPORTER,

232 YONGE STREET, - TORONTO

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

☞To save Doctors' Bills use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

THE BEST FAMILY PILL IN USE

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Keep the Works in good order.

NORMAN, Ont., January 15, 1890.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—Your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" are the best regulator for the system that humanity can use. Life is as the time-piece: frail and delicate are many of its works. A tiny particle of foreign substance adheres to the smallest wheel in the works, and what is the result?—at first, only a slight difference is perceptible in its time-keeping, but wait you; as the obstruction grows, the irregularity becomes greater, until at last, what could have been rectified with little trouble, in the beginning, will now require much care in thoroughly cleansing the entire works. So it is in human life—a slight derangement is neglected, it grows and increases, imperceptibly at first, then rapidly, until what could, in the beginning, have been cured with little trouble, becomes almost fatal. To prevent this, I advise all to purify the system frequently, by the use of Morse's Pills, and so preserve vigor and vitality.

Yours faithfully,
H. F. ATWELL.

The Travellers' Safe-Guard.

ANAGANDUS POND, N.S., Jan. 27, '90.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—For many years, I have been a firm believer in your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." Not with a blind faith, but a confidence wrought by an actual personal experience of their value and merit. My business is such that I spend much of my time away from home, and I would not consider my travelling outfit complete without a box of Morse's Pills. Yours, &c.,
M. R. MCINNIS.

A valuable Article sells well.

BONACHOIS HARBOR, N.S., Jan. 13, '90.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that I deal in Patent Medicines, including various kinds of Pills. I sell more of the Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills than of all the others combined. Their sales I find are still increasing. Yours, &c.,
N. L. NICHOLSON.

Songs of the Heart.

The song of hope: the vow of gratitude "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever,"—*Psalm xxiii.*, 6.

There are many millions of tolerably well educated people in the world to-day who could not quote a single sentence of the great masters of philosophy of the ancient world, of whom so much is made by certain scholars and teachers. Plato and Socrates, Epictetus and Seneca are after all merely names to thousands upon thousands who associate with those names the vaguest ideas of wonderful wisdom. But the vast majority of these same millions are perfectly familiar with many songs of Israel's royal poet. The psalms of David have a firm and prominent place in the world, because they have touched the world's great heart. This Twenty-third Psalm for example is as common as the light, or as the air we breathe. All the world that knows anything, knows the sweet music of that refrain, "The Lord is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want," Eyes of the minds of men, eyes least accustomed to the imaginative and the artistic have seen with that inner eye "serenely bright" the pictures of this song of grateful praise of living hope. There is soothing to the weary soul in the very flow of the words. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." What worlds of rest and peace and silent quiet these simple words contain! But the last verse is perhaps in some respects the sweetest and most musical of all. It is the sum of the whole matter. The moral of the song. The crowning gem of the sacred poem. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Here hope stands with flaming torch, lighted at the fires that all along the path have burned incessantly. And from that torch casts a splendor on all coming times. What are all these past mercies but prophecies of what yet shall be. As if the psalmist should say, "All that has been is but the pattern of what yet shall be." As it has been with me in days gone by, so it shall be in days to come, only much more abundantly. The good hand that has been with me will never fail me. The springs, the eternal springs, the springs that are in the everlasting hills, will not run dry. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me; follow me as close as my shadow, never for one moment parting company with me. This hope is not a dream. It is based upon the soundest logic of all the events of the past. This hope is the only conclusion to which a man can come who, looking backward through the germs, sees everywhere the marks of mercy, and mercy alone. Following fast upon this song of hope, comes the grand vow of the grateful soul. I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Here was a Jewish mode of professing life-long consecration and gratitude. Over and over again in this sacred psalter of the ancient church comes this kind of high, sacred, solemn resolution: "I will pay my vows now in the Lord's house in the presence of all His people." True gratitude is not an act or a series of acts, but a life, a disposition. Not a mood, as evanescent as fitful, but a life. The truly grateful man does not say "thank you!" and there end. But he takes the cup of salvation and binds his very being to that great altar of God, which sacrifices the gives and the gift. Binds himself for all the days of life. Happy he who so sings and vows.

Sir Cupid.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kind of a man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover.
So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say,
She seemed to like—the story!

Then, with a smile sedate and grim,
He changed his style and station,
In shovel hat and gaiters trim,
He made his visitation.
He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say,
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then changed again, he came to her
A roaring, rattling sailor,
He cried, "Ho, ho! I love you so!"
And vowed he'd never fail her.
He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean,
And from the way he sang, they say,
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises;
"That you no preference seem to find,
My fancy much surprises."
"Why, so?" she cried, with roguish smile;
"Why, prithee, why so stupid!
I do not care what garb you wear,
So long, as you are—Cupid!"

—FRED E. K. WEATHERLEY.

The Queen's Cow.

The Queen asked Cooper to go to Osborne to paint a picture of a cow which had been sent to her from Guernsey. Before the work was finished the Prince Consort induced him to give her a sight of it.

As soon as the Queen saw my picture she exclaimed, "Oh, yes, that is my Ruffie." That was the name she had given to the cow on account of its having a very largely-developed "dewlap," and being considered in that respect to resemble a bufialo; or rather, I should say, that was the pet name given to the animal by the Queen, its proper name being the Victoria. So much interest did her Majesty manifest in the picture that I held it for fully a quarter of an hour while she was examining all the different points and making most intelligent and pertinent remarks as to the execution of the work. I have painted for many persons of distinction but I never came across any one who showed a more comprehensive appreciation of artistic excellence generally or a more perfect and simple reliance upon my powers than in this particular instance as to the execution of the work.

The Prince suddenly said: "How about those dock leaves that you are introducing into the foreground, Mr. Cooper?" I answered: "The privilege of my branch of art, your Royal Highness, is to take advantage of objects of still life, to assist the composition of a work, and for pictorial combination; and such accessories as dock leaves are considered allowable to avoid the monotony as much as possible of grass and earth." "Well," said the Prince jocosely, "they are beautifully painted, and doubtless assist the composition; but they do not give evidence of good farming."

Her Majesty smiled appreciatively, and, shaking her finger at the Prince, said, "How about the little pool of water in which the heifer's hind legs are standing?" "Oh," said his Royal Highness, laughing, "I think it is a beautifully artistic idea, and gives a stamp of nature to the scene." "Yes, Albert," said the Queen, "and I like its introduction much; but it is not evidence of good draining." Upon this they both laughed heartily, and I confess I could not help joining in myself. I could see then, and afterwards heard as a fact that her Majesty was very fond of farming, and that the Prince was endeavoring to make a complete work of the drainage throughout the estate *My Life*. *T. Sidney Cooper*

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Water at Meals.

Opinions differ as to the effect of the free ingestion of water at meal times, but the view most generally received is probably that it dilutes the gastric juice and so retards digestion. Apart from the fact that a moderate delay in the process is by no means a disadvantage, as Sir William Roberts has shown in his explanation of the popularity of tea and coffee, it is more than doubtful whether any such effect is in reality produced. When ingested during meals, water may do good by washing out the digested food and by exposing the undigested part more thoroughly to the action of the digestive ferments. Pepsin is a catalytic body, and a given quantity will work almost indefinitely, provided the peptones are removed as they are formed. The good effect of water drunk freely before meals has, however, another beneficial result—it washes away the mucus which is secreted by the mucous membrane during the intervals of repose, and favors peristalsis of the whole alimentary tract. The membrane thus cleansed is in a much better condition to receive food and convert it into soluble compounds.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—I was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT, after trying all other remedies for 2 years.

Albert Co., N.B. GEORGE TINGLEY.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—I had a valuable colt so bad with mange that I feared I would loose it. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured him like magic.

Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

Ladies are now adopting blacksmithing as a new occupation.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition—The American analyst. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

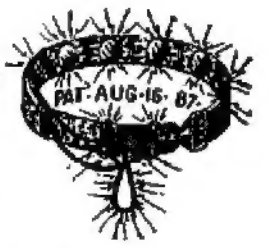
Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases. Is used monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitute, or inclose postage for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, $1 per box. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich.
For sale and mailed by B. E. McGee, Montreal.

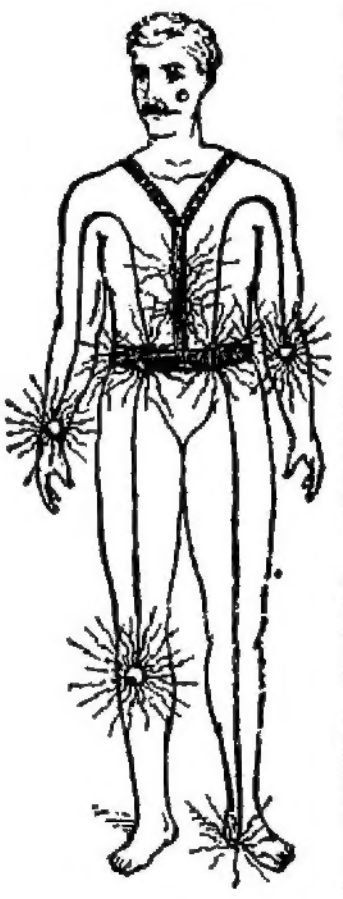
FREE A STRING OF PEARLS!

To every lady in the world. We wish to say a few confidential words, and we know you like to be talked to in confidence; tell your friends, it may save your life or that of some one dear to you. Besides we offer all more respectable, profitable, lighter employment than peddling or canvassing for books, papers or pictures, you need only work part of the time, among your own sex. Our lady agents are **making fortunes. Remember**, we ask for no money, showing that we mean business and are no humbugs. We will **positively** send you our **Great Treasure Packet, containing all**, worth its weight in **Gold**, to all women, married or single, for 6c. in stamps to help pay postage, etc. You will be pleased. Hundreds of kind letters every day are pouring in upon us from our lady friends. Why not send 6c. at once? Better write to-day.
Address, Great Spanish Medical Co., Box 909, Augusta, Maine

THE OWEN
Electric Belt & Appliance Co.

(Head Office, Chicago, Ill.)
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with Cash Capital of $50,000.
(Patented in Canada, December, 1877.)
71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Can.





Electricity as Applied by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It has, does and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. Rheumatism cannot exist where it is properly applied. By its steady, soothing current, that is easily felt it will cure.

Rheumatism	Liver Complaint
Sciatica	Female Complaints
Spinal Diseases	Impotency
General Debility	Constipation
Neuralgia	Kidney Disease
Lumbago	Varicocele
Nervous Complaints	Sexual Complaints
Spermatorrhea	Epilepsy or Fits
Dyspepsia	Lame Back.

RHEUMATISM

It is not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, **it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.** Some of our leading physicians recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of Nature's forces.

TO RESTORE MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that every one has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Body Battery. Rest assured, any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practising a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

We Challenge The World

to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than any other makers combined.

ELECTRIC INSOLES. Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chilblains and Cramps in the feet and legs. PRICE, $1.00 SENT BY MAIL.

EXTRACTS FROM CANADIAN TESTIMONIALS.

"For eight years I have suffered with rheumatism, and am now out of pain and growing better daily and in my 75th year. Can confidently recommend the Owen Belt when every thing else fails." A Menzies, Niagara Falls.

"Having some knowledge of electricity and its power, and having used other belts prior to my use of yours, I can say that it is the best I have ever worn." Jas. Blair, Port Dalhousie.

"Am much pleased with belt; it has done me a great deal of good already." J. Sergerim, Galt, Ont.

"Saved my life when I had muscular rheumatism." Mrs. Caroll, West Market St.

"Your Electric Belt cured a violent attacked sciatic rheumatism of several months' standing, in eight days." Jas. Dixon, sen., Grand Valley, Ont.

"I have been a sufferer for years from nervous headaches and neuralgia. After trying one of your belts am more than satisfied with it. Can knock out a headache now in fifteen minutes that used to keep me in bed for days." Thomas Gales, Crawford Street, Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND CHEAP BELTS.

Our attention having been attracted to the many base imitations of "The Owen Electric Belt," we desire to warn the public not to be deceived by the false statements of men calling themselves electricians, who lacking brains sufficient to produce an Electric Belt of their own creation, have copied as near as they dare in appearance, but only in appearance, the "Genuine Owen Electric Belt" that has stood the test of years and with more than a continental reputation.

In justice to ourselves and generous public we are determined to expose such unprincipled trickery, and prevent, if possible, the unsuspecting from being gulled by such men and means.

The Owen Electric Belt Co. is not afraid of fair and open competition, as their goods have no equal in this or any other country, and will bear inspection by those competent to judge—and so great are they in demand that there are more of them made and in use than all other makes combined—their Chicago factory alone being the largest of its kind in the world.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None genuine without it.

The cheap so-called Electric Belts advertised by some concerns are perfectly worthless as a curative power and dear at any price. A genuine Electric Belt cannot be manufactured and sold at cheap prices. Send six cents for illustrated catalogue of information, testimonials, &c.

The Owen Electric Belt Co., 71 King St. West
Mention this paper.) Toronto.

A Wonderful Little Girl.

Much has been written in educational papers of the little girl Helen Keller, now at the asylum for the blind in Boston. A correspondent recently visited her and has furnished the following account of what he saw and heard. It is, as the phrase goes, as interesting as a novel, and gives an excellent idea of the almost miraculous progress of this girl of 10 years.

"It was my privilege a few days ago to call on Helen Keller, the deaf and blind girl who has attracted so much attention among philanthropic and scientific people for the last three or four years. Much has been written of this marvelous child, much that judged by all ordinary standards of attainment of deaf mutes, or even by the attainments of the occasional brilliant exceptions, seemed almost incredible. I must confess that before I saw her for the first time a little more than a year ago I could not believe that the reports concerning her progress in language were not grossly exaggerated, but after seeing her and talking to her myself through the manual alphabet I was prepared to believe almost anything regarding her progress in that direction. I never knew of a child deaf at so early an age as was Helen (sight and hearing were both lost at the age of 19 months through disease) who made such rapid progress in the knowledge of the English language. It was simply phenomenal.

"The greatest wonder was yet to come. Soon we heard that Helen was trying to learn to talk. That seemed the most absurd thing in the world. To think of teaching speech to a child totally deaf and blind was preposterous. Yet that seemingly impossible thing has been done. The age of miracles is not yet past.

"Last Monday morning, I sat down beside her and carried on a running conversation concerning a great variety of subjects for nearly half an hour, and during all that time her part of the conversation, which was animate and sprightly and full of fun, was conducted entirely by speech, and speech so distinct that I failed to understand very little of what she said. She seemed never at a loss for language to express an idea nor even to hesitate it orally. It was an intelligible speech in a pleasant voice and it was wonderful. In the course of our conversation Helen informed me that she could play on the piano and when I asked her to play for me she sat down and played the air of a little song with her right hand, playing the same part with her left hand an octave below. It would hardly pass for first-class music, the time not being very accurate, but it was music. Then at my request she sang for me a line of the song she had just played, and the singing was more accurate in time, though less so in tune than the playing.

"Her memory is as remarkable as her grasp of language and her power of speech, and probably is the chief source of her success in both these. She grasps an idea almost before it is given her, and once here it seems to be ineradicably fixed in her memory. A few days ago a book of poems printed in raised letters was presented to her. She opened it and read the first poem over twice, reading it aloud as she passed her finger over the lines. Then the book was laid away, and not referred to again until the next day, when it was found that she could repeat the whole poem of seven stanzas of four lines each without missing a word.

"Laura Bridgeman was a brilliant example of what may be accomplished under great difficulties. Helen Keller is a prodigy. There is no one, nor ever was any one, to be compared with her.

A Bank of Wheels.

New Zealand has set an example which might advantageously be followed in certain parts of this country. In the same way as we have "cathedral cars" it has "traveling banks." A clerk, representing the bank, travels up and down a railway line for the transaction of the ordinary business of the bank with those who have not sufficient facilities for coming into the city. Laden with a satchel containing his supply of cash, and provided with a teller's usual precautions against robbery, the clerk makes the carriage his headquarters, and there receives visits from customers at the way stations changing checks or taking deposits as occasion may require. The plan is said to prove profitable to the bank and a great convenience to the settlers. It is not difficult, however, to see that the New Zealanders are not properly educated in the matter of train robbery.

Japan is a country well shaken. No less than four hundred and fifty-six earthquake shocks were felt there in [illegible].

The Home.

If one's home is fair and fine, with soft carpets, rugs, pictures, marbles, china, with gentle service, luxurious living, loving children, gracious wife, should all the blessings that those things give, even if one is the apparent source of them himself, has gathered and secured them by close effort and self denial, be kept to one's self alone, like the bone the dog gnaws and buries till he can come back to it? It is not privacy an seclusion that give a home its sacredness. Far from it. It is its happiness, its healthiness, its helpfulness, its capacity to do good, to impart that happiness and healthiness, its power of lifting all the rest of the world into its own atmosphere.

Those homes that are open to the homeless are the sacred ones; the homes where there is always a pillow for the weary, always a spare place at the table for the wanderer; the homes whose beauty is shed abroad like the gracious dew from heaven that Portia talked about. There may be many mansions in heaven, but he who thinks they are mansions from which every other heavenly habitant is excluded has made a mistake in the place; it would not be heaven then.

However we may dispute and declare that a man has a right to be undisturbed in his own house, yet we know in our inner consciousness that we all regard the man who brings another home to dinner sure of a cordial greeting for him there; who will not let the stranger find his welcome in an inn on a holiday when homes are dearest; who throws open his house to the parish, whose lights are always shining and inviting as you pass his windows, across whose doorstep guests are often coming and going; who loves his home so much and finds it so complete that he must have other people to love it, too, and if they have nothing half so choice, then share some brief portion of it with them—that man we all know to be a good citizen, a husband honoring his wife, a Christian in deed whatever he may be in faith, and withal a gentleman.

Solid Uses of Milk.

"The first food of man" has been put to many uses, and converted into many forms by human ingenuity, but its latest application is perhaps the most remarkable. An inventor has just taken out a patent to protect a substitute for bone or celluloid, and the material which is to substitute these substances is produced from milk. Casein—the solids in milk—are in the first place reduced to a partly gelatinous condition by means of borax or ammonia, and then it is mixed with mineral salt dissolved in acid or water, which liquid is subsequently evaporated. The method of procedure is to place the casein in a suitable vessel and incorporate under heat the borax with it, the proportions being ten kilograms of casein to three kilograms of borax, dissolved in six litres of water. When the casein becomes changed in appearance the water is drawn off, and to the residue, while still of the consistency of melted gelatine, one kilogram of mineral salt, held in solution of three litres of water, is added. Almost any of the salts of iron, lead, tin, zinc, copper or other minerals which are soluable in acid may be used. When the mixture is effected the solid matter is found separated from the greater portion of the acid and water and is then drawn off. Next the solid matter is first subjected to great pressure to drive out all possible moisture, and then to evaporation under great heat to remove any remaining moisture. The resulting product is called "lactites," and can be moulded into any desired form. By the admixture of pigments or dyes any color may be imparted to it, but the creamy white color natural to the substance is the most beautiful, being a very close imitation of ivory. Combs, billiard balls, brush backs, knife handles, and all other articles for which ivory, bone, or celluloid are employed, can be made of this new product of milk.

March.

Light footed March, wild maid of spring,
  Your frolic footsteps hither stray,
Smiles blent with tears will April bring—
  'Tis April's sentimental way—
But your wild winds with laughter ring,
  While young and old your will obey;
A moment here, then on the wing,
  Coquettish March, what games you play!

I knew a maid as blithe as you—
  Child of the Ice King and the sun—
At her fair feet fond lovers woo;
  She flouts and chaffs them, every one;
And then she smiles—once more they sue;
  Then blows she cold—they are undone;
O March! could you or she be true,
  Then all were naught, so you were won.

—[Louise Chandler Moulton.

Culprit's barber to man at guillotine: "No shampoo; just a plain cut please."

Ways of the Wankonds.

In a new book of African adventure L. M. Fotheringham tells of a two years' struggle with Arab slave-dealers in Central Africa. In speaking of the Wankondes he says: You could see the people in their element any forenoon you chose to walk among the bananas. You would be greeted on all sides with "Sawkire, ugunili!" "Good morning, have you slept well?" Possibly some of the natives might be at their toilet, some washing and others shaving. Both women and men shave off their eyebrows and pull out their eyelashes—a practice which does not enhance their appearance. They also shave the head. A bit of iron with a good edge does duty as a razor. In the matter of dress the men simply wear a brass loin belt made out of brass wire imported from Britain. The wire on its arrival is a little thicker that a common lead-pencil, and is bartered to the natives in exchange for cattle, ivory, etc. The process of drawing out the wire is very interesting.

The men love to sit and smoke their morning pipes under the cool shade of the bananas. The pipe is simply a gourd with a little hole at the bottom, into which the head or cup with the tobacco is put. Water is poured into the gourd. A hole at the top, about one inch in diameter, is the mouth-piece. The native puts his lips over this hole and takes a good pull, and then passes it on to his neighbor. Then they puff the smoke in the air and watch it, with their dreamy eyes, dissolve among the leaves. They know both how to grow tobacco and how to smoke it, as the luxury of the native pipe is uncommonly refreshing.

The Wankondes yield to none in hospitality. Whenever you enter a village you are presented to the chief and receive a present of a bullock or its equivalent in fruit, etc. There are only two regular meals in the day (I shall not say how many snacks they have in the interval), and these occur at midday and between 6 and 7 o'clock at night. Native etiquette prevents the men dining along with the women. The staple food is usima, a kind of porridge made out of the flour of Indian corn, mpemba, or cassava. By way of relish they have vegetables or stewed fowl or fish. On the whole, the Wankondes, as I found them, were a particularly prosperous and happy people, inoffensive and contented. I could not help thinking how much better they were than certain products of civilization at home.

Colors in Photography.

I have had another conversation with Prof. Lippmann of the Sorbonne, in which I called his attention to the points raised on his discovery of how to photograph colors, says the Paris correspondent of the London *News*. The colors are permanent—he made use of the word "fixed"—and they are only seen by reflection in looking at the plate and not through it. One sees the colors well in day light or lamplight, but better in reflected than in direct artificial light. Thus the professor covered the back of a glass plate on which he photographed a spectrum and held the face toward the white side of a paper lamp-shade. In the light it threw back on them the colors took such a brightness as only to be comparable to the prismatic hues in a well-cut Golconda diamond. When he held the plate between my eye and the light I did not see a trace of color on it.

He said his method had nothing in common with the so-called chromo-lithograph photography invented by two Frenchmen, M. Charles Cros and M. Ducos de-Hauron. Their coloring system is a printing process. If they wanted, for instance, to do a red robe, yellow turban, and green sash, they would have three different plates, one with the turban done in a yellow pigment, another with the robe in a red one, and the third with a sash in green. These would be successively stamped upon a photograph? but the coloration would not be due to the direct and sole action of light on the negative.

M. Lippmann thinks that he will be able to reproduce composite hues, such as are found in the human complexion or a landscape, but said he had never tried and therefore can assert nothing. Scientists, however, despaired more of getting the bright than the subdued colors, the former of which he has been able to catch and fix. I never saw any effects more neat and perfect than those he has obtained. M. Lippmann has been at the Sorbonne five years. He was thrown in the way of his discovery in preparing a lecture on Newton's theory of light.

"Why, hello, old boy, I haven't seen you since you were married. What are you doing now? Traveling for the house, I suppose?" "No, not exactly. Since the baby came I have become a floorwalker."

A new method of preserving natural flowers has been discovered by an English lady, whose process is well worth considering. The flower buds were cut just as they were about to open and the ends of the stems covered with sealing wax. Each was then wrapped separately in paper and laid away in a box. When they were wanted she clipped the stems just above the wax and immersed them in water, to which a little nitre had been added; and, though the flowers had been gathered nearly a month before, on the morrow they opened with as much beauty and fragrance as if freshly plucked.

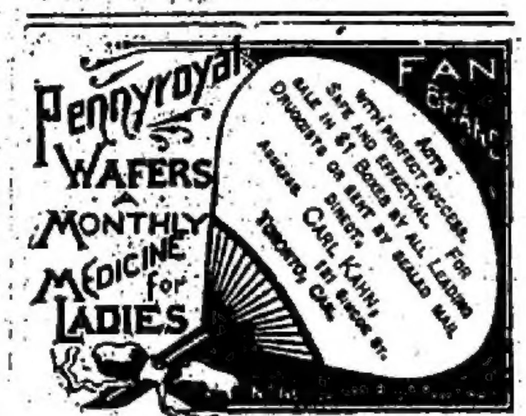
Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

Applause is the spur of noble minds; the end and aim of weak ones.—[C.C. Colton.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allay all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Some men divide their lives between trying to forget, and trying to recover from the effects of trying to forget.



P.S.—For the next 30 days we will send free 4 unique Pictures to any address, on application, to introduce our wafers.

MUSIC 30c TO $1 PIECES AT { 10c SEND 10c FOR TRIAL ORDER. VOCAL OR INST'L. CAT'L FREE.
Windsor Music Co., 218 Wabash-av. Chicago

HEALTH PAMPHLET — Sickness cured, health preserved and life prolonged by Dr. A. Wilford Hall's Great Hygienic Discovery, "Extra," containing author's statement concerning it, free. C. C. Pomeroy, General Agt., 49½ King St. W., Toronto.

COVERTON'S NIPPLE OIL.

For cracked or sore nipples, also for hardening the nipples before confinement. This oil wherever used has been found superior to all preparations. One trial is sufficient to establish its merits. Price 25c. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose us the above amount and six cents for postage. C. J. COVERTON & CO., Druggists, Montreal.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c.
E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

COMPLETELY CURED

Thousands declare it so,
GENTS,—It gives me pleasure beyond expression to certify that your St. Leon Water has completely cured me of Rheumatism, Headache and Indigestion, from which I suffered for many years, a cure which no other medicine or drug could effect. Publish this if you desire.—Madame Leger, Montreal.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., (Ltd.), 101½ King Street West. Branch Office — Tidy's Flower Depot, 164 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DRESS CUTTING.

THE NEW Tailor System.
Leading System of the day.

Drafts direct on material. Perfection in form and fit. Covers the entire range of work, easy to learn, can be taught thoroughly by mail. Satisfaction assured. Large inducements to agents. Send for illustrated circular.

J. & A. CARTER
PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS, ETC.
372 Yonge Street, Toronto
Beware of models and machines.

Breaking in isn't needed with the Ball corset. It's easy from the start. Coils of tiny wire springs in the sides make it so. Try it, and you'll like it.

If you don't, after a few weeks' wear, just return it and get your money.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRY GOODS DEALERS.

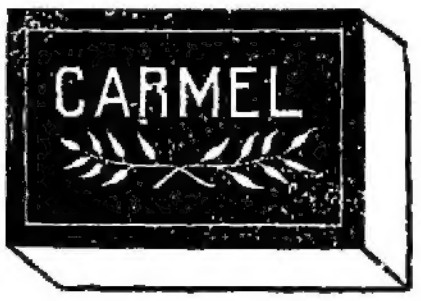
FOR LADIES ONLY.

Dr. Hewson's Famous Specific

OAK BALM

Is the only safe and reliable Cure for all Female Weakness and Troubles. Thousands have been permanently cured by this truly wonderful Remedy. Sent to any address on receipt of $1.00 sufficient for one months' treatment, or send stamp and address for 10 days' treatment. For sale, Wholesale and Retail, by **J. TROTTER, 93 Howard Street, Toronto, Ont.**

Lady agents wanted to whom I will give liberal inducements.



CARMEL SOAP is made by a Mission Society in Palestine, and is the purest form of

CASTILE SOAP.

If your grocer or druggist does not keep it send 15c. for sample cake to A. KLIPSTEIN, 62 Cedar St., N. Y.

M. Wright & Co., Agents, Hamilton, Ont.

ALASKA CREAM

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, AND ALL ROUGHNESS of the SKIN. LIPS,

25 CENTS TO BE HAD OF ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS

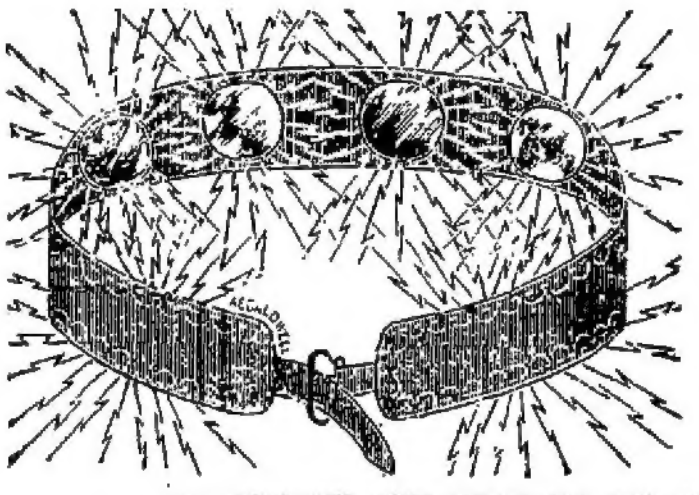
YOU PAY NOTHING IT'S FREE

To examine. Cut this ad out and send to us and we will send the Watch to you by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), without paying one cent. You can examine the watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in looking at it. But if perfectly satisfactory, pay the express agent our special Cut Price of $5.98 and take the watch. No watch like this was ever advertised in a paper before. An such Bargain ever offered. This is a Genuine GOLD PLATED WATCH, made of two heavy plates of 18 karat solid gold over composition metal, and warranted in every respect. It has solid bow, cap, crown and thumb piece, beautiful hunting style, elaborately engraved and decorated by hand. Joints, cap, crown, bezel and center are all accurately made, fitted and warranted. Beware of imitations. The movement is a fine WALTHAM style, richly jeweled, quick train (16,000 beats per hour), expansion balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, full plate, beautifully finished, accurately regulated and adjusted, and warranted an accurate time-keeper. A guarantee to go with each Watch. These watches are sold everywhere for $15.00.

As a guarantee that this is the greatest bargain ever offered, that the watch is worth FAR more than the price asked, that nothing like this can ever offered before. We refer you to any WHOLESALE HOUSE IN TORONTO. Order now, it's YOUR ONLY CHANCE. Address,

SEARS & CO., 112 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE



THE ONLY

Electrical Appliances

Having Absorbent Qualities.

REPUTATION ESTABLISHED **OVER 20,000 SOLD**

A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE

ALL DISEASES ARE CURED BY OUR MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES

Which are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

ALL HOME REFERENCES. NO FOREIGN OR MANUFACTURED TESTIMONIALS

Isaac Radford, 35 Adelaide street east—Butterfly Belt and Insoles, cured him of Inflammatory Rheumatism in four weeks.

Samuel W. Abbott, Millichamp's Building, cured in six weeks. Rheumatism in knees and feet—Knee Pads and Insoles.

A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 71 King street, City. Rheumatism in the knee cured.

J. McQuaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all other failed.

Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in fifteen days.

W. J. Gould, Gurney's Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days—Sciatica.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes street, City, cured of Sciatica in six weeks.

C. C. Rockwood, 16 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.

Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.

Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day—Neuralgia.

Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 14 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.

Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.

Mrs. F. Stevens, 140 Lisgar St., City. Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation—cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.

Geo. H. Lucas, Veterinary Dentist, 168 King street west, had dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.

Richard Hood, 40 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.

Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth $100. Headache.

E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.

John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in two weeks by Actina.

Miss E. M. Forsyth, 38 Brant street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, twelve years' standing.

Senator A. E. Botsford advises everybody to use Actina for Failing Eye-sight.

Miss Laura Grose, 196 King street west, City, Granulated Eyelids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.

Mrs. J. Stevens, 82 Tecumseth street, City, Rheumatism in the Eyelids, spent three weeks in the hospital, eyes opened in two days.

Mrs. M'Laughlin, 84 Centre street, City, a cripple from Rupture, now able to attend to her household duties.

Giles Williams, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.

J. H. McCarthy, Ag't N. P. & M. Ry., Altomont, Man., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.

THOMAS JOHNSON, New Sarum, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.

Mrs. Beard, Barrie, Ont., cured of Catarrh of three years' standing—Actina and Insoles.

Rev. R. W. Mills, Brinston Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.

H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.

Thomas Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in twelve years.

Thos. Bryan, 541 Dundas street, City. Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.

Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.

J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. N. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.

W. T. Brown, 73 Richmond street west, City. Varicocele, tried several doctors; all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.

John Bromagem, Varicoceles, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.

Reuben Silverthorn, Teeterville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

Many Such Letters on File.

ANY BELT Requiring Vinegar or Acid will Burn the Skin

All Electric Belt Companies in Canada use Vinegar or Acids in their Appliances excepting this Company.

Send for Illustrated "Health Journal" and List of Home Testimonials Free and Mention This Paper.

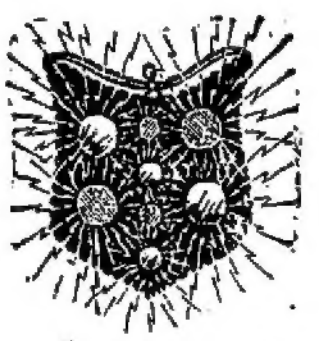
W. T. BAER & Co

171 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF **ACTINA**

Insoles, per pair, $1.00

No Vinegar or Acid USED.

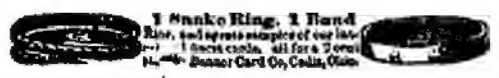


Lung Shield

$3. Given on 15 days' trial.

BUTTERFLY BELT AND SUSPENSORY ONLY $7.00

5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package, of great value, WHICH LEADS ON TO FORTUNE! Arthur Labelle, 185 St. James St., Montreal P.Q.



1 Snake Ring, 1 Band Ring, and agents samples of our latest 1 Secret cards, all for a 2 cent Stamp. Banner Card Co, Colin, Ohio.

CUTLER'S POCKET INHALER

And Inhalant cures CATARRH, Bronchitis, Asthma and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Consumption if taken in season. The King of Cough Medicines. Carried handily as a knife. The Inhaler is approved by siclans and by the Medical Journal. By druggists for $1.00; by mail $1.25.

W. H. SMITH & CO., PROPS.

410 Michigan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Pills Purify the Blood, Correct all Disorders of the **Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels.** They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and he aged they ar priceless.

The Ointment Is an infallable Remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds Sores and Ulcers, is famous for Gout and rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. **For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases,** it has no rival, and for Contracted and Stiff Joints, it acts like a charm.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT

Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., late 533 Oxford St., London

And are sold at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s.6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each box or pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world. ☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

WEAK nervous sufferers from youthful folly, loss of manly vigor, weakness of body, mind, etc. I will mail you a simple and certain means of self cure free. Restored me to health and manhood after trying in vain all known cures. Address F. B. Clarke, East Haddam, Conn.

$10 I will pay a few ladies $10.00 Weekly to do light work for me in their locality at home. Good pay for part time. Write with stamp. Address Mrs. F. O. FARRINGTON, Box 760, Chicago, Ill. **$10**